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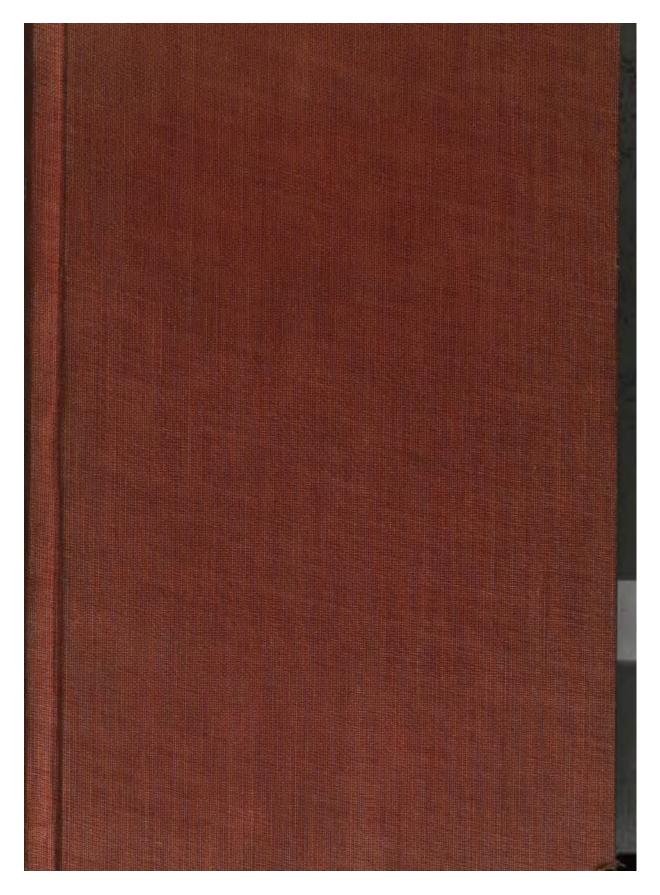
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THE LIFE OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



LIFE

OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ву

WILLIAM KNIGHT, LL.D.,

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, ST ANDREWS.



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CHAPTER XXXI.

TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, 1820.

In the autumn of 1820, Wordsworth, with his wife and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Monkhouse, and Miss Horrocks (a sister of Mrs. Monkhouse), left England together for a tour on the Conti-They started from Dover on the 11th of July, went by nent Brussels to Cologne, up the Rhine to Switzerland, were joined by Henry Crabb Robinson at Lucerne, crossed over to the Italian lakes and Milan, came back to Switzerland, and through France to Paris, where they spent a month. ing to London in November, they stayed some time in town, and went north by Cambridge and Coleorton, arriving at Rydal Mount on Christmas Eve. Dorothy Wordsworth wrote a Journal of this Tour, taking notes at the time, and extending them on her return to Westmoreland. Mrs. Wordsworth kept another (briefer) record of the same journey; Mr. Crabb Robinson also wrote a diary of it. Wordsworth memorialised the tour in a series of poems, very few of which were written at the time; and when he wrote them afterwards at Rydal Mount, it is evident that he had frequent recourse to the two family Journals, particularly to his sister's. to Mrs. Clarkson from Coblenz, July 22d, Dorothy said: "Journals we shall have in abundance; for all, except my brother and Mr. Monkhouse, keep a Journal. Mine is nothing but notes, unintelligible to any one but myself. I look forward, however, to many a pleasant hour's employment at Rydal Mount in filling up the chasms."

Extracts from the Journals of Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth have been given in Volume VI., as notes supplementary to the poems of this Continental Tour; and it is hard to say whether the jottings taken at the time by his wife, or the extended Journal afterwards written out by his sister, is the more admirable, both as a record of travel, and as a commentary on the poet's work.

It would be a mistake to publish these Journals in extense; but they certainly contain a very vivid picture of the state of the towns and countries which the Wordsworths passed through at the time when they were written, and of the style of continental travelling in the first quarter of the present century. I do not repeat in this chapter what was printed in Volume vi., although the continuity of the narrative will doubtlessuffer much from the omissions; but I make some additional extracts from the earlier part of Miss Wordsworth's Journal of the first five weeks, down to the time at which Mr. Crable Robinson joined their party at Lucerne.

In October 1821, Mr. Robinson was visiting at Rydal Mount, and after reading over these Journals of Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth, he wrote thus in his *Diary*:—

"2d Oct. '21.—I read to-day, and afterwards, part of Miss, and also Mrs. W.'s Journal in Switzerland. They put mine to shame.* They had adopted a plan of journalising which could not fail to render the account amusing and informing. Mrs. W., in particular, frequently described, as in a panorama, the objects around her; and these were written on the spot: and I recollect her often sitting on the grass, not aware of what kind of employment she had. Now it is evident that a succession of such pictures must represent the face of the country. Their Journals were alike abundant in observa-

[•] Perhaps the most interesting entry in Henry Crabb Robinson's Journal of the tour is the following: "26th June 1820.—I made some cheap purchases: if anything not wanted can be cheap."

tion (in which the writers showed an enviable faculty), and were sparing of reflections, which ought rather to be excited by than obtruded in a book of travels. I think I shall profit on some future occasion by the hint I have taken."

Again, in Nov. 1823, H. C. R. writes in his *Diary*: "Finished Mrs. Wordsworth's Journal. I do not know when I have felt more humble than in reading it. It is so superior to my own. She saw so much more than I did, though we were side by side during a great part of the time."

Robinson advised Dorothy Wordsworth to publish her Journal of this Continental Tour, and she replied to him, 23d May 1824:—

"... Your advice respecting my Continental Journal is, I am sure, very good, provided it were worth while to make a book of it, i.e. provided I could do so, and provided it were my wish; but it is not. 'Far better,' I say, 'make another tour, and write the Journal on a different plan!' In recopying it, I should, as you advise, omit considerable portions of the description. . . . But, observe, my object is not to make a book, but to leave to my niece a neatly-penned memorial of those few interesting months of our lives. . . ."

The following extracts are from Dorothy's Journal:—

"Monday, July 10th, 1820.—We—William, Mary, and Dorothy Wordsworth—left the Rectory House, Lambeth, at a quarter to eight o'clock. Had the 'Union' coach to ourselves, till within two stages of Canterbury, when two young ladies demanded inside places. . . . The Cathedral of Canterbury, described by Erasmus as lifting itself up in 'such majesty towards heaven, that it strikes religion into the beholders from a distance,' looks stately on the plain, when first seen from the gently descending road, and appeared to me a much finer building than in former times; and I felt, as I had often done during my last abode in London, that, whatever change, tend-

Calais, Wednesday, July 12.—We rose at five; sunshine and clear, but rather cold air. The Cathedral, a large edifice, not finely wrought; but the first effect is striking, from the size of the numerous pillars and arches, though they are paltry in the finishing, merely whitewashed and stuck over with bad pictures and tawdry images; yet the whole view at the entrance was affecting. Old men and women—young women and girls kneeling at their silent prayers, and some we espied, in obscure recesses, before a concealed crucifix, image, or altar. One grey-haired man I cannot forget, whose countenance bore the impression of worldly cares subdued, and peace in heavenly aspiration. . . . Another figure I must not leave unnoticed, a squalid, ragged woman. She sate alone upon some steps at the side of the entrance to the quire. There she sate, with a white dog beside her; no one was near, and the dog and she evidently belonged to each other, probably her only friend, for never was there a more wretchedly forlorn and miserable-looking human being. She did not notice us; but her rags and her melancholy and sickly aspect drew a penny from me, and the change in the woman's skinny, doleful face is not to be imagined: it was brightened by a light and gracious smile the effect was almost as of something supernatural—she bowed her body, waved her hand, and, with a politeness of gesture unknown in England in almost any station of life, beckoned that we might enter the church, where the people were kneeling upon chairs, of which there might be a thousand—two thousand—I cannot say how many—piled up in different parts of the Cathedral. . . .

9 o'clock, Inn-yard, Calais.—Off we drove, preceded by our friends, each postillion smacking his whip along the street with a dexterity truly astonishing. Never before did I know the power of a clumsy whip, in concert with the rattling of wheels upon rough pavement! The effect was certainly not less upon us than upon the spectators, and we jolted away as merry as

children—showed our passports—passed the gateways, draw-bridges, and shabby soldiers, and, fresh to the feeling of being in a foreign land, drove briskly forward, watchful and gay. The country for many miles populous; this makes it amusing, though sandy and flat; no trees worth looking at singly as trees. . . .

Half-past 10.—The party gone to bed. This salle, where I sit, how unlike a parlour in an English inn! Yet the history of a sea-fight, or a siege, painted on the walls, with the costumes of Philip the Second, or even of our own time, would have better suited my associations, with the names of Gravelines and Dunkirk, than the story of Cupid and Psyche now before my eyes, as large as life, on French paper! The paper is in panels, with big mirrors between, in gilt frames. all this taste and finery, and wax candles,* and Brussels carpets, what a mixture of troublesome awkwardness! They brought us a ponderous teapot that would not pour out the tea; the latches (with metal enough to fasten up a dungeon) can hardly, by unpractised hands, be made to open and shut the doors! I have seen the diligence come into the yard and unload—heavy, dirty, dusty—a lap-dog walking about the top, like a panther in its cage, and viewing the gulf below. A monkey was an outside passenger when it departed.

Furnes, July 13, Thursday, 5 o'clock.—I will describe this Square. Houses yellow, grey, white, and there is a green one! Yet the effect is not gaudy—a half Grecian church, with Gothic spire; storks have built their nests, and are sitting upon the venerable tower of another church, a sight that pleasingly reminds us of our neighbourhood to Holland. The interior of that which outwardly mimics the Grecian is Gothic, and rather handsome in form, but

^{*} A charge was made for wax candles.

hitewashed, and bedaubed with tinsel, and dolls, and tortured nages. . . . Bells continually tinkling. There goes a woman o her prayers, in a long black cloak, and bright blue stockings; here comes a nicely-dressed old woman, leaning on her staff! Surely it is a blessing to the aged in Roman Catholic countries to have the churches always open for them, if it were only that it makes a variety in the course of a long day! How soothing, how natural to the aged, thus to withdraw from the stir of household cares, and occupations in which they can no longer take a part! and I must say (little as I have yet seen of this mode of worshipping God) I never beheld more of the expression of piety and earnest feeling than in some of the very old people in these churches. Every avenue of the square of this little town presents some picturesque continuation of buildings. All is old, and old-fashioned; nothing to complain of but a want of Dutch cleanliness, yet it does not obtrude on the eye, out of doors, and the exterior is grave, decent, and quiet. . . .

The priests in their gaudy attire, with their young whiterobed attendants, made a solemn appearance, while clouds of
incense were ascending over their heads to the large crucifix
above the altar; and the 'pealing organ' sounded to 'the fullvoiced quire.' There was a beautiful nun in a grey garment with
a long black scarf, white forehead band, belt, and rosary. Intent
upon her devotions, she did not cast an eye towards us, and we
stood to look at her. The faces of many of the women are handsome, but the steady grace, the chastened motions of their
persons, and the mild seriousness of their countenances, are
most remarkable. . . .

From Furnes to Bruges we had travelled through a flat country, yet with an endless variety, produced by the various produce of a beautiful soil carefully cultivated. We had been told that the country between Ghent and Bruges was much of the same kind, only not so interesting, therefore we were not sorry to interpose

the variety of the packet-boat to Ghent. . . . And, when all was ready, took our places on the deck of the vessel. The tinkling of a bell, the signal for departure; and we glided gently away with motion only perceptible by the eye, looking at the retreating objects on the shore. . . . Two nuns and a priest (his prayerbook in his hand), an English dandy, a handsome lady-like Flemish girl, dressed in an elegant gauze mob-cap with flowers, and robe à la française, were the most noticeable people. . . . The groups under the awning would make a lively picture. The priest, in his cocked hat, standing at his prayers, the pretty maiden in her cap and flowers, and there are the nuns. My brother and the nuns are very merry. They seem to have left their prayer-books at home, and one of them has a pamphlet in her hand that looks like a magazine. Low cottages, pretty and clean, close to the bank; a woman scouring a copper vessel, in white jacket, red cap, blue petticoat, and clean sailcloth apron; the flat country to be seen over the low banks of the canal, spires and towers, and sometimes a village may be descried among trees; many little public-houses to tempt a landing; near one I see a pleasant arbour, with seats aloft for smoking. . . . The nuns are merry; so is the priest, in his spectacles; the dandy recommends shoes, in preference to boots, as more convenient. 'There is nobody that can clean either on the Continent.' For my part, I think they clean them as well as anything else, except their vessels for cookery! they cannot get the dust out of a chair, or rub a table! . . . William and I remained till the carriages were safely landed, amid a confusion of tongues, French, German, and English, and inarticulate shoutings, such as belong to all nations. . . . Canals round the town, rows of trees, fortifications converted into pleasure-grounds. We pass through old and picturesque streets, with an intermixture of houses of a later date, and showy shops; an appearance of commerce and bustle, which makes the contrast with Bruges

the more striking, as the architecture of the ancient houses is of the same kind. William and I, with our English lady, reached first the appointed inn, though our friends had left the boat long before us. . . .

Ghent.—After tea, walked through the city. The buildings, streets, squares, all are picturesque. The houses, green, blue, pink, yellow, with richest ornaments still varying. Strange it is that so many and such strongly-contrasted colours should compose an undiscordant whole. Towers and spires overlook the lofty houses, and nothing is wanting of venerable antiquity at Ghent to give to the mind the same melancholy composure, which cannot but be felt in passing through the streets of Bruges—nothing but the impression that no change is going on, except through the silent progress of time. There the very dresses of the women might have been the same for hundreds of years. Here, though the black cloak is prevalent, we see a mixture of all kinds, from the dress of the English or French belle to that of the poorest of our poor in a country town. . . .

Saturday, July 15.—The architecture is a mixture of Gothic and Grecian. Three orders of pillars, one above another, the Gothic part very rich. . . . Multitudes of swallows were wheeling round the roof, regardless of carts and hammers, or whatever noise was heard below, and the effect was indescribably interesting. The restless motions and plaintive call of those little creatures seemed to impart a stillness to every other object, and had the power to lead the imagination gently on to the period when that once superb but now decaying structure shall be 'lorded over and possessed by nature.' . . .

Arrival at Brussels.—Light and shade very solemn upon the drawbridge. Passing through a heavy gateway, we entered the city, and drove through street after street with a pleasure wholly new to us. Garlands of fresh boughs and flowers in festoons hung on each side, and the great height of the houses, especially in the narrow streets (lighted as they were), gave a beautiful effect to the exhibition. Some of the streets were very steep, others long or winding; and in the triangular openings at the junction of different streets there was generally some stately ornament. For instance, in one place a canopy, with white drapery attached to the centre, and suspended in four inverted arches by means of four pillars at the distance of six or seven yards from the centre.

Sunday, July 16th.—Brussels.—After breakfast, ceeded through the park, a very large open space with shady walks, statues, fountains, pools, arbours, and seats, and surrounded by palaces and fine houses—to the Cathedral, which, though immensely large, was so filled with people that we could scarcely make our way so as, by standing upon chairs (for which we paid two sous each), to have a view of the building over the multitudes of heads. The priests, at high mass, could not be seen; but the melody of human voices, accompanied by the organ, pierced through every recess -then came bursts of sound like thunder; and, at times, the solemn rousing of the trumpet. Powerful as was the effect of the music, the excessive heat and crowding after a short while overcame every other feeling, and we were glad to go into the open air. Our laquais de place conducted us to the house of a shop-keeper, where, from a room in the attics, we might view the procession. It was close to one of the triangular openings with which most of the streets of Brussels terminate. right, we looked down the street along which the procession was to come, and, a little to the left below us, overlooked the triangles, in the centre of which was a fountain ornamented with three marble statues, and a pillar in the midst, topped by a golden ball—the whole decorated with festoons of holly, and large roses made of paper, alternately red and yellow. manner the garlands were composed in all the streets through which the procession was to pass; but in some parts there were also young fir-trees stuck in the pavement, leaving a footway between them and the houses. Paintings were hung out by such as possessed them, and ribands and flags. The street where we were was lined with people assembled like ourselves in expectation, all in their best attire. Peasants to be distinguished by their short jackets, petticoats of scarlet or some other bright colour (in contrast), crosses, or other ornament of gold or gilding; the bourgeoises, with black silk scarfs overhead, and reaching almost to their feet; ladies, a little too much of the French or English; little girls, with or without caps, and some in elegant white veils. The windows of all the houses open, and people seen at full length, or through doorways, sitting or standing in patient expectation. It amused us to observe them, and the arrangements of their houses—which were even splendid, compared with those of persons of like condition in our own country—with an antique cast over all. Nor was it less amusing to note the groups or lines of people below us. Whether standing in the hot sunshine, or the shade, they appeared equally contented. Some approached the fountain a sacred spot!—to drink of the pure waters, out of which rise the silent statues. The spot is sacred; for there, before the priests arrived in the procession, incense was kindled in the urns, and a pause was made with the canopy of the Host, while they continued chanting the service. But I am going too fast.

The procession was, in its beginning, military, and its approach announced by sound of trumpets. Then came a troop of cavalry, four abreast, splendidly accoutred, dressed in blue and gold, and accompanied by a full band of music; next, I think, the magistrates and constituted authorities. But the order of the procession I do not recollect; only that the military, civil, and religious authorities and symbols were pleasingly combined, and the whole spectacle was beautiful. Long before the sound of the sacred service reached our ears, the martial music had died away in the distance, though there was no interruption in

the line of the procession. The contrast was very pleasing when the solemn chaunting came along the street, with the stream of banners; priests and choristers in their appropriate robes; and not the least pleasing part of it was a great number of young girls, two and two, all dressed in white frocks. It was a day made on purpose for this exhibition; the sun seemed to be feasting on the gorgeous colours and glittering banners; and there was no breeze to disturb garland or flower. all was passed away, we returned to the Cathedral, which we found not so crowded as much to interrupt our view: yet the whole effect of the interior was much injured by the decorations for the fête—especially by stiff orange-trees in tubs, placed between the pillars of the aisles. Though not equal to those of Bruges or Ghent, it is a very fine Gothic building, massy pillars and numerous statues, and windows of painted glass—an ornament which we have been so accustomed to in our own cathedrals that we lamented the want of it at Ghent and Bruges.

Monday, July 17th.—Brussels.—Brussels exhibits in its different quarters the stateliness of the ancient and the princely splendour of modern times, mixed with an uncouth irregularity resembling that of the lofty tiers of houses at Edinburgh; but the general style of building in the old streets is by no mean so striking as in those of Ghent or Bruges. . . .

Waterloo.—Waterloo is a mean village; straggling on each side of the broad highway, children and poor people of all ages stood on the watch to conduct us to the church. Within the circle of its interior are found several mural monuments of our brave soldiers—long lists of naked names inscribed on marble slabs—not less moving than laboured epitaphs displaying the sorrow of surviving friends. . . . Here we took up the very man who was Southey's guide (Lacoste), whose name will make a figure in history. He bowed to us with French ceremony and

reliness, seeming proud withal to show himself as a sharer the terrors of that time when Buonaparte's confusion and rerthrow released him from unwilling service. He had been ed upon a horse as Buonaparte's guide through the country revious to the battle, and was compelled to stay by his side ill the moment of flight. . . .

Monday, July 17th.—Brussel.—The sky had been overshadowed by clouds during most of our journey, and now a storm threatened us, which helped our own melancholy thoughts to cast a gloom over the open country, where few trees were to be seen except forests on the distant heights. The ruins of the severely contested chateau of Hougomont had been ridded away since the battle, and the injuries done to the farm-house repaired. Even these circumstances, natural and trivial as they were, suggested melancholy thoughts, by furnishing grounds for a charge of ingratitude against the course of things, that was thus hastily removing from the spot all vestiges of so momentous an event. Feeble barriers against this tendency are the few frail memorials erected in different parts of the field of battle! and we could not but anticipate the time, when through the flux and reflux of war, to which this part of the Continent has always been subject, or through some turn of popular passion, these also should fall; and 'Nature's universal robe of green, humanity's appointed shroud,' enwrap them:—and the very names of those whose valour they record be cast into shade, if not obliterated even in their own country, by the exploits of recent favourites in future ages.

Tuesday, July 18th.—Namur.—Before breakfast, we went to the church of the Jesuits; beautiful pillars of marble, roof of pumice-stone curiously wrought, the colour chaste and sombre. The churches of Ghent and Bruges are injured by

being whitewashed: that of Brussels is of a pale grey, stone-colour, which has a much better effect, though nothing equal to the roof of the Jesuits' church at Namur; yet in point (i.e. the painted windows) the Cathedral of Brussels passes all the churches we have yet seen. . . . Several wom passed us who had come thither to attend upon the labour employed in repairing and enlarging the fortifications. The dresses were neat and gay; and, in that place of which we be so often read in histories of battles and sieges, their appearance while they struggled cheerfully with the blustering wind, wild and romantic. The fondness for flowers appears in this country wherever you go. Nothing is more common than to see a man, driving a cart, with a rose in his mouth. At the very top of our ascent, I saw one at work with his spade, a fullblown rose covering his lips, which he must have brought up the hill,—or had some favourite lass there presented it to him? . . .

Wednesday, July 19th.—Liege.—My first entrance into the market-place brought a shock of cheerful sensation. It was like the bursting into life of a Flemish picture. profusion of fruit! such outspreading of flowers! and heaps of vegetables! and such variety in the attire of the women! A curious and abundant fountain, surrounded with large stone Torrents of basins, served to wash and refresh the vegetables. voices assailed us while we threaded our way among the fruit and fragrant flowers; bouquets were held out to us by half score of sunburnt arms at once. The women laughed-we laughed, took one bouquet, and gave two sous, our all. . . -Left Liége about 9 o'clock—were recognised and greeted by many of the women at their stalls as we passed again through the market-place. . . . Ascended a very steep hill, on the top of which stands the ruined convent of the Chartreuse, and there we left our carriages to look back upon the fine view of

the city, spreading from the ridge of the crescent hill opposite to us (which is, however, somewhat unpleasingly scarified by new fortifications), and over the central plain of the vale, to the magnificent river which, split into many channels, flows at the foot of the eminence where we stood. . . . Still, as we proceed, we are reminded of England—the fields, even the cottages, and large farm-houses, are English-like; country undulating, and prospects extensive, yet continually some pretty little spot detains the eye; groups of cottages, or single ones, green to the very door.*

Thursday, July 20th.—Aix-la-Chapelle.—I went to the Cathedral, a curious building, where are to be seen the chair of Charlemagne, on which the Emperors were formerly crowned, some marble pillars much older than his time, and many pictures; but I could not stay to examine any of these curiosities, and gladly made my way alone back to the inn to rest there. The market-place is a fine old square; but at Aix-la-Chapelle there is always a mighty preponderance of poverty and dulness, except in a few of the showiest of the streets, and even there, a flashy meanness, a slight patchery of things falling to pieces, is everywhere visible. . . .

Road to Cologne.—At the distance of ten miles we saw before us, over an expanse of open country, the Towers of Cologne. Even at this distance they appeared very tall and bulky; and Mary pointed out that one of them was a ruin, which no other eyes could discover. To the left was a range of distant hills; and, to the right, in front of us, another range—rather a cluster—which we looked at with peculiar interest, as guardians and companions of the famous river Rhine, whither we were tending, and (sick and weary though I

^{*} Compare Tintern Abbey, "Pastoral farms green to the very door."—See vol. i. p. 266.

was) I felt as much of the glad eagerness of hope as when I first visited the Wye, and all the world was fresh and new. Having travelled over the intermediate not interesting country, the massy ramparts of Cologne, guarded by grotesque turrets, the bridges, and heavy arched gateways, the central towers and spires, rising above the concealed mass of houses in the city, excited something of gloomy yet romantic expectation.

Friday, July 21st.—Cologne.—I busied myself repairing garments already tattered in the journey, at the same time observing the traffic and business of the river, here very wide, and the banks low. I was a prisoner; but really the heat this morning being oppressive, I felt not even a wish to stir abroad, and could, I believe, have been amused more days than one by the lading and unlading of a ferry-boat, which came to and started from the shore close under my window. Steadily it floats on the lively yet smooth water, a square platform, not unlike a section cut out of a thronged market-place, and the busy crowd removed with it to the plain of water. The square is enclosed by a white railing. Two slender pillars rise from the platform, to which the ropes are attached, forming between them an inverted arch, elegant enough. When the boat draws up to her mooring-place, a bell, hung aloft, is rung as a signal for a fresh freight. All walk from the shore, without having an inch to rise or to descend. Carts with their horses wheel away-rustic, yet not without parade of stateliness-the foreheads of the meanest being adorned with scarlet fringes. the neighbourhood of Brussels (and indeed all through the Low Countries), we remarked the large size and good condition of the horses, and their studied decorations, but near Brussels those decorations were the most splendid. A scarlet net frequently half-covered each of the six in procession. The frock of the driver, who paces beside the train, is often handsomely embroidered, and its rich colour (Prussian blue) enlivens the

scarlet ornaments of his steeds. But I am straying from my ferry-boat. The first debarkation which we saw early in the morning was the most amusing. Peasants, male and female, sheep, and calves; the women hurrying away, with their cargoes of fruit and vegetables, as if eager to be beforehand with the market. But I will transcribe verbatim from my journal, 'written at mid-day,' the glittering Rhine spread out before me, in width that helped me to image forth an American lake.

has gone out with a fresh load and returned

'It has gone out with a fresh load, and returned every hour; the comers have again disappeared as soon as landed; and now, the goers are gathering together. Two young ladies trip forward, their dark hair basketed round the crown of the head, green bags on their arms, two gentlemen of their party; next a lady with smooth black hair stretched upward from the forehead, and a skull-cap at the top, like a small dish. gentry passengers seem to arrange themselves on one side, the peasants on the other;—how much more picturesque the peasants! There is a woman in a sober dark-coloured dress; she wears no cap. Next, one with red petticoat, blue jacket, and cap as white as snow. Next, one with a red handkerchief over her head, and a long brown cloak. There a smart female of the bourgeoise—dark shawl, white cap, blue dress. Two women (now seated side by side) make a pretty picture: their attire is scarlet, a pure white handkerchief falling from the head of each over the shoulders. They keep watch beside a curiously constructed basket, large enough to contain the marketing of a whole village. A girl crosses the platform with a handsome brazen ewer hanging on her arm. Soldiers -a dozen at least-are coming in. They take the centre. Again two women in scarlet garb, with a great fruit basket. A white cap next; the same with a green shawl. sunburnt daughter of toil! her olive skin whitens her white head-dress, and she is decked in lively colours. One beside her, who, I see, counts herself of higher station, is distinguished by a smart French mob. I am brought round to the gentry side, which is filled up, as you may easily fancy, with much less variety than the other. A cart is in the centre, its peasant driver, not to be unnoticed, with a polished tobacco-pipe hung over his cleanly blue frock. Now they float away!

Cologne, Friday, July 21st.—Before I left the interior of the Cathedral, I ought to have mentioned that the side-chapels contain some superb monuments. There is also a curious picture (marvellously rich in enamel and colouring) of the Three Kings of Cologne, and of a small number of the eleven thousand virgins, who were said, after shipwreck, to have landed at this city in the train of St. Ursula. The Huns, who had possession of the city, became enamoured of their beauty; and the fair bevy, to save themselves from persecution, took the veil; in commemoration of which event the convent of St. Ursula was founded, and within the walls of that church an immense number of their skulls (easily turned into eleven thousand), are ranged side by side dressed in green satin caps. We left these famous virgins (though our own countrywomen), unvisited, and many other strange sights; and what wonder? we had but one day; and I saw nothing within gate or door except the Cathedral-not even Rubens's famous picture of the Crucifixion of St. Peter, a grateful offering presented by him as an altar-piece for the church in which he was baptized, and had served as a chorister. Among the outrages committed at Cologne during the Revolution, be it noted that the Cathedral, in 1800, was used as a granary, and that Buonaparte seized on the picture bestowed on his parish church by Rubens, and sent it to Paris. The Three Kings shared the same fate.

The houses of Cologne are very old, overhanging, and uncouth; the streets narrow and gloomy in the cheerfulest of

their corners or openings; yet oftentimes pleasing. Windows and balconies make a pretty show of flowers; and birds hang on the outside of houses in cages. These sound like cheerful images of active leisure; but with such feeling it is impossible to walk through these streets. Yet it is pleasing to note how quietly a dull life may be varied, and how innocently; though, in looking at the plants which yearly put out their summer blossoms to adorn these decaying walls and windows, I had something of the melancholy which I have felt on seeing a human being gaily dressed—a female tricked out with ornaments, while disease and death were on her countenance.

Cologne, Saturday, July 22d.—Upon a bright sunny morning, driven by a civil old postillion, we turned our backs upon the cathedral tower of Cologne, an everlasting monument of riches and grandeur, and I fear of devotion passed away: of sublime designs unaccomplished—remaining, though not wholly developed, sufficient to incite and guide the dullest imagination.—

Call up him who left half-told The story of Cambuscan bold!

Feelingly has Milton selected this story, not from a preference to the subject of it (as has been suggested), but from its paramount accordance with the musings of a melancholy man—in being left half-told—

Foundations must be laid
In Heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of is and was,
Things incomplete and purposes betrayed

adder transits o'er truth's mystic glass
that noblest objects utterly decayed.

reat area of the vale here is a plain, covered and fruit-trees: the impression is of richness,

I space. The hills are probably higher

which we call mountains; but on the

spot we named them hills. Such they appeared to our eye but when objects are all upon a large scale there is no men of comparing them accurately with others of their kind, which do not bear the same proportions to the objects with which they are surrounded. Those in the neighbourhood of Bon are of themselves sufficiently interesting in shape and variety of surface: but what a dignity does the form of an ancie castle or tower confer upon a precipitous woody or cage Well might this lordly river spare one or two eminence! his castles,--which are too numerous for the most romanti fancy to hang its legends round each and all of them,—well might he spare, to our purer and more humble streams and lakes, one solitary ruin for the delight of our poets of the English mountains! To the right (but let him keep this w himself, it is too grand to be coveted by us) is the large ruined castle of Gottesberg, far-spreading on the summit of the hillvery light and elegant, with one massy tower.

The trees, however, in the whole of the country through which we have hitherto passed, are not to be compared with the trees of England, except on the banks of the Meuse. On the Rhine they are generally small in size; much of the wood appears to be cut when young, to spring again. In the little town of Remagan where we changed horses, crowds of people of all ages gathered round us; the beggars, who were indefatigable in clamour, might have been the only inhabitants of the place who had any work to do. . . .

Andernach.—Departed at about five o'clock. Andernach I an interesting place, both at its entrance from Cologne, and if outlet towards Coblentz. There is a commanding desolation is the first approach; the massy square tower of defence, though bearded by green shrubs, stands, as it were, untameable in it strength, overlooking the half-ruined gateway of the ramparts Close to the other gate, leading to Coblentz, are seen many

esturesque fragments and masses; and the ancient walls selter and adorn fruitful gardens, cradled in the otherwise we useless trenches. The town itself appears so dull—the shabitants so poor, that it was almost surprising to observe alks for public use and pleasure, with avenues and arbours and the level adjoining the ramparts. The struggle between nelancholy and cheerfulness, fanciful improvements, and rapid lecay, leisure and poverty, was very interesting. We had a ine evening; and the ride, though, in comparison with the last, of little interest—the vale of the Rhine being here wide and level, the hills lowered by distance—was far from being a dull one, as long as I kept myself awake. I was roused from sleep in crossing the bridge of the Moselle near Coblentz.

Coblentz, Sunday, July 23d.—Cathedral.—The music at our entrance fixed us to our places. The swell was solemn, even aweful, sinking into strains of delicious sweetness; and though the worship was to us wholly unintelligible, it was not possible to listen to it without visitings of devotional feeling. Mary's attention was entirely absorbed till the service ceased, and I think she never stirred from her seat. After a little while I left her, and drew towards the railing of the gallery, to look round on the congregation, among whom there appeared more of old-fashioned gravity, and of antique gentility, than I have seen anywhere else; and the varieties of costume were infinite. . . . All that we witnessed of bustle or gaiety was near the river, facing the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein; and upon the wide wooden bridge which we crossed in our way to Fruit-women were seated on the bridge, and the fortress. Peasants, gentry, soldiers, continually passing to and fro. All but the soldiers paid toll. The citadel stands upon a very lofty bare hill, and the walk was fatiguing; but I beguiled my weariness with the company of a peasant lass, who took pains to understand my broken German, and contrived to make me

acquainted with no small part of her family history. . . . bonny maiden's complexion was as fresh as a rose, thoug kerchief screened it from the sunshine. Many a fierce by and many a burning sun must she have struggled with, it way from the citadel to the town; and, on looking at l fancied there must be a stirring and invigorating power in wind to counteract the cankering effect of the sun, which noticeable in the French peasantry on their hot dry p No sooner do you set foot in the neighbourhood of Calais you are struck with it; and, at the same time, with insensibility of young and old to discomfort from glaring and heat. Whatever slender shade of willows may be a door of a hut on the flats between Calais and Gravelines female peasants, at their sewing or other work, choose it but seat themselves full in the sunshine. Thence com habit of wrinkling the cheeks and forehead, so that their are mostly ploughed with wrinkles before they are fifty old. In this country, and all through the Netherlands, complexions of the people are much fresher and fairer tha France, though they also are much out of doors. This perhaps be, in part, attributed to the greater quantity of v scattered over the country, and to the shade of garden orchard trees. . . . The view from the summit of the hi Ehrenbreitstein is magnificent. Beneath, on a large, angle, formed by the junction of the Rhine and the Mos stands the city, its purple-slated roofs surrounded by n tall buildings-towers and spires, and big palaces among t The vale of the Moselle is deep and green, formed by vinesteeps, among which the eye, from the heights where we st espies many a pleasant village. That of the Rhine is 1 varied and splendid-with towns that, from their size, irregularity of the buildings, and their numerous towers spires, give dignity to the proud river itself, and to the pr gally scattered hills. Downwards we looked through the pl Andernach, which stands, as Coblentz does, upon a low ak of the Rhine: and there is no eminence between the two was to obstruct the view. The course of the road, which is dely parted from that of the river, may be seen in a straight be for many miles. We behold below us the junction of the road great rivers; how steady and quiet is their meeting! A title while each goes in his own distinct path, side by side, yet be stream; and they slowly and by degrees unite, each lost the other—happy type of a tranquil meeting, and joining the great rivers of life!

Coblentz, as every one knows, was for a long time the neadquarters of the French noblesse, and other emigrants, during the Revolution; and it is surprising that in the exterior of manners and habits there should be so little to remind the passing traveller of the French. In Ghent and Brussels, it is impossible to forget that you are in towns not making a part of France; yet, in both those places, the French have sown seeds which will never die—their manners, customs, and decorations are everywhere struggling with the native stiffness of the Flemish: but in Coblentz it is merely incidentally that the French courtier or gentleman is brought to mind; and shops, houses, public buildings, are all of the soil where they have been reared—so at least they appeared to us, in our transient view.

St. Goar, Monday, July 24th.— . . . The town, seen from the heights, is very beautiful, with purple roofs, two tall spires, and one tower. On the opposite side of the river we peep into narrow valleys, formed by the lofty hills, on which stand two ruins called, as we were told by our lively attendant, the Katzen and Mausen Towers (i.e. the Towers of the Cat and the Mouse). They stare upon each other at safe distance,

though near neighbours; and, across the river, the great fortress of Rheinfels defies them both. A lovely dell behind one of the hills; at its opening where it pours out stream into the Rhine we espied a one-arched Borrow bridge, and behind the bridge a village almost buried between the abruptly-rising steeps. . . . I will transcribe the words I wrote in my memorandum-book, dated 'Beside f Rhine, St. Goar':—'How shall I describe this soothing place The river flows on. I see it flow, yet it is like a lake bendings of the hills enclosing it at each end. half-way from the centre of the curve. . . . I see the Borrow dale bridge beside the lowly hamlet in the cleft of the other A ferry-boat has been approaching its landing-place dell. with a crew of peasants. They come now slowly up from the shore, a picturesque train in grey attire—no showy colour; and at this moment I can fancy that even that circumstance gives a sweeter effect to the scene, though I have never wished to expel the crimson garments, or the blue, from any landscape.' Here let me observe that grey clothing—the pastoral garb of our mountains—does, when it is found on the banks of the Rhine, only look well at a certain distance. It seems not to be worn from choice, but poverty; and in this day's journey we have met with crowds of people whose dress was accordant with the appearance close at hand of their crumbling houses and fortifications.

Bingen, Tucsday, July 25th.—Most delightful to the imagination was our journey of yesterday, still tempting to hope and expectation! Yet wherever we passed through village or small town the veil of romance was withdrawn, and we were compelled to think of human distress and poverty—their causes how various in a country where Nature has beer so bountiful—and, even when removed from the immediate presence of painful objects, there is one melancholy though

Rhine—the thought that of those buildings, so lavishly thered on the ridges of the heights or lurking in sheltering iters, many have perished, all are perishing, and will entirely Buildings that link together the Past and the stealth and in fear, of superstitious ceremonies, of monastic stealth and in fear, of superstitious ceremonies, of monastic stealth and of retreat from persecution! Yet some of strongest of the fortresses may, for aught I know, endure long as the rocks on which they have been reared, deserted they are, and never more be tenanted by pirate, lord, or rassal. The parish churches are in bad repair, and many ruinous.

Mayence.—I thought of some thriving friar of old times; but last night,* in reading Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, mine host of the Tabard recalled to my memory our merry master in the dining-room at Mayence.

Heidelberg, Thursday, July 27th.—After dinner, Mary, Miss H., and I set off towards the castle. . . . The ascent is long and steep, the way plain, and no guide needed, for the castle walks are free; and there—among treasures of art, decaying and decayed, and the magnificent bounties of nature—the stranger may wander the day through. The building is of various dates: it is not good in architecture as a whole, though very fine in parts. There is a noble round tower, and the remains of the chapel, and long ranges of lofty and massy wall, often adorned with ivy, the figure of a saint, a lady, or a warrior looking safely from their niches under the ivy bower. The moats, which must long ago have been drained, retain their shape, yet have now the wild luxuriance of sequestered dells.

^{*} This was when writing out her Journal, begun two months after her return to Rydal Mount.

Fruit and forest trees, flowers and grass, are interming I now speak of the more ruinous and the most and part of the castle. . . . We walked upon a platform being the windows, where a band of music used to be stationed, on the terrace at Windsor—a fine place for festivals in time of peace, and to keep watch in time of war. . . . From the platform where we stood, the eye (overlooking the city, bridge and the deep vale, to the point where the Neckar is concealed from view by its winding to the left) is carried across the plain to the dim stream of the Rhine, perceived under the distant hills. The pleasure-grounds are the most delighted I ever beheld; the happiest mixture of wildness, which art could overcome, and formality, often necessary to conduct you along the ledge of a precipice—whence you may look down upon the river, enlivened by boats, and on the rich vale, or to the more distant scenes before mentioned. terrace is supported on the side of the precipice by arches resembling those of a Roman aqueduct; and from that walk the view of the Castle and the Town beneath it is particularly striking. I cannot imagine a more delightful situation than Heidelberg for a University—the pleasures, ceremonies, and distractions of a Court being removed. Parties of students were to be seen in all quarters of the groves and gardens. I am sorry, however, to say that their appearance was not very scholarlike. They wear whatever wild and coarse appare! pleases them—their hair long and disorderly, or rough as ? water-dog, throat bare or with a black collar, and often p appearance of a shirt. Every one has his pipe, and they a talk loud and boisterously. . . .

Never surely was any stream more inviting! It flows in it deep bed—stately, yet often turbulent; and what dells, cleaving the green hills, even close to the city! Looking down upon the purple roofs of Heidelberg variously tinted, the spectacle curious—narrow streets, small squares, and gardens many an

flowery. The main street, long and also narrow, is (though the houses are built after no good style) very pretty as seen from the heights, with its two gateways and two towers. The Cathedral (it has an irregular spire) overtops all other edifices, which, indeed, have no grace of architecture, and the University is even mean in its exterior; but, from a small distance, any city looks well that is not modern, and where there is bulk and irregularity, with harmony of colouring. But we did not enter the cathedral, having so much to see out of doors.

Heidelberg, Friday, July 28th.— . . . The first reach of the river for a moment transported our imagination to the Vale of the Wye above Tintern Abbey. A single cottage, with a poplar spire, was the central object. . . . As we went further, villages appeared. But Mr. P. soon conducted us from the river up a steep hill, and, after a long ascent, he took us aside to a cone-shaped valley, a pleasure-dell—I call it so for it was terminated by a rural tavern and gardens, seats and alcoves, placed close beside beautiful springs of pure water, spread out into pools and distributed by fountains. A grey stone statue, in its stillness, is a graceful object amid the rushing of water! . . . Our road along the side of the hill, that still rose high above our heads, led us through shady covert and open glade, over hillock or through hollow; at almost every turning convenient seats inviting us to rest, or to linger in admiration of the changeful prospects, where wild and cultivated grounds seemed equally the darlings of the Many of the hills are covered with forests, fostering sun. which are cut down after little more than thirty years' growth; the ground is then ploughed, and sown with buckwheat, and afterwards with beech-nuts. The forests of firs (numerous higher up, but not so here) are sown in like manner. Immense quantities of timber are floated down the river. Sometimes in our delightful walk we were led through tracts

of vines, all belonging to the Grand Duke. They are as for as the forest thickets and flowery glades, and separated from them by no distinguishable boundary. Whichever way the eye turned, it settled upon some pleasant sight.

Baden-Baden, July 29th (Saturday).— . . . Met with old-fashioned civility in all quarters. This little town is a curious compound of rural life, German country-townishness, watering-place excitements, court stateliness, ancient mouldaring towers, old houses and new, and a life and cheerfulness over all. . . . A bright reflection from the evening sty powdered with golden dust that distant vapoury plain, bounded by the chain of purple mountains. We quitted this spectacle with regret when it faded in the late twilight, struggling with the light of the moon.

Road to Homburg.—Sunday, July 30th.—We were continually reminded of the vales of our own country in this lovely winding valley, where seven times we crossed the clear stream over strong wooden bridges; but whenever in our travels the streams and vales of England have been most called to mind there has been something that marks a difference. Here it is chiefly observable in the large brown wood houses, and in the people—the shepherd and shepherdess gaiety of their dress, with a sort of antiquated stiffness. Groups of children in rustic flower-crowned hats were in several places collected round the otherwise solitary swine-herd. . . . The sound of the stream (if there be any sound is a sweet, unwearied, and unwearying under-song, to detain the pious passenger, which he cannot but at times connect with the silent object of his worship.

Road to Schaffhausen.—A part of the way through the use cleared forest was pleasingly wild; juniper bushes, broom, and

Ler woodland plants, among the moss and flowery turf. Before > had finished our last ascent, the postillion told us what a prious sight we might have seen, in a few moments, had we been Fre early in the morning or on a fine evening; but, as it was miday, nothing was to be expected. That glorious sight which should ave been was no less than the glittering prospect of the mounains of Switzerland. We did burst upon an extensive view; but he mountains were hidden; and of the Lake of Constance we saw no more than a vapoury substance where it lay among apparently low hills. This first sight of that country, so dear to the imagination, though then of no peculiar grandeur, affected me with various emotions. I remembered the shapeless wishes of my youth—wishes without hope—my brother's wanderings thirty years ago, and the tales brought to me the following Christmas holidays at Forncett, and often repeated while we paced together on the gravel walk in the parsonage garden, by moon or star light.* . . . The towers of Schaffhausen appear under the shelter of woody and vine-clad hills, but no greetings from the river Rhine, which is not visible from this approach, yet flowing close to the town. . . . But at the entrance of the old city gates you cannot but be roused, and say to yourself, 'Here is something which I have not seen before, yet I hardly know what.' The houses are grey, irregular, dull, overhanging, and clumsy; streets narrow and crooked—the walls of houses often half-covered with rudelypainted representations of the famous deeds of the defenders of this land of liberty. . . . In place of the splendour of faded aristocracy, so often traceable in the German towns, there is a character of ruggedness over all that we see. . . . Never shall I forget the first view of the stream of the Rhine from the bank, and between the side openings of the bridge—rapid in motion, bright, and green as liquid emeralds! and wherever

^{*} Compare vol. ix. p. 54.

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the water dashed against tree, stone, or pillar of the brid sparkling and the whiteness of the foam, melting int blended with the green, can hardly be imagined by at who has not seen the Rhine, or some other of the great of the Continent, before they are sullied in their course The first visible indication of our approach to the catarac the sublime tossing of vapour above them, at the termi of a curved reach of the river. Upon the woody hill, that tossing vapour and foam, we saw the old chateau, fa to us in prints, though there represented in connection the falls themselves; and now seen by us at the end rapid, yet majestic, sweep of the river; where the evering tossing clouds are all that the eye beholds of the wor But an awful sound ascends from the cor commotion. abyss; and it would almost seem like irreverent intrusi stranger, at his first approach to this spot, should not and listen before he pushes forward to seek the revela the mystery. . . . We were gloriously wetted and stunn deafened by the waters of the Rhine. It is impossible to remember (therefore, how should I enable any imagine?) the power of the dashing, and of the sounbreezes, the dancing dizzy sensations, and the exquisite of the colours! The whole stream falls like liquid emer a solid mass of translucent green hue; or, in some par green appears through a thin covering of snow-like Below, in the ferment and hurly-burly, drifting sno masses resembling collected snow mixed with spa We walked upon the platform, as dizz green billows. we had been on the deck of a ship in a storm. Mary re with Mrs. Monkhouse to Schaffhausen, and William rein a boat with Mr. Monkhouse and me, near the extrem the river's first sweep, after its fall, where its bed (as is at the foot of all cataracts) is exceedingly widened, and in proportion to the weight of waters. The boat is tru

rearrent, and the passage, though long, is rapid. At first, seated in that small unresisting vessel, a sensation of plessness and awe (it was not fear) overcame me, but that soon over. From the centre of the stream the view of the taract in its majesty of breadth is wonderfully sublime. Leaing landed, we found commodious seats, from which we could book round at leisure, and we remained till the evening darkness revealed two intermitting columns of fire, which ascended from a forge close to the cataract.

August 4th-Lenzburg. . . . At six o'clock we caught a plimpse of the castle walls glittering in sunshine, a hopeful sign, and we set forward through the fog. The ruin stands at the brink of a more than perpendicular, an overhanging rock, on the top of a green hill, which rises abruptly from the town. The steepest parts are ascended by hundreds of stone steps, worn by age, often broken, and half-buried in turf and flowers. These steps brought us to a terrace bordered by neatly-trimmed vines; and we found ourselves suddenly in broad sunshine under the castle walls, elevated above an ocean of vapour, which was bounded on one side by the clear line of the Jura Mountains, and out of which rose at a distance what seemed an island, crested by another castle. We then ascended the loftiest of the towers, and the spectacle all round was magnificent, visionary—I was going to say endless, but on one side was the substantial barrier of the Jura. By degrees (the vapours settling or shifting) other castles were seen on island eminences; and the tops of bare or woody hills taking the same island form; while trees, resembling ships, appeared and disappeared, and rainbow lights (scarcely more visionary than the mimic islands) passed over, or for a moment rested on the breaking mists. On the other side the objects were more slowly developed. We looked long before we could distinguish the far-distant Alps, but by degrees discovered them, shining

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the value and any increases of firstle. The intervening wide page was a set of upour on we stayed in the eminence till the sun had never in all beneath us after a silent process of change and interchange—of something and revealing. I hope we were not apparently to the memory of past times when standard in the summat of Hebrellyn Shaw Fell Fairfield, or bandard we have tell as if the world mediate front not present a mate a change steeling.

H(x) if A has length we introduce asleep, but were some rousel by a more some of gathering winds, heavy rain fillinel, and roul fieles of lightning, with tremendous thouler. It is very awail. Mary and I were sitting together, shade in the open street; a strange situation! yet we had no terstail fear. Before the storm began, all the lights hal been entimouished except one opposite to us, and another at an inn belink where were turbulent noises of merriment, with singing and haranguing in the style of our village politicians. These ceased: and, after the storm, lights appeared in different quarters; pell-mell rushed the fountain; then came a watchman with his dismal recitative song, or lay; the church clock telling the hours and the quarters, and house clocks with their silvery tone; one scream we heard from a human voice; but no person seemed to notice us, except a man who came out upon the wooden gallery of his house right above our heads, looked down this way and that, and especially towards the roitures. . . . The beating of the rain, and the rushing of that fountain were continuous, and with the periodical and the irregular sounds (among which the howling of a dog was not the least dismal), completed the wildness of the awful scene, and of our strange situation; sheltered from wet, yet in the midst of it—and exposed to intermitting blasts, though struggling with excessive heat—while flashes of lightning at intervals displayed the distant mountains, and the wide space between; at other times a blank gloom.

Borne.—The fountains of Berne are ornamented with statues William Tell and other heroes. There is a beautiful order, a addity, a gravity in this city which strikes at first sight, and wer loses its effect. The houses are of one grey hue, and built Latone. They are large and sober, but not heavy or barbarously Bowing each other. On each side is a covered passage under be upper stories, as at Chester, only wider, much longer, and **rith** more massy supporters. . . . In all quarters we noticed he orderly decency of the passengers, the handsome public mildings, with appropriate decorations symbolical of a love iliberty, of order, and good government, with an aristocratic stateliness, yet free from show or parade. . . . The green-**Einted** river flows below—wide, full, and impetuous. I saw the snows of the Alps burnished by the sun about half an hour before his setting. After that they were left to their wintry marble coldness, without a farewell gleam; yet suddenly the city and the cathedral tower and trees were singled out for favour by the sun among his glittering clouds, and gilded with the richest light. A few minutes, and that glory vanished. I stayed till evening gloom was gathering over the city, and over hill and dale, while the snowy tops of the Alps were still visible.

Sunday, August 6th.—Upon a spacious level adjoining the cathedral are walks planted with trees, among which we sauntered, and were much pleased with the great variety of persons amusing themselves in the same way; and how we wished that one, at least, of our party had the skill to aketch rapidly with the pencil, and appropriate colours, some of the groups or single figures passing before us, or seated in sun or shade. Old ladies appeared on this summer parade dressed in flycaps, such as were worn in England fifty years ago, and broad-flowered chintz or cotton gowns; the bourgeoises, in grave attire of black, with tight white sleeves, yet seldom

without ornament of gold lacing, or chain and ear-rings, and on the head a pair of stiff transparent butterfly wings, spread out from behind a quarter of a yard on each side, which wings are to appearance as thin as gauze, but being made of horse-hair, are very durable, and the larger are even made of wire. Among these were seen peasants in shepherdess hats of straw, decorated with flowers and coloured ribands, pretty little girls in grandmothers' attire, and ladies à la française. noticed several parties composed of persons dressed after these various modes, that seemed to indicate very different habits and stations in society—the peasant and the lady, the petty shopkeeper and the wealthy tradesman's wife, side by side in friendly discourse. But it is impossible by words to give a notion of the enlivening effect of these little combinations, which are also interesting as evidences of a state of society worn out in England. Here you see formality and simplicity, antiquated stateliness and decent finery brought together, with a pervading spirit of comfortable equality in social pleasures.

Monday, August 7th.—I sate under an elm-tree, looking down the woody steep to the lake, and across it, to a rugged mountain; no villages to be seen, no houses; the higher Alps shut out. I could have forgotten Switzerland, and fancied myself transported to one of the lonesome lakes of Scotland. I returned to my open station to watch the setting sun, and remained long after the glowing hues had faded from those chosen summits that were touched by his beams, while others were obscurely descried among clouds in their own dark or snowy mantle. . . . Met with an inscription on a grey stone in a little opening of the wood, and would have copied it, for it was brief, but could not see to read the letters, and hurried on, still choosing the track that seemed to lead most directly downwards, and was indeed glad when I found

myself again in the public road to the town. . . . Late as it was, and although twilight had almost given place to the darkness of a fine August night, I was tempted aside into a broad flat meadow, where I walked under a row of tall poplars by the river-side. The castle, church, and town appeared before us in stately harmony, all hues of red roofs and painting having faded away. Two groups of giant poplars rose up, like Grecian temples, from the level between me and the mass of towers and houses. In the smooth water the lingering brightness of evening was reflected from the sky; and lights from the town were seen at different heights on the hill.

Thun, Tuesday, August 8th .- The Lake of Thun is essentially a lake of the Alps. Its immediate visible boundary, third or fourth-rate mountains; but overtopping these are seen the snowy or dark summits of the Jungfrau, the Eiger, the Stockhorn, the Blumlis Alp, and many more which I cannot name; while the Kander, and other raging streams, send their voices across the wide waters. The remains of a ruined castle are sometimes seen upon a woody or grassy steep-pleasing remembrances of distant times, but taking no primary place in the extensive landscape, where the power of nature is magisterial, and where the humble villages composed of numerous houses clustering together near the lake, do not interfere with the impressions of solitude and grandeur. Many of those villages must be more than half-deserted when the herdsmen follow their cattle to the mountains. Others of their numerous inhabitants find subsistence by fishing in the lake. We floated cheerfully along, the scene for ever changing. On the eastern side, to our left, the shores are more populous than on the western; one pretty village succeeded another, each with its spire, till we came to a hamlet, all of brown wood houses, except one large white dwelling, and no church.... The boatmen directed our ears to of waterfalls in a cleft of the mountain; but the si, we must leave to other voyagers....

The broad pyramidal mountain, Neisen, rising di the lake on the western side towards the head, a commanding object. Its form recalled to my re some of the stony pyramids of Glencoe, but only it surface being covered with green pasturage. Someti course of the morning, we had been reminded of country; but transiently, and never without a characteristic difference. Many of the distinctions to Switzerland I have noticed; and it seems as if grateful to our own pellucid lakes, those darlings of t breezes! But when floating on the Lake of Thun forget them. The greenish hue of its waters is pleasing than the cerulean or purple of the lakes of land and Westmoreland; the reflections are less vi and water do not so delicately blend together; hen ing voyage cannot be accompanied with an equ of minute objects. And I might add many other cumstances or incidents that enliven the banks of For instance, in a summer forenoon, the troops of are seen solacing themselves in the cool waters with of a pebbly shore; or, if the season do not drive the how they beautify the pastures, and rocky unenclose While on the Lake of Thun we did not see a single cattle of any kind. I have not spoken of that 'received into the bosom' of our lakes, on tranqu evenings; for the time of day prevented our being re the same degree of what we have so often behe times; but it is obvious that, though the reflec masses of brilliant clouds must often be very grand, in their delicate hues and forms cannot be seen, in soft distinctness, 'bedded in another sky.' . . .

In this pleasing valley we whirled away, again (as to the first sound of a Frenchman's whip in the streets of Calais) as blithe as children; when all at once, looking through a narrow opening of green and craggy mountains, the Jungfrau (the Virgin) burst upon our view, dazzling in brightness, which seemed rather heightened than diminished by a mantle of white clouds floating over the bosom of the mountain. The effect was indescribable. We had before seen the snows of the Alps at a distance, propped, as I may say, against the sky, or blending with, and often indistinguishable from it; and now, with the suddenness of a pantomimic change, we beheld a great mountain of snow, very near to us as it appeared, and in combination with hills covered with flourishing trees, in the pride of summer foliage. Our mirth was checked; and, awestruck yet delighted, we stopped the car for some minutes.

Soon after we discovered the town of Unterseen, which stands right under the hill, and close to the river Aar. . . . At the end of the town we came to a bridge which we were to pass over; and here, almost as suddenly was the river Aar presented to our view as the maiden-mountain in her resplendent garb had been before. Hitherto the river had been conocaled by, or only partially seen through, the trees; but at Unterseen it is imperious, and will be heard, seen, and felt. In a fit of rage it tumbles over a craggy channel, spreading out and dividing into different streams, crossed by the long, ponderous wooden bridge, that, steady and rugged, adds to the vild grandeur of the spectacle. . . . I recollect one woody minence far below us, about which we doubted whether the object on its summit was rock or castle, and the point remained undecided until, on our way to Lauterbrunnen, we saw the same above our heads, on its perpendicular steep, a craggy barner fitted to war with the tempests of ten thousand Juan . . . The brilliance had deserted all but the highest mountains. They presented a spectacle of heavenly glory; and long did we linger after the rosy lights had from their summits, and taken a station in the ca them.* It was ten o'clock when we reached the

Brienz, Wednesday, August 9th.—... There thing in the exterior of the people belonging to Brienz that reminded one of the ferry-houses in the a sort of untamed familiarity with strangers, an sion of savage fearlessness in danger... The she as far as we saw it, is much richer in intricate grashores of the Lake of Thun. Its little retiring shaggy rocks reminded me sometimes of Loch Ket.

Interlachen, Thursday, August 10th.—Many crossed our way, after tumbling down the hills-as clear as the springs of our Westmoreland more the instant they touched the glacier river of the pure spirit was lost—annihilated by its angry water seen a muddy and a transparent streamlet at a distance hurrying down the same steep; in one is two joined at the bottom, travelled side by side it track, remaining distinct though joined together, were jealous of its own character. Yielding to mil they slowly blended, ere both, in turbulent disresswallowed up by the master torrent.

Again we heard the thunder of avalanches, and bursting out, fresh foaming springs. The sound thunder, but more metallic and musical. It allikened to the rattling of innumerable chariots parocky places. . . . Soon the vale lay before us, wi

^{*} After the sunshine has left the mountain-tops the sky for comes brighter, and of the same hue as if the light from retreated thither.

aciers, and—as it might seem—its thousand cabins sown upon The descent * became so precipitous that all were bliged to walk. Deep we go into the broad cradle-valley, very cottage we passed had its small garden, and cherry-trees prinkled with leaves, bearing half-grown, half-ripe fruit. lunging into this vale I was overcome with a sense of melanhely pervading the whole scene—not desolation, or dreariness. is not the melancholy of the Scotch Highlands, but connected with social life in loneliness, not less than with the strife of all the seasons. . . . The sunshine had long deserted the valley, and was quitting the summits of the mountains behind the village; but red hues, dark as the red of rubies, settled in the clouds, and lingered there after the mountains had lost all but their cold whiteness, and the black hue of the crags. gloomy grandeur of this spectacle harmonised with the melancholy of the vale; yet it was heavenly glory that hung over those cold mountains.

Grindelwald, Friday, August 11th.—Scheidegg to Meiringen.—To our right, looking over the green cradle of the vale, we saw the glacier, with the stream issuing from beneath an arch of solid ice—the small pyramids around it of a greyish colour, mingled with vitriol green. The bed of icy snow above looked sullied, so that the glacier itself was not beautiful, like what we had read of; but the mass of mountains behind, their black crags and shadows, and the awful aspect of winter encroaching on the valley-domain (combinations so new to us) made ample amends for any disappointment we might feel. . . . The rain came on in heavy drops, but did not drive us to the closer shelter of the house. We heeded not the sprinkling which a gust of wind sometimes sent in upon us. Good fortune had hitherto favoured us; and, even if we had been detained at that house

^{*} From the Wengern Alp.

all night, the inconvenience would have been t spirits were uplifted, and we felt as if it would be to be admitted to a near acquaintance with A This at least was my feeling, till the threatening and then, by happy transition, I gladly hailed light of the sun that flashed upon the crags, seen between the dispersing clouds. The interior of th roomy and warm; and, though the floors were of t everything looked cleanly; the wooden vessels ' ladles and spoons curiously carved, and all neatly a shelves. Three generations, making a numerous 1 there living together in the summer season, with on the rough pastures round them: * no doubt the n of the household, but the gains from travellers mi siderable. We were surprised at being asked if we Hardly should we have deserved our welcome she not preferred the peasant's fare—cheese, milk, and the addition of bread fetched from the vale; and omit a dish of fruit—bilberries—here very fine. of our mountain plants, except the branchy fer. common daisy (which we rarely saw), grow in lav and many others unknown to us, that enamel the gems. The monkshood of our gardens, growing height on the Alps, has a brighter hue than elsewh seen in tufts, that to my fancy presented fairy grove green grass, and in rocky places, or under trees.

The storm over, we proceeded, still in the forest, us through different compartments of the vale, each little valley of the loveliest greenness, on all sides sk pine-trees, and often sprinkled with huts, the summer

^{*} All these Alps are occupied by owners of land in the valler a right in common according to the quantity of their land. I like the rest of the produce, are the property of all, and the takes place at the end of the season.

herdsmen. Sometimes (seen through a lateral opening) dow glade, not much larger than a calf-garth, would have agle dwelling; but the memory of one particular spot perfect image of peace and pastoral seclusion-remains ame as vividly as when, apart from my companions, I relled over its soft carpet of turf. That valley-reach might in length a quarter of a mile or more, and of proportionate Ith, surrounded by hills covered with pines, overtopped by ggy mountains. It was an apparently level plain, as smooth velvet, and our course through the centre. On our right wed the grey stream from the glaciers, with chastened voice I motion; and, on the other, were many cabins in an almost mal line, separated from each other, and elevated upon oden pillars, the grass growing round and under them. ere was not a sound except of the gushing stream; no cattle be seen, nor any living creature.

Our way continued through interchange of pastoral and Crossed a bridge, and then had the stream to est ground. r left in a rocky gulf overhung with trees, chiefly beeches delms; sawing-mills on the river very picturesque. It is possible to imagine a more beautiful descent than was before to the vale of Hasli. The roaring stream was our commion: sometimes we looked down upon it from the edge of a fty precipice; sometimes descended towards it, and could trace s furious course for a considerable way. The torrent bounded rer rocks, and still went foaming on, no pausing-places, no entle windings, no pools under the innumerable smaller ataracts; the substance and the grey hue still the same, thether the stream rushed in one impetuous current down a egularly rough part of its steep channel, or laboured among ocks in cloud-shaped heavings, or in boisterous fermentation. · · We saw the cataract * through an open window. It is a

^{*} The Fall of the Reichenbach.

tremendous one, but, wanting the accompaniments of overharing trees, and all the minor graces which surround our waterfalls—overgrowings of lichen, moss, fern, and flowers—it gives little of what may be called pleasure. It was astonishment and awe—an overwhelming sense of the powers of nature for the destruction of all things, and of the helplessness of manof the weakness of his will if prompted to make a momentary effort against such a force. What weight and speed of waters and what a tossing of grey mist! Though at a considerable distance from the fall, when standing at the window, a shower of misty rain blew upon us.

Meiringen, Saturday, August 12th.—Again crossed the river, then up a bare precipice, and along a gallery hewn out of the rock. Downwards to the valley more bare and open; 1 sprinkling of pines, among which the peasants were making hay. Hamlets and single huts not far asunder: no thought of dreariness crossed my mind; yet a pensiveness was spread over the long valley, where, year by year, the same simple employments go on in succession, and where the tempests of winter are patiently endured, and thoughtfully guarded against. . . . The châlet at Handek is large; four long apartments, in one of which our mules rested. Several men were living there for the summer season, but no women. They served us with the same kindliness we had experienced on the Wengern and Scheidegg Alps, but with slowness and gravity. These mer were very tall, and had a sedate deportment, generally noticed I find by travellers in Ober Hasli, where the race has for centuries been distinguished by peculiar customs, manners, and habits. . . . From the brink of a rock we looked down the falls, and along the course of the torrent. The spectacle was tremendous, and, from that point, not less beautiful. The position of the sun here favoured us; and we beheld the arch of a bright rainbow, steadily poised on the cloud of vapour

Now us that burst out of the terrific waters. We looked wown with awe upon

the river, throwing His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,

Leat we could not help fancying it shook the very rock on which we stood. That feeling passed away. . . . While I lay my bed, the terrible solitudes of the Wetterhorn were revealed to me by fits—its black chasms, and snowy, dark, prey summits. All night, and all day, and for ever, the vale of Meiringen is sounding with torrents.

Meiringen, Sunday, August 13th.—Rain over, and the storm past away, long before the sunshine had touched the top of any other mountain, the snow upon the Wetterhorn shone like silver, and its grey adamantine towers appeared in a soft splendour all their own. I looked in vain for the rosy tints of morning, of which I had so often heard; but they could not have been more beautiful than the silvery brightness. . . .

Lake of Lungern.—At an upper window of one of a cluster of houses at the foot of the valley, a middle-aged man, with a long beard, was kneeling with a book in his hand. He fixed his eyes upon us, and, while his devotions were still going on, made me a bow. I passed slowly, and looked into that house with prying eyes, it was so different from any other, and so much handsomer. The wooden ceiling of the room, where the friar or monk (such I suppose him to be) knelt at his prayers, was curiously inlaid and carved, and the walls hung with pictures. The picturesque accompaniments of the Roman Catholic religion, the elegant white chapels on the hills, the steady grave people going to church, and the cheerfulness of the valley, had put me into good humour with the religion itself; but, while we were pass-

ing through this very hamlet, and close to the mansion of godly man, Mr. M. having lost the cork of a little flast, asked the guide to buy or beg for us another at one of cottages, and he shook his head, assuring me they wo neither give nor sell anything to us Protestants, except in regular way of trade. They would do nothing for us out good-will. I had been too happy in passing through the traquil valley to be ready to trust my informer, and, having for obliged him to make the request, I asked myself at two respectable houses, and met with a refusal, and no very gracion looks. . . .

Engelberg, Mount Titlis, Tuesday, August 15th.—We breakfasted in view of the flashing, silver-topped Mount Title, and its grey crags, a sight that roused William's youthful desires; and in spite of weak eyes, and the weight of fifty winters, he could not repress a longing to ascend that mountain. . . . But my brother had had his own visions of glory, and, had he been twenty years younger, sure I am that he would have trod the summit of the Titlis. Soon after breakfast we were warned to expect the procession, and saw it issuing from the church. Priests in their white robes, choristers, monks chanting the service, banners uplifted, and a full-dressed image of the Virgin carried aloft. The people were divided into several classes; the men, bare-headed; and maidens, taking precedency of the married women, I suppose, because it was the festival of the Virgin. The procession formed a beautiful stream upon the green level, winding round the church and convent. Thirteen hundred people were assembled at Engelberg, and joined in this service. The unmarried women wore straw hats, ornamented with flowers, white bodices, and crimson petticoats. The dresses of the elder people were curious. What a display of neck-chains and ear-rings! of silver and brocaded stomachers! Some old men had coats after the mode of the time of The Spectator, with worked seams. Boys, and even young men, wore flowers in their straw hats. We entered the convent; but were only suffered to go up a number of staircases, and through long whitewashed galleries, lung with portraits of saints, and prints of remarkable places in Switzerland, and particularly of the vale and convent of Engelberg, with plans and charts of the mountains, etc. There are now only eighteen monks; and the abbot no longer exists: his office, I suppose, became extinct with his temporal princedom . . . I strolled to the chapel, near the inn, a pretty white edifice, entered by a long flight of steps. No priest, but several young peasants, in shepherdess attire of jackets, and showy petticoats, and flowery hats, were paying their vows to the Virgin. A colony of swallows had built their nests within the cupola, in the centre of the circular roof. They were flying overhead; and their voices seemed to me an harmonious accompaniment to the silent devotions of those rustics.

Lucerne, Wednesday, August 16th.—Lucerne stands close to the shore at the foot of the lake of the four cantons. The river Reuss, after its passage from the mountain of St. Gothard, falls into that branch called the Lake of Uri, and issues out of another branch at Lucerne, passing through the town. The river has three long wooden bridges; and another bridge, 1080 feet in length, called the Cathedral Bridge, crosses a part of the lake, and leads to the Cathedral. Thither we repaired, having first walked the streets, and purchased a straw hat for 12 francs, at the shop of a pleasant talkative milliner, on whose counter, taking up a small pamphlet (a German magazine), we were surprised at opening upon our own name, and, still more, surprised to find it in connection with my brother's poem on the Duddon, so recently published. But I was going to lead you to the end of the long bridge

under a dark roof of wood, crossed and sustained beams, on each of which, on both sides-so that th both in going and returning-some portion of Scrip is represented; beginning with Adam and Eve, with the resurrection and ascension of Christ. The to the number of 230-though, to be sure, wofu works of art-are by no means despicable daubs ; I looked at them myself, it pleased me much more peasants, bringing their burthens to the city, often steps, with eyes cast upwards. The lake is seen t openings of the bridge; pleasant houses, not crow green banks. . . . It was dark when we reache We took tea at one end of the unoccupied side of t the salle-à-manger; while, on the other side, a large at supper. Before we had finished, a bustle at the our attention to a traveller; rather an odd figure a a greatcoat. Mary said, 'He is like Mr. Robin turned round while talking German, with loud vo landlord; and, all at once, we saw that it was Mr himself. Our joy cannot be expressed. If he ha the half of old England along with him, we could been more glad. We started up with one consendoubt, all operations at the supper-table were suspe we had no eyes for that. Mr. Robinson introduced men, his companions, an American and a Scotchman modest youths, who (the ceremony of introduction over away to the supper-table, wishing to leave us to We were indeed happy—and Mr. Robinson was n He seemed as if he had in one moment found two English home, and his home in Germany, though it v heart of Switzerland."

During this tour on the Continent, Wordsworth the Earl of Lonsdale from Lucerne, on August 19th. described their route through Belgium and Germany. Of Heidelberg he said: "A noble situation at the point where the Neckar issues from steep lofty hills into the plain of the Rhine." Of their journey in the Bernese Oberland he said:—

"This journey led us over high ground, and for fifteen leagues along the base of the loftiest Alps, which reared their bare or snow-clad ridges and pikes, in a clear atmosphere, with fleecy clouds now and then settling upon and gathering round them. We heard and saw several avalanches; they are supposed by a sound like thunder, but more metallic and musical. This warning naturally makes one look about, and we had the gratification of seeing one falling, in the shape and appearance of a torrent or cascade of foaming water, down the deep-worn crevices of the steep or perpendicular granite mountains. Nothing can be more awful than the sound of these catancts of ice and snow thus descending, unless it be the slence which succeeds. The elevations from which we beheld these operations of nature, and saw such an immense range of minitive mountains stretching to the east and west, were covered with rich pasturage and beautiful flowers, among which was an abundance of the monkshood, a flower which I had sever seen but in the trim borders of our gardens, and which be grew not so much in patches as in little woods or forests, towering above the other plants. At this season the herdsmen we with their cattle in still higher regions than those which we have trod, the herbage where we travelled being reserved till they descend in the autumn.

We have visited the Abbey of Engelberg, not many leagues from the borders of the Lake of Lucerne. The tradition is, that the site of the abbey was appointed by angels, singing from a lofty mountain that rises from the plain of the valley, and which, from having been thus honoured, is called Engelberg, or the Hill of the Angels. It is a glorious position for such beings, and I should have thought myself repaid for the

trouble of so long a journey by the impression m mind, when I first came in view of the vale is Convent is placed, and of the mountains that ence light of the sun had left the valley, and the dispread over it heightened the splendour of the and spread upon the surrounding mountains, so had their summits covered with pure snow; other hidden by vapours rolling round them; and the reberg could not have been seen under more fortung stances, for masses of cloud glowing with the reflerance of the setting sun were hovering round it, is spirits preparing to settle upon its venerable head.

To-day we quit this place to ascend the mounts

He asked Lord Lonsdale to write to him to Bern hoped to be five weeks later; . . . "and may I b will not omit to mention Westmoreland politics."

On the 7th October he again wrote to Lor from Paris, and gave an account of their subsequences in Switzerland, Italy, and France. Of Paris "Nothing which I have seen in this city has intered all like the Jardin des Plantes, with the living a the Museum of Natural History which it includes could I refrain from tears of admiration at the sapparently boundless exhibition of the wonders of the statues and pictures of the Louvre affect me comparison. The exterior of Paris is much changed visited it in 1792. I miss many ancient buildings, I the Temple, where the poor king and his family we confined. That memorable spot, where the Jacobin held, has also disappeared. Nor are the additional always improvements; the Pont des Arts, in particular

w from the Pont Neuf greatly; but in the venience is the main point. . . . "

Leference must be made to vol. vi. of this work for other facts from Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal of the Tour across Alps into Italy, and back to Switzerland, returning to land by Paris, as well as for partial extracts from Mrs. Ledsworth's Journal, and the Memorial Poems themselves.

On their return to England, they spent some time in indon. On the 18th November, H. C. Robinson writes:—

Wordsworth in excellent mood. His improved and imwing mildness and tolerance must very much conciliate all the know him.

Monday, 20.—I was glad to accompany the Wordsworths to the British Museum; and we had but a hurried survey of the antiquities. I did not perceive that Wordsworth enjoyed the Eigin Marbles much, but he is a still man, when he does enjoy timself, and by no means ready to talk of his pleasures, except to his sister. We could hardly see the statues. The Memnon, however, seemed to interest him very much. I think that his enjoyment of works of art is very much in proportion to their subserviency to poetical illustration. I doubt whether he feels the beauty of mere form."

During Wordsworth's Tour on the Continent his brother Christopher was promoted from the Rectory of Lambeth to the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge. On his return the poet remained a fortnight in London—November 9th to 23d; and during that time he saw Coleridge, the Lambs, Moore, Rogers, Kenyon, Talfourd, Sharp, and many others. It was a time of much and varied literary fellowship. The following are some of Thomas Moore's reminiscences of Wordsworth. They exhibit him alike in his weakness and his strength. His complaint of Bryon's plagiarism—however true—was unworthy of Wordsworth; but his remarks on the slight knowledge of poetry that existed amongst the public "men of the time," and

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VOL III.

id Nous and midwerg year ye mass a re asse issysde nous mas yar ass

"Paine Ibl. 1891." ... Lair May mit me : when who has meanned which the last fix Switzerland and Milan, was naking inquiries of whitely mee me.

Online 14th 15th . . . Called more Work young Frenchman name in and it was amoning t and Wariswirth at most purposes from the subject Wariswirth saying he fill not wish to see it acted, never some up to the high imagination he had reading it of the prophetic inspiration of the priest and the Frenchman insisting that in acting alone properly enjoyed—that is to say, in the manner it now; for he acknowledged that till the corps do to its aid, it was very dull, even on the stage,—morte. . . .

25th October 1820. . . . Wordsworth rather dull is a man . . . who does not understand the give a conversation.

27th October 1820.—Wordsworth came at halfand stopped to breakfast. Talked a good deal. Byron's plagiarism from him; the whole third cante Harold founded on his style and sentiments. The natural objects which is there expressed, not can from nature herself, but from him (Wordsworth), a in the transmission. Tintern Abbey the source of it which same poem too the celebrated passage abou in the first canto of Childe Harold, is (he said) taken difference, that what is naturally expressed by him worked by Bryon into a laboured and antithetic

[•] Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. E Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P.

Spoke of the Scottish novels. Is sure they are declamation. Scott's. When I mentioned the abundance of them, as being nther too great for one man to produce, he said that great fertility was the characteristic of all novelists and story-tellers. Richardson could have gone on for ever; his Sir Charles Grandison was, originally, in thirty volumes. Charlotte Smith, Madame Cottin, etc. etc. Scott, since he was a child, accustomed to legends, and to the exercise of the story-telling faculty, sees nothing to stop him as long as he can hold a pen. Spoke of the very little real knowledge of poetry that existed now; so few men had time to study. For instance, Mr. Canning; one could hardly select a cleverer man; and yet, what did Mr. Canning know of poetry? what time had he, in the busy political life he had led, to study Dante, Homer, etc., as they ought to be studied, in order to arrive at the true principles of taste in works of genius. Mr. Fox, indeed, towards the latter part of his life, made leisure for himself, and took to improving his mind; and, accordingly, all his later public displays bore a greater stamp of wisdom and good taste than his early ones. Mr. Burke alone was an exception to this description of public men: by far the greatest man of his age; not only abounding in knowledge himself, but feeding, in various directions, his most able contemporaries; assisting Adam Smith in his Political Economy, and Reynolds in his Lectures on Painting. Fox, too, who acknowledged that all he had ever learned from books was nothing to what he had derived from Burke.* I walked with Wordsworth to the Tuileries: he goes off to-morrow."

In the Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge, published anonymously in 1836, but edited by T. Allsop, there are some interesting allusions to Wordsworth

^{*} There is much justice in these remarks of Mr. Wordsworth," adds Lord John Russell, the editor of Moore's Journal.

about this time. Few of the dates of the inciden are given; but in Allsop's twenty-seventh letter (1821) he writes thus of meeting Wordsworth in I

" Met Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, with Mr. Talf house, and Robinson. A very delightful evening worth almost as good a reader as Coleridge; to think he would seem to carry even more autho what he read and said. He spoke of Southey ar with measured respect, and, as I thought, just Pointed out some passages in The Curse of Kehan admired, and repeated some portions of The Ancie also from The River Duddon and The Excursion The Highland Girl. He seemed to me to present a poet in whom the repressive faculty was r Taken altogether, he impressed me very favour regret deeply that I did not avail myself of subseq tunities—not seldom proffered by Lamb and C meeting him more frequently. But I then labor the impression that he had not acted kindly to th loved being, whom I loved living, and honour d now, when myself almost indifferent to new ass regret this enforced denial of what at that period enhanced the value of existence, communion wit rious and effulgent mind; but I do not regret th which led to this self-denial." *

In the same letter Allsop tells us that he "on Wordsworth to inquire if he was really a Chri replied, 'When I am a good man, then I am a G It would be interesting to recover the letter in remark was made.

In his last letter, No. 45, Allsop represents Cosaying: +-

^{*} Vol. i. pp. 222, 223,

Of all the men I ever knew, Wordsworth has the least incity in his mind. He is all man. He is a man of the might have been said, 'It is good for him to be

When Mr. Allsop says of Coleridge that his mind was "at the most masculine, feminine, and yet child-like (and in case the most innocent) which it is possible to imagine," value of his diagnosis may be guessed. Nevertheless he have accurately reported Coleridge's remark on Wordstath, which has a certain truth underneath it.

After his fortnight in London, Wordsworth went down with wife to Cambridge, where they spent thirteen days at the lodge, Trinity College (November 24 to December 6). From cambridge Wordsworth wrote thus to Lord Lonsdale:—

"Master's Lodge, Trinity College, Cambridge, 4th December 1820.

"... I am much gratified with what I have seen of this University. There is a great ardour of study among the young men. The masters, tutors, and lecturers appear for the most part to be very zealous in the discharge of their duties..."

Cambridge seems to have inspired Wordsworth to sonnetwriting in December of this year, just as Oxford had inspired him in the month of May. I infer, from a letter to Robinson, that one of the three fine sonnets—afterwards included in the Ecclesiastical series—on the Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, was composed during this visit. In a letter dated March 13, 1821, he says of his time at Cambridge:—

"What with the company (although I saw very little of him) of my dear brother, our stately apartments, with all the

venerable portraits there that awe one into I friends, new acquaintances, and a thousand fami brances, and freshly conjured-up recollections, I en not a little. I should like to send you a sonnet Cambridge,* but it is reserved for cogent rea imparted in due time."

From Cambridge William and Mary Wordsworth to the Beaumonts at Coleorton. They stayed December 2d to December 20th, and then wen Manchester and Kendal to Rydal.

After her return from the Continent, Dorothy' seems to have gone direct from London to the C Playford Hall, near Ipswich, where her nephew V residing. She joined that nephew at Cambridge end of his Christmas holidays, and left Cambridg about the 26th January 1821.

^{*} It is possible that this sonnet may have been that which named Recollection of the Portrait of King Henry VIII., T Cambridge. See vol. vii. p. 101.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CORRESPONDENCE, 1821-1824.

2820, Sir George Beaumont—who was about to build a new shurch on Coleorton Moor—talked a good deal to him about the ecclesiastical history of England. This led not only to his inting some sonnets on the subject while staying at Coleorton, but to the larger idea of embodying the entire story of the Anglican Church in a series of Ecclesiastical Sketches. His mind had been turned to Church questions for many years. He had discussed them with his brother Christopher, who, while dean and rector of Bocking, had published six volumes of Ecclesiastical Biography, and, as he explained in a note to the Sketches when first published, "the Catholic question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course." Southey wrote to his friend, C.H. Townsend, from Keswick, on the 6th of May 1821:—

"The Wordsworths spoke of you with great pleasure upon their return from Cambridge. He was with us lately. His thoughts and mine have for some time unconsciously been travelling in the same direction; for while I have been sketching a brief history of the English Church, and the systems which it has subdued or struggled with, he has been pursuing precisely the same subject in a series of sonnets, to which my volume will serve for a commentary, as completely as if it had been written with that intent." *

^{*} Southey's Life and Correspondence, vol. v. p. 79; also a letter to C. Bedford, vol. v. p. 65.

Several of Wordsworth's letters written at t Viscount Lowther—the son of the Earl of Lons his opinions on the question of the admission Catholics to Parliament, and kindred matters:—

" March

". . . I am truly sorry for what you say about fate of the Catholic question, and feel grateful to Englishman for your persevering exertions. Canni as given in the Morning Chronicle and Courier, is glittering declamation and slender sophistry. H appear to look at the effect of this measure upon the at all; and as to the inference that the Catholics v when possessed of their object, because they have I under their long privation, first, we may deny the has not every concession been employed as a van for another attack? and, had it been otherwise, is they have been patient? What says History as enduring quiet of men who have an object in v grandees of the Puritans, says Heylin in his life of Laud, after the first heats were over in Queen Eliza carried their work for thirty years together, like n the ground, not casting up any earth before them, ti made so strong a party in the House of Commons a to hold the thing to their own conditions. Mr. Car the Catholic Peers supporters of Episcopacy in Cha time, and concludes, therefore, that they were frie Church of England, because Bishops make a part stitution. Would it not have been more consonant to ascribe this care of reformed bishoprics to the institution favourable to that exaltation of religion abuses were produced, that wrought the overthrow in England, and to some lurking expectations that i d he preserved, they might not improbably be filled at no ant time by Catholic prelates. . . ."

Two other (undated) letters evidently belong to the same

... I have read with the utmost attention the debates on • Catholic question. The opinion I share with you remains naltered. We have heard much of candour and forbearance, be, but these qualities appear to be all on one side, viz. on hat of the advocates of existing laws. Among the Innovators here is a haughtiness, an air of insolent superiority to light and knowledge, which no strength of argument could justify, much less the sophisms and assumptions which they advance. I am aware that if the Catholics are to get into Parliament, ambition and worldly interest will have keen sway over them mover other men; and it need not be dreaded, therefore, that they will all be, upon every occasion, upon one side. But still the esprit de corps cannot but be stronger with them than other bodies for obvious reasons; and looking at the constitution of the House, how nicely balanced parties have often been, and what small majorities have repeatedly decided most momentous questions, I cannot but tremble at the prospect of introducing men who may turn, and (if they act consistently with the spirit of their religion, and even with its open professions) must tum their mutual fidelity against our Protestant Establishment, till, in co-operation with other dissenters and infidels, they have accomplished its overthrow. . . .

... The Catholic claims are to be referred to a committee! God grant that these people may be baffled! How Mr. Canning and other enemies to Reform in Parliament can, without gross inconsistency, be favourers of their cause, I am unable to conceive. Mr. Canning objects to reform because it would

be the means of sending into the House of Comm whose station, opinions, and sentiments differ from persons who are now elected, and who would prove to the Constitution in Church and State. Go and won't this be the case to a most formidable e admit Catholics, a measure to be followed up—as will, sooner or later—with the abolition of the Tes ration Acts, and a proportional increase of the po of the dissenters, who are to a man hostile to the C.

Another letter, written at the close of the same friend Loch, shows how Wordsworth's views on ma underwent consistent change, and were developed gress of events, both in England and abroad. It i interesting letter:—

" Rydal Mount, 1

. . . "I should think that I had lived to littl my notions on the subject of government had u modification. My youth must, in that case, have b enthusiasm, and my manhood endued with small c profiting by reflection. If I were addressing thos dealt so liberally with the words renegade, apos should retort the charge upon them, and say, you deluded by places and persons, while I have stuck t I abandoned France, and her rulers, when they the struggle for liberty, gave themselves up to ty endeavoured to enslave the world. I disapproved against France at its commencement, thinkingperhaps an error—that it might have been avoided Buonaparte had violated the independence of Swit heart turned against him, and against the nation submit to be the instrument of such an outrage. that I parted, in feeling, from the Whigs, and t

• united with their adversaries, who were fre

elusion (such I must ever regard it) of Mr. Fox and his party, nat a safe and honourable peace was practicable with the rench nation, and that an ambitious conqueror like Buonaparte could be softened down into a commercial rival.

This is enough for foreign politics, as influencing my attachments.

There are three great domestic questions, viz. the Liberty of the Press, Parliamentary Reform, and Roman Catholic concession, which, if I briefly advert to, no more need be said at present.

A free discussion of public measures through the press I deem the only safeguard of liberty: without it I have neither confidence in kings, parliaments, judges, or divines. They have all in their turn betrayed their country. But the press, so potent for good, is scarcely less so for evil; and unfortunately they who are misled and abused by its means are the persons whom it can least benefit. It is the fatal characteristic of their disease to reject all remedies coming from the quarter that has caused or aggravated the malady. I am therefore for vigorous restrictions; but there is scarcely any abuse that I would not endure, rather than sacrifice—or even endanger—this freedom.

When I was young—giving myself credit for qualities which I did not possess, and measuring mankind by that standard—I thought it derogatory to human nature to set up property in preference to person, as a title for legislative power. That notion has vanished. I now perceive many advantages in our present complex system of representation, which formerly eluded my observation. This has tempered my ardour for reform: but if any plan could be contrived for throwing the representation fairly into the hands of the property of the country, and not leaving it so much in the hands of the large proprietors as it now is, it should have my best support; though even in that event there would be a sacrifice of personal

rights, independent of property, that are now frequently executed for the benefit of the community.

Be not startled when I say that I am averse to further concessions to the Roman Catholics. My reasons are, that such concessions will not produce harmony among the Roma Catholics themselves; that those among them who are more clamorous for the measure care little about it but as a stage first, to the overthrow of the Protestant Establishment i Ireland, as introductory to a separation of the two countries —their ultimate aim. . . . Deeming the Church Establishmen not only a fundamental part of our Constitution, but one the greatest upholders and propagators of Civilisation in our own country, and, lastly, the most effectual and main support of religious Toleration, I cannot but look with jealousy upon measures which must reduce her relative influence, unless they be accompanied with arrangements, more adequate than any yet adopted, for the preservation and increase of that influence, to keep pace with the other powers in the community."

A sentence from an undated letter to Wrangham (probably belonging to the same year) is instructive. He had been speaking of the efforts of a Society to distribute copies of the Christian Scriptures, which he cordially approved of, but he added: "As to the indirect benefits expected from it, as producing a golden age of unanimity among Christians, all that I think fume and emptiness; nay, far worse. So deeply am I persuaded that discord and artifice, and pride and ambition would be fostered, by such an approximation are unnatural alliance of sects, that I am inclined to think the evil thus produced would more than outweigh the good don by dispersing the Bibles."

A letter to his friend Richard Sharp, written in April 1822, shows Wordsworth's own estimate both of the *Ecclesiastical Sketches* and of the *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*.

"Rydal Mount, April 16, [Post-mark 1822].

"MY DEAR SIR,-I took the liberty of sending you the Memorials, for everything of this sort is a liberty (inasmuch as, to use Gibbon's phrase, it levies a tax of civility upon the receiving party), as a small acknowledgment of the great advantage I and my fellow-travellers had derived from your directions; which—as you might observe by the order in which the Poems are placed, and the limits of our Tour-we almost literally followed. The Ecclesiastical Sketches were offered to your notice merely as a contemporary publication. It gratifies me that you think well of these poems; but, I own, I am disappointed that they should have afforded you less pleasure than a single piece, which, from the very nature of it, as allegorical, and even imperfectly so, would horrify a German critic; and, whatever may be thought of the Germans as poets, there is no doubt of their being the best critics in Europe. But I think I have hit upon the secret. You, like myself are—as Smollett says in his translation of the French phrase-no longer a chicken; and your heart beat in recollection of your late glorious performance, which has ranked you as a demigod among tourists-

> Mounting from glorious deed to deed, As thou from clime to clime didst lead.

For recollect that Gray, in one of his letters, affirms that Description—he means of natural scenery and the operations of Nature—though an admirable ornament, ought never to be the subject of Poetry. How many exclusive dogmas have been laid down, which genius from age to age has triumphantly refuted! and grossly should I be deceived if, speaking freely to you as an old friend, these local poems do not contain many proofs that Gray was as much in the wrong in this interdict,

as any critical brother, who may have framed his out a spark of inspiration or poetry to guide him.

The Ecclesiastical Sketches labour under one of vantage, that they can only present themselves at the reader, who is pretty well acquainted with the this country; and, as separate pieces, several of the Poetry from the matter of fact; there being unavoid History—except as it is a mere suggestion—some enslaves the fancy. But there are in those Poetron in the least degree liable to tion. I will only mention two, the Sonnets on The of the Monasteries, and almost the whole of the last the picture of England after the Revolution, so with Protestant Churches, till the conclusion. again from 'Open your Gates, ye everlasting Piles and then turn to your Enterprise.* Has the Contitute North out of your estimation? . . .

I have in the press a little book on the Lakes some illustrative remarks on Swiss scenery. If I into any errors, I know no one better able to correct yourself, and should the book (which I must mention republication) meet your eye, pray, point out to me to the part relating to Switzerland is new. One favour to the asking of another. May I beg of you a sketce in North Wales? It is thirty years since I we country, and new ways must have been opened up time."

The Ecclesiastical Sketches are, poetically, the least of all Wordsworth's efforts, with the possible excep Tragedy; but his main occupation—during the win and the spring of 1821—was the completion of that

^{*} An allegorical poem—the "glorious performance" referr

of somets. While he was thus engaged, his wife and sister were as actively employed in writing out their notes of Continental travel.

In March 1821, Wordsworth told Crabb Robinson "the two ladies are busy in transcribing their Journals"; and the desire for fresh journeyings being strong within him, he wished that he could encourage the hope of passing a winter with Robinson at Rome. The expense, however, deterred him. He referred to Barry Cornwall's Tragedy, just published, and said, "It appears to me, in the present late age of the world, a most difficult task to construct a good tragedy, free from stale and mean contrivances, and animated by new and suitable characters; so that I am inclined to judge Cornwall gently, and sincerely rejoice in his success. As to poetry, I am sick of it; it overruns the country in all the shapes of the plagues of Egypt, frog-poets (the Croakers), mice-poets (the Nibblers), a class rhyming to mice (which shall be nameless), and flypoets (Gray in his dignified way calls flies the 'Insect Youth,' a term wonderfully applicable upon this occasion). We shall not be accused of envying the rising generation."

In August of this year, Robinson being about to visit Scotland, Wordsworth gave him an introduction to Sir Walter Scott, in which he said:—

"Mr. R. is a highly-esteemed friend of myself, and of those who are dearest to me. Mr. R. has been much upon the Continent, and is extensively read in German literature, speaking the language with the ease of a native.

In the last letter I had from you, you spoke of the pleasure you should have in re-visiting our arcadia. I assure you that you would be most welcome; when I think how small is the space between your residence upon the Tweed, and mine in the valley of Ambleside, I wonder we see so little of each other."

While the ladies at Rydal Mount were engaged in copyi out their Journals of the Tour of 1820, Mrs. Wordsworth we to John Kenyon:—

"Rydal Mount, December 28, 1821.

"Miss Wordsworth is going on with her Journal, which we be ready to go to press interspersed with her brother's poem. I hope before you return. I do not say this seriously, but sometimes jestingly talk of raising a fund by such means a second and a further trip into Italy!"

On the 3d March 1822, Dorothy Wordsworth wrote to Crall Robinson:—

"With respect to the Tour poems, I am afraid you will think his notes not sufficiently copious. Prefaces he has none except to the poem on Goddard's death. Your suggestion the bridge at Lucern set his mind to work; and, if a happy mood comes on, he is determined even yet, though the work is printed, to add a poem on that subject. You can have no idea with what earnest pleasure he seized the idea; yet, before he began to write at all, when he was pondering over his recollections and asking me for hints and thoughts. I mentioned that very subject, and he then thought he could make nothing of it. You certainly have the gift of setting him on When I named (before your letter was read to him) your scheme for next autumn, his countenance flushed with pleasure, and he exclaimed, 'I'll go with him'; and then I ventured to utter a thought which had risen before, and been suppressed in the moment of its rising, 'How I should like to go.' Presently, however, the conversation took a sober turnmy desires were completely checked—and he concluded that for him the journey would be impossible, 'And then,' said h' 'if you, or Mary, or both, were not with me I should not ha enjoy it, and that (so soon again) is impossible.'

The transcript of my Journal is nearly finished. There is so much of it, that I am sure it will be dull reading to those who have never been in these countries,—and even to such, I think, much of it at least must be tedious. My brother is interested when I read it to him. . . . Mary seems to have succeeded so well in the brief way, that I can hardly hope my lengthiness will interest in like degree. I shall not read hers till my transcript is finished."

Writing to the same friend in November 1825, she asked if he could procure two sets of "Swiss costumes," to be bound up in the MS. Journal of this year. These were procured, and they are inserted in the two large quarto volumes in which Dorothy's Journal is bound.

A letter of Wordsworth's to Sir George Beaumont, belonging to an earlier date (Jan. 6, 1821), may be given here. It was written from Rydal:—

" 6th Jan. 1821.

"MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,-Yesterday I performed a great lat-wrote no less than seven letters, reserving yours for to-day, that I might have more leisure, and you consequently iss trouble in reading. I have been a good deal tossed about ince our arrival here. Mrs. W. and I were first called away by the sudden death of my kinsman Mr. Myers. We went to College together, and were inseparables for many years. I saw him buried in Millom Church, by the side of his wife. The churchyard is romantically situated-Duddon Sands on one tide, and a rocky hill scattered over with ancient trees on the that. Close by are the remains of the old castle of the Haddlestones, part of which are converted into farm-houses, and the whole embowered in tall trees that tower up from the sides and bottom of the circular moat. The churchyard is in the manner girt round with trees. The church is of striking inhitecture, and apparently of remote antiquity. We entered with the funeral train, the day being too far advanced to allow

the clergyman to see to read the Service, and no light provided, so we sate some time, in solemn silence. candle was brought, which served both for minister casting a wan light on their faces. On my right two stone figures in a recumbent position (like the monument in Coleorton Church), Huddlestones of of and the voice of the minister was accompanied, a interrupted, by the slender sobbing of a young Indian by half-blood, and by the father's side a nideceased wife of the person whom we were interring, over the coffin, and continued this Oriental lamentate service was over, everybody else, except one faithful being apparently indifferent. Mrs. W., I find, has our return by Duddonside, and how much we we with the winter appearance of my favourite river.

Since that expedition, I have been called to Ap detained there upon business. In returning I was make a circuit, which showed me for the time sever the course of that beautiful stream the Eden, from near Temple Sowerby down to Kirkoswald. Part of of country I had indeed seen before, but not from points of view. It is a charming region, particular spot where the Eden and Emont join. The rivers exquisitely brilliant, gliding under rocks, and thromeadows; with woods, and sloping cultivated gropensive russet moors interspersed; and along the circle horizon lofty hills and mountains, clothed rather cealed, in fleecy clouds and resplendent vapours.

My road brought me suddenly, and unexpectedly, ancient monument, called by the country people Lon her Daughters. Everybody has heard of it, and so h very early childhood, but had never seen it before. Stonehenge, it is beyond dispute the most noble rethat this or probably any other country contains.

Meg is a single block of unhewn stone, eighteen feet high, at a small distance from a vast circle of other stones, some of them of huge size, though curtailed of their stature by their own incessant pressure upon it."

In writing to Richard Sharp, in April 1822, Wordsworth asked for Rogers' address, adding that he desired it "for a literary purpose." The following is the letter he wrote to Rogers after receiving his address:—

"Lowther Castle, September 16, 1822.

"My DEAR ROGERS,—It gave me great pleasure to hear from our common friend, Sharp, that you had returned from the Continent in such excellent health; which I hope you will continue to enjoy, in spite of our fogs, rains, east winds, coal free, and other clogs upon light spirits and free breathing. I have long wished to write to you on a little affair of my own, or rather of my sister's; and the facility of procuring a frank in this house has left my procrastinating habit without excuse.

Some time ago you expressed (as perhaps you will remember) a wish that my sister would publish her Recollections of her Scottish Tour; and you interested yourself so far in the scheme as kindly to offer to assist in disposing of it to a publisher for her advantage. We know that your skill and experience in these matters are great, and she is now disposed to profit by them, provided you continue to think as favourably of the measure as heretofore. The fact is, she was so much gratified by her tour in Switzerland, that she has a strong wish to add to her knowledge of that country, and to extend her ramble to some part of Italy. As her own little fortune is not sufficient to justify a step of this kind, she has no hope of revisiting those twenties, unless an adequate sum could be procured through the means of this Ms. You are now fairly in possession of her motives; if you still think that the publication would do her

no discredit, and are of opinion that a respecta money might be had for it, which she has no chance ing except through your exertion, she would be mu as I also should be, if you would undertake to bargain; and the Ms. shall be sent you, as soon as i She has further to beg that you would be so kind a over, and strike out what you think might be better

I detected you in a small collection of poems, entwhich we all read with much pleasure. Venice Brides of Venice (that was the title I think), please as any. Some parts of the Venice are particularly fino fault to find, but rather too strong a leaning to and concise, and to some peculiarities of versificat occur perhaps too often. . . .—Believe me, my defaithfully yours,

WM. Words

On the 23d January 1823, Dorothy Wordsworth Rogers from Rydal Mount:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot but be flattered by you so well of my Journal as to recommend (indirectly that I should not part with all power over it, till its been tried. You will not be surprised, however, that so hopeful, and that I am apprehensive that aft encountered the unpleasantness of coming before the might not be assisted in attaining my object. I have ask whether a middle course be not possible, that is your favourable opinion, confirmed perhaps by some o judges, might not induce a bookseller to give a certain the right to publish a given number of copies. In fa it next to impossible to make up my mind to sacr privacy for a certainty less than two hundred pounds which would effectually aid me in accomplishing the I so much, and I hope not unwisely, wish for. If a could be made on terms of this sort, your expects further profits (which expectation I would willingly share)
need not be parted with, and I should have the further gratification of acting according to your advice.

I have nothing further to say, for it is superfluous to trouble you with my scruples, and the fears which I have that a work of such slight pretensions will be wholly overlooked in this writing and publishing (especially tour-writing and tour-publishing) age; and when factions and parties, literary and political, are so busy in endeavouring to stifle all attempts to interest, however pure from any taint of the world, and however humble in their claims.

In the Memorials my brother himself likes best the stanzas mpon Ensiedeln,* the Three Cottage Girls, and above all the Eclipse upon the Lake of Lugano; and in the Sketches the succession of those on the Reformation, and those towards the conclusion of the third part.—Believe me, dear Sir, yours gratefully, and with sincere esteem,

"DOROTHY WORDSWORTH."

Why this publication was not proceeded with at the time we have no means of knowing. It was postponed till Principal Shairp edited the Recollections of the Tour, in 1873, seventy years after it occurred—with what loss to the readers of English Literature and to the lovers of Scottish Scenery it is difficult to say. Meanwhile, in the same month as that in which her brother wrote to Rogers about the publication of these memorials of her first tour, she started, with her sister-in-law, on a second tour in Scotland.

Before alluding to it, a few domestic incidents belonging to the year 1822 may be referred to.

On the 13th June, Dorothy Wordsworth, writing to Mrs. Marshall, refers to the sad death of Mrs. Quillinan. The

^{*} These are the stanzas entitled Composed in one of the Catholic Cantons.

Quillinans had settled at Ivy Cottage, Mr. Tillbroo below Rydal Mount. It was due to the accide clothes catching fire. The event cast a shadow circle. She also refers to an adventure which had met with:—

"The accident might have been terrible. Had been one inch nearer the wall, his death would inevitable. The sharp stone, which gave a grazing the skull, would have penetrated into the head. . . pened, not at Haweswater, but about two miles on t Bampton. My brother had kind and judicious hand. He was removed to Dr. Scatterthwaite's, and after he reached that quiet comfortable house, Dr. arrived."

As already mentioned, Dorothy Wordsworth left Scotland in September 1822.

Of this second Tour she kept a record—not equal to the former in 1803—but valuable in many ways. It of rough and rapid jottings of events and scenery, a met with, conversations by the way, and the many tradents of travel, taken down carelessly, with no regard or sometimes even to grammar. It was evidently me merely an aid to memory, should she ever attempt it at leisure, as she had enlarged the notes of her formand yet, even in the midst of these dry bones of trave many ideal touches, as well as photographic picture fragments are, in their very brokenness, full of characteravelled with Joanna Hutchinson, Mrs. Wordsworth "Joanna, that wild-hearted maid," whose laugh Wordsmortalised in 1803, in one of his Poems on the National Places.

Writing to Crabb Robinson (December 21, 1823) Scottish Tour, she says that she had intended to retu 'n a fortnight, but stayed seven weeks.

"I had for years promised Joanna to go with her to Edinburgh-that was her object; but we planned a little tour, up the Forth to Stirling, thence by track-boat to Glasgow; from Dumbarton to Rob Roy's cave by steam; stopping at Tarbet; thence in a cart to Inveraray; back again to Glasgow, down Lock Fyne, and up the Clyde; thence on the coach to Lanark; and from Lanark to Moffat in a cart. There we stopped two days, my companion being an invalid; and she fancied the waters might cure her, but a bathing-place which nobody frequents is never in order; and we were glad to leave Moffat, crossing the wild country again in a cart, to the banks of the niver Esk. We returned to Edinburgh for the sake of warm We were three weeks in lodgings at Edinburgh. Journa had much of that sort of pleasure which one has in first seeing a foreign country; and in our travels, whether on the outside of a coach, on the deck of a steamboat, or in whatever way we got forward, she was always cheerful, never complaining of bad fare, bad inns, or anything else. . . .

My Brother's mind, since our summer company left us, has been so much taken up with anxiety that, till within the last three weeks, he has done nothing. Our first job was to prepare, with additions, a second edition of his little book on the Lakes. He is now giving his mind to poetry again, but I do not think he will ever in his life-time publish any more poems, for they hang on hand, never selling. The Sketches and the Memorials have not, I daresay, half sold. I will transcribe a sonnet which he felt himself called upon to write in justification of the Russians, whom he felt he had injured by not having given them their share in the overthrow of Buonaparte in conjunction with the elements."

She then quotes :-

By self-devoted Moscow, by the blaze.1

¹ See vol. vi., Appendix, note E, p. 366.

The following are extracts from this Scottish Jon

"Friday, 14th September 1822.—Cart at the decoclock with our pretty black-eyed boy, Leonard to drive the old grey horse. . . . Scene at Cast pretty. . . . Nothing which we English call come doors, but much better, civility and kindness. Obringing home her son to die; left his wife, she will him again." [She seems to have gone by the Forth Canal.] "Scene at the day's end very pretty. below,—his music much better there. A soldier a head; scarlet shawls, blue ribbons, something remin Bruges; but we want the hum, and the fruit, and t girl with her flowers. The people talk cheerfully, quiet; groups of cottages. Evening, with a town lyin Lassies in pink at the top of the bank; handsom throws an apple to each; graceful waving of thanks

Thursday morning [on the Clyde].—Now we con Blantyre's house, as I remember it eighteen years Gradually appears the Rock of Dumbarton, very water, screaming birds, to me very interesting frontions. Entrance to Loch Lomond grand and state hills before us, covered with heather, and sprinkle with wood. Deer on island, in shape resembling to Windermere. Further on an island of large size, scattered over with yew-trees—more yews than found together in Great Britain—wind blowing collike the sea. I could not find out our cottage isle. at Luss even more beautiful than in imagination, cottages, two or three slated houses. The little clasweet brook, and the pebbly shore, so well remembe

Ferry house at Inversnaid just the same a excepting now a glass window. A girl now standidor, but her I cannot fancy our 'Highland girl';

hie, while its granddame worked, now twenty, grown up to tool, and perhaps hardship; or, is it in a quiet grave? The whole waterfall drops into the lake as before. The tiny bay is ralm, while the middle of the lake is stirred by breezes; but we have long left the sea-like region of Balloch. Our Highland musician tunes his pipes as we approach Rob Roy's cave. Grandeur of Nature, mixed with stage effect. Old Highlanders, with long grey locks, cap, and plaid; boys at different heights on the rocks. All crowd to Rob Roy's cave, aft is called, and pass under in interrupted succession, for the cave is too small to contain many at once. They stoop, yet the out all covered with dirt. We were wiser than this; for they seem to have no motive but to say they have been in Roy's cave, because Sir Walter has written about it.

Ewning. - Now sitting at Cairndhu Inn after a delightful day. The house on the outside just the same as eighteen rears ago-I suppose they new-whitewash every yearbut within much smarter; carpets on every floor (that is the case everywhere now in Scotland), even at that villainous in at Tarbet, which we have just escaped from, which for stolding, and dirt, and litter, and damp, surely cannot be supassed through all Scotland. Yet we had a civil repast; man waited. People going to decay, children ill-managed, daughter too young for her work, father lamed, mother a whisky-drinker, two or three black big-faced servant-maids without caps, one barefoot, the other too lazy or too careless to fisten up her stockings, ceilings falling down, windows that colangered the fingers, and could only be kept open by props; and what a number of people in the kitchen, all in one another's way! We peeped into the empty rooms, unmade teds, carpeted floors, damp and dirty. They sweep stairs, flors, passages, with a little parlour hearth-brush; waiter New the dust off the table before breakfast. I walked down

to the lake; sunny morning; in the shady wood wa by a woman. Her sudden coughing startled me going to her day's work, with a bottle of milk or w varra pleesant walkin here.' It was our first gree church, she said, was at Arrochar. . . . After break off on our walk to Arrochar. The air fresh, suns ful, and Joanna seemed to gain strength, as she w between the steep hilly trough. The cradle-valley to the eye as last night, and not so quiet to the the barking of dogs. These echoed through the v passed by some reapers, making haste to end their Gladly did I bend my course from this passage b hills to Arrochar, remembering our descent in the My approach now slower, and I was glad, both for of past and present times. Wood thicker than then of the gleaming of the lake shut out by young Sun declining upon the mountains of Glencroe, s on Cobbler. No touch of melancholy on the scene, and solemn grandeur, with loveliness in colouring, green and grey crags. On my return to Loch Loch sunlight streaming a veil of brightness, with sla towards Arrochar, where I sate on the steeps oppos Lomond; and on Ben Lomond's top a pink light r long time, till a cloud hid the pyramid from me. I moonlight was beginning. . . .

Friday morning.—The gently descending smooth sea-breezes, the elegant house, with a foreign air, all p into spirits and strength. 'Cobbler,' like a waggoner, head turned round from us, the waggon behind with top. . . . Chapel like a neglected Italian chapel, a fe choly graves and burial-places—pine-trees round. Fi nets waving in the breeze; sombrous, yellow belt yellowish even in the mid-day light. . . . At the

me to the turning of the glen, where several waters join, merly not seen distinctly, but heard very loud, the stream the middle of the glen, a long winding line, was rosy red, a former line of Loch Restal. A glorious sky before us, with rk clouds, like islands in a sea of fire, purple hills below. Think two smooth pyramids. Soon they were cowled in ute, long before the redness left the sky. After Glenfinlas, a road not so long, nor dreary, nor prospect so wild as at rfirst approach; uncertain whither tending. Church to right th steeple (surely more steeples in Scotland than formerly). ached Cairndhu, excellent fire in kitchen, great kindness, I an unintelligible number of women, but all quiet. . . .

Saturday morning.—Men, women, and children amongst corn by the wayside, children's business chiefly play, sed the church; the bridge like a Roman ruin—how grand is desolation, the parapet on one side broken, the way across rown over, like a common, with close grass and grunsel, a faint foot-track on one side. Met a well-looking mother 1 bonny bairns. Spoke to her of them. 'They would be I eneuch,' said she, 'if they were weel skelpit!' The er seemed pleased, and left his work (running) to help were the bridge. A shower shelter under a bridge of the state of the state of the state of the price of the state of

How quiet and still the road, now and the passenger. No sound but of the robins continu sometimes a distant oar on the waters, and no reapers at work above on the hills. Barking d cottage, chid us from above. The lake so still I it, nor any sound of water, but at intervals rills hasten on for boat for Inveraray; view splendid a wanting more boats. There is a pleasure in the u of calm water. Sitting together on the rock, breeze rising; water now gently weltering. . . tinually Highlanders say, 'Ye're varra welcome.'

'This is more like an enchanted castle that we've seen,' so says Joanna, now that we are seat candle, in a large room, with black door, black chi black moulding. . . . We enter, as abroad, int space, turn to left, and a black-headed lass, with le dirty face, meets us. We ask for lodgings, and sl from one narrow passage to another, and up a narro and round another as narrow, only not so high a ones at T-, just to the top of the house. We e room with two beds, walls damp, no bell. . . of foreign countries, as I walked along the shore; houses. Long scarlet cloaks, women without caps; a log of wood in the sunshine, her face as yellow as ragged; she holds her baby standing on the grou laughs and plays with the bristles of a pig eating it . . . Came along an avenue, one and a half miles beeches, some very fine, cathedral-fluted pillars."

[They sailed to Greenock by the Kyles of I Striven, etc., and went on to Glasgow, Bothwell, tl Clyde, Lanark, Elvanfoot, Moffat, Hawick, Selkirk, I

Towards the close of 1822, Wordsworth had some c ence with Richard Sharp about the investment of \$\frac{1}{2}\$000 in the French Funds. He was afraid of running any speculative risk, was "not sure that the French Government would honestly abide by its engagements." He "was not anious for profit, by selling in and out"; all he looked for was "the regular payment of good interest." He was glad to consult an experienced business friend, and asked Sharp to undertake the negotiation for him, saying, "I would be perfectly contented to have my cock-boat tied to your seventy-four." Mr. Sharp seems, however, to have judged the responsibility of acting for his friend in this matter too great.

In one of these letters to Sharp (Nov. 12, 1822) Wordsworth said of his sister's visit to Scotland, "She has made notes of her tour, which are very amusing, particularly as a contrast to the loneliness of her former mode of travelling."

As was to be expected, Coleridge did not care for Wordsworth's later poems as he did for the earlier ones; and, in literary gatherings in London, expressed himself freely regarding them.

Henry Crabb Robinson writes in his Diary :-

"Dec. 21, 1822.—Dined at Aders', to meet Coleridge. He had not seen Wordsworth's last works, and spoke less highly of his immediately preceding writings than he used to do (and still does) of his earlier works. He reproaches him with a rulgar attachment to orthodoxy, in its literal sense. end of The Excursion, he says, is distinguished from the former; and he can ascertain by internal evidence the newest from the early compositions among his works. He reproaches Wordsworth with a disregard to the mechanism of his verse, and, in general, insinuates a decline of his faculties. Of Southey's politics he spoke also depreciatingly. He is intellectually a very dependent, but morally an independent man. judgment of S. I concur altogether. Of W. I believe C. judges under personal feelings of unkindness."

Wordsworth went up to London in the spr. Southey writes from Keswick, 22d February, "Worton." It was his customary halting-place in returning from town.

The following is also from Robinson's Diary:-

"April 4.—At Monkhouse's our party consiste worth, Coleridge, Lamb, Moore, and Rogers, five unequal worth, and most disproportionate popu the public probably would array in the very in except that it would place Moore above Rogers. afternoon Coleridge alone displayed any of his pe He talked much and well. I have not for years such excellent health and spirits. His subject criticism. Wordsworth he chiefly talked to. Rog ally let fall a remark. Moore seemed conscinferiority. He was very attentive to C., but seen L., whom he sat next. L. was in good form, within bounds, and was only cheerful at last."

Of this dinner Lamb wrote to Bernard Barton:

"I wished for you yesterday. I dined in Par Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, and Tom Moore poetry of England constellated and clustered in Place! It was a delightful evening! Coleridge finest vein of talk—had all the talk; and let 'em t as they do of the envy of poets, I am sure not on was content to be nothing but a listener. The dumb while Apollo lectured on his and their fine lie that poets are envious. I have known the be and can speak to it, that they give each their mer the kindest critics, as well as the best authors. . .

^{*} See Lamb's Letters, edited by Alfred Ainger, vol. ii. pp

n the following day Robinson wrote in his Reminiscences:—

April 5th.—A large musical party in Euston Square, at ch Wordsworth and Coleridge were present; and I noticed a at diversity in their enjoyment of music. Coleridge was y lively, and openly expressed his delight. Wordsworth retired, with his face covered, and was silent. Some thought was asleep: he might pass over to sleep after enjoyment. declared himself highly gratified, and, indeed, came to the ty after he had declined other invitations. Flaxman, who s also there, confessed that he could not endure fine music y. It exhausted him. So it might be with Wordsworth."

Wordsworth's intention was to start for Belgium and Holnd soon after reaching London. The following letter to hn Kenyon explains the delay:—

" Lee Priory, May 16th.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, We came hither five weeks ago, neaning, after a fortnight's stay, to cross the channel for a little our in Flanders and Holland; but the spring was tardy and roward. When a day or two of fine weather came, they were followed by blustering, and even tempestuous, winds; these abated, and out came my old vernal enemy, the inflammation in my eyes, which dashed our resolutions, and here I am, still obliged to employ Mrs. Wordsworth as my amanuensis.

This day, however, being considerably better, we shall go to Dover, with a view to embark for Ostend to-morrow, unless detained by similar obstacles. From Ostend we mean to go to Ghent, to Antwerp, Breda, Utrecht, Amsterdam—to Rotterdam by Haarlem, the Hague, and Leyden—thence to Antwerp by another route, and perhaps shall return by Mechlin, Brussels, Lille, and Ypres to Calais—or direct to Ostend as we came. We hope to be landed in England within a month. We shall

hurry through London homewards, where we a anxious already to be, having left Rydal M back as February. . . .

In an hour and half we must leave this convision, with its pictures and its books, and bid a far groves and nightingales, which this morning have divinely. By-the-by, it has been so cold that the silent during the season of darkness. These delig surrender, and take our way on foot three mile pleasant banks of Stour to fall in with the Dover this moment the S.W. wind is blustering about whirling the leaves and blossoms about in a way to me of the tricks it is playing with the surf on the matter of the tricks it is playing with the surf on the matter of the tricks it is playing with the surf on the matter of the tricks it is playing with the surf on the matter of the tricks it is playing with the surf on the matter of the tricks it is playing with the surf on the matter of the tricks it is playing with the surf on the matter of the tricks it is playing with the surf on the matter of the tricks it is playing with the surf on the matter of the tricks it is playing with the surf on the matter of the tricks it is playing with the surf on the matter of the tricks it is playing with the surf on the matter of the

The following are Mrs. Wordsworth's memora short tour with her husband. The MS., which I headed "Minutes collected from Mem. Book, etc., t a Tour in Holland, commenced May 16th, 1823."

"Left Lee. (I now transcribe what was dictated l... Dover, as interesting as ever, and the French striking as we descended. Walked under Shake by moonlight. Met several sailors, none of who asked himself the height of the cliff. I cannot this more than 400 feet at the utmost; how odd that tion in Lear should ever have been supposed to meant for a reality. I know nothing that more for the little reflection with which even men of sense the 'How truly,' exclaims the historian of Dover, 'has described the precipice.' How much better wou historian) have done had he given us its actual The sky looked threatening, a wheel at a great distinct moon, ominous according to our westland shepl furze in full blossom. . .

Ostend, half-past 8 o'clock, Sunday morning. . . . We were driven at a fierce rate before the wind. . . . We proceeded till about four o'clock, when we were-had the same wind continued - within two hours of Ostend. But now, overhad was a bustle of quick steps, trailing and heaving of ropes, with voices in harmony. Below me, the vessel slashed among the waters, quite different from the sound and driving motion I had become accustomed to. . . . The phosphorus lights from the cars were beautiful; and when we approached the harbour, these, in connection with the steady pillar streaming across the water from the lighthouse, upon the pier; and afterwards, till more beautiful, when these faded before a brilliant speciacle (caused by a parcel of carpenters and sailors burning the tar from the hulk of a large vessel under repair), upon the beach. I thought if we were to see nothing more this exhibition repaid us for our day of suffering. But we wished for the painter's skill to delineate the scene, the various objects lluminated by the burning ship, the glowing faces of the different figures among which was a dog-the ropes, ladders, ands, and sea, with the body of intense bright fire spreading out and fading among the dim stars in the grey mottled sky. ... Ostend looks well as to houses compared with one of our English towns of like importance. The tall windows, and the stature of the buildings, give them a dignity nowhere found with us; but it has no public buildings of interest. ing an oblique path which led up to the ramparts, a little boy called out in broken English, 'Stop, or the soldiers will put you in prison.' Not a living creature to be seen on that airy extensive walk, everybody cooped in the sultry flat. Melancholy enough at all times, but particularly so on this great day of annual celebration. But the joy, if any there is, is strictly confined to the doing of nothing. A few idle people were playing at a game of chance, under the green daisy-clad ramparts. I got a glimpse of the country by climbing the steps to a wind-mill, 'snatching a fearful joy' I dit, for the view was tame; the sun however shone the fields, some of which were yellow as furze in blowhat produce I know not. . . .

Bruges, Hôtel de la Fleur de Blé; Monday, May Bruges loses nothing of its attractions upon a seco far as regards buildings, etc., but a bustling Fair is not to feel the natural sentiment of such a place. We of the shady parts, and among the booths, and traverse extensive vault under the Hôtel de Ville, where the market is held (a thousand times the most conshambles I ever saw), and the bazaars above, and repurchases.

Tuesday 20th .- . . . The thought of Bruges upon day never can disturb the image of that spiritua seen in 1820, under the subdued light and quiet evening and early morning. . . . Nothing can be mo ing than to flout thus at ease, the awning screening the sun, and the pleasant breezes fanning our tem cottages constantly varying the shores, which are p gay at this season, interspersed with fruit-tree blosso broom flower; goats tethered on the grassy banks, thin line of elms; a village with a pretty church, r the journey; . . . the air delightfully refreshed by the banks, again low, allow the eye to stretch be avenue; corn looking well, rich daisy-clad pastures alive with grasshoppers; large village on both sic canal, bridge between, from which letters are droppe barge, as we pass, by means of a shoe. A sale at a Tl chateau; we take on purchasers with their bargain of drawers, bed and chamber furniture of all son crowded; Catholic priests do not scruple to interconversation with oaths; the three Towers of Ghent, seen through the misty air in the distance under the arch of the canal bridge, give a fine effect to this view; drawing nearer and gliding between villages and chateaux, the architecture looks very rich. . . .

Ghent, Thursday 22d.—Left Ghent at 7 o'clock by diligence.... Paved road between trees; elms with scattered cuts; square fields divided by sluices, some dry, others with vater bordered by willows, etc., thin and low; neat houses and villages, English-looking, only the windows and windowshutters gaily painted; labourers upon their knees weeding flar; some corn, very short, but shot into ear; broom here and there in flower, else a perfect uniformity of surface...

Antwerp.— . . . Disappointed by the first view of Antwerp standing in nakedness. . . . Few travellers have been more gratified than we were during our two days' residence in this fine city, which we left, after having visited the Cathedral, and feasted our eyes on those magnificent pictures of Rubens, over and over again; and often was this great pleasure heightened almost to rapture, when, during mass, the full organ swelled and penetrated the remotest corners of that stately edifice—here we were never weary of lingering; but none of the churches did we leave unvisited; that of St. James was the next in interest to us, which contained Rubens' family monument; a chapel or recess railed off, as others are, in which hung a beautiful painting by the great master himself bearing date 23d May, -64; a mother presenting a child to an old man, said to be Rubens' father; three females behind the old man, and R. himself, in the character of St. George, holding a red flag among a group of angels hovering over the The drapery of the principal female figure is a R's three wives are represented in this exquisite rich blue.

picture. Besides the several churches, so rich in fine we spent much time in the museum—formerly the des Recollets—an extremely interesting place, indee the treasure now contained in it... The picture I was most impressed was a Christ on the Cross, by there was a chaste simplicity about this piece we riveted me; the principal figure in the centre, St. I in an attitude of contemplation; the St. Catherine the foot of the Cross, and lifting a countenance of deing agony, which, compared with the expression suffering in that of the Saviour, was almost too musupon, yet once seen it held me there. . . .

Saturday 24th.—At 9 o'clock we left Antwer diligence. . . . Breda looked well by moonlight, a steamboat the Bies Bosch near Dort, which town we half-past six on Sunday morning, May 26th. We at the country of many waters. . . . Mounted the toy bore the date 1626; an interesting command of —Stad-house, Bourse, winding streets, trees and a Meuse) intermingled; walks, screened by trees, look a eye follows five streams from different parts of the town into the country; vessels moving upon the directions. . . .

Rotterdam.—Walked to the "Plantation," a sort of Vauxhall. About sunset, seated upon the banks of the sails gliding down, white and red; the dark tower of the dral; a glowing line of western sky, with twelve wing rand as castles, most of them at rest, but the arm languidly in motion, crimsoned by the setting sungrey clouds run southward from the Cathedral tow birds, which were faintly warbling in the pleasure behind us when we sate down, have now ceased. T

slender spires, one of which we know to be the Hôtel de Ville, denote, together with the Cathedral tower, the neighbourhood of a large town.

Tuesday 27th.—Left Rotterdam at ten o'clock. crossed the bridge, the fine statue of Erasmus, rising silently, with eyes fixed upon his book, above the noisy crowd gathered round the booths and vehicles, which upon the market-day beset him, and backed by buildings and trees, intermingled with the fluttering pennons from vessels unloading their several cargoes into the warehouses, produced a curious and very striking contrast. . . . The stately stream down which we floated took us to the royal town of the Hague. Arriving there at five o'clock, we immediately walked to the wood, in which stands the Palace; charming promenades, pools of water, swans, stately trees, birds warbling, military music-the Brac Bells; the streets similar to those at Delf; screens of trees, sometimes on one side, but generally on both sides of the canal; bridges at convenient distances across. . . . Looked with interest upon the ground where the De Wits were massacred, to which we were conducted by a funny old man, of whom we purchased a box. The spot is a narrow space, passing from one square to another, if I recollect right, near to the public building, whence the brothers had been dragged by the infuriated rabble. Horse-chestnut trees in flower everywhere.

Wednesday 28th.— . . . Looked into the fine room where the lottery is kept, which interested us, as well as the countenances of those who were working at fortune's wheel, and those who were eagerly gaping for her favours. Above all, the King's Gallery most attracted us with its magnificent collection of pictures. . . .

Leyden, Thursday 29th.—Arose, and found that our commodious chamber looked upon pleasure-walks, which we at once determined must be the University garden, naturally giving to this place the sort of accommodations fo own seats of learning, but no such luxury below students of Leyden. The ground with its plantation which these walks are carried, and upon which the so cheerfully shone, was formerly covered with built were destroyed, together with the inhabitants, by an which took place in a barge of gunpowder in 1806, in the neighbouring canal. . . .

There are no colleges, or separate dwellings, in Leyo students; they are lodged with different families in Our guide had three at his house from England, as I A wandering sheep lying at the threshold, as we pass looking house in the street; were told that this was a upon the public, that it would lie there till it was fed would pass on to some other door. This animal brought up the pet of a soldier once quartered at Le when he changed his situation his favourite was ser fields, but preferring human society, it could not b amongst its fellows, but ever returned to the town, an its daily food, it passed from door to door of the which its old master had frequented, obstinately k station until an alms was bestowed-bread, vegetal nothing came wrong, and as soon as this was rec patient mendicant walked quietly away.

Haarlem.— . . . Reached Haarlem at five o'clo directly to the Cathedral, mounted the tower, an hour for the sunset; a splendid and interesting view beyor have seen. Looking eastward, the canal seen stretchin houses and among the trees, to the spires of Amsterd distance. A little to the right, the Mere of Haarles with vessels, the river Spaaren winding among trees th town; steeple towers of Utrecht beyond the Mere. T fine wood and elegant mansion built by —— Hope, no

residence; new kirk, fine tower; the sea, and sand-hills beyoud the flats glowing under a dazzling western sky. The winding Spaaren again among green fields brings the eye round to the Amsterdam canal, up which we shall glide. . . .

Friday 30th .- . . . We were floating between stunted willows towards Amsterdam, the birds sweetly warbling, but the same unvaried course before us. I have, however, a basket at my feet containing pots of fragrant geranium, and a beautiful flowering fern, brought, I suppose, from the market where we saw the commodities offered for sale. groups of figures, with their baskets and stalls of vegetables, ranged along the shady avenues, have often a striking effect; the fanciful architecture towering above, as seen from the end of one of the market streets, especially if the view be terminated by a spire or a lofty tower. . . . The spires of Amsterdam, and different spires and shipping, rise beyond the flat line of the water. The same cold north wind is breathing in the sunshine, now that we are not within the screen of the trees. The plains are scattered with cattle, and a broken line of Dutch farm-houses, which we have hitherto in vain looked for, stretch at a field's distance from the canal. Having now resumed our seats, reeds and pools diversify our course; and drawing nearer Amsterdam, I must put away my book, to look after the pleasure-houses and gardens; the first presents a bed of full-blown China roses.

Amsterdam, Saturday 31st. . . . Brock.—After walking one hour and five minutes by the side of the canal, upon a good road, through a tract of peat-mossy rich pasturage, besprinkled with cattle, and bounded by a horizon broken by spires, steepletowers, villages, scattered farms, and the unfailing windmill—seen single or in pairs, or clustered, at short distances everywhere—we are now seated beneath the shelter of a friendly windmill; the north wind bracing us, and the swallows twitter-

ing under a cloudless grey sky above our heads. twenty-six minutes' further walk, the canal spre circular basin, upon the opposite margin of which quaintly dressed little town of Brock. The church from amid elegantly neat houses, chiefly of wood, m and ornamented, and covered with glazed tiles. . . of these houses is a certain elaborately ornamente which at their weddings the newly-married pair, a their friends, enter. It is then closed, and never op until the man or his wife is carried out a corpse streets are paved with what are called Dutch-tiles, bu not the polished slabs we have been accustomed to name to-more like our bricks, of various colours a patterns, as Mr. B. would like the floors of his sheds, A piece of white marble often forms the centre to sor where the flooring in a garden happens to be uniform a pattern is formed by a sprinkling of sand, which lie as a part of the flooring, unmoved under a fres wind. . . .

Saardam, Sunday evening, June 1st.—We have had ful trip to-day to Saardam, another North Holland town the hut, and workshop, in which Peter the Great was carpenter. . . .

Monday, June 2d.—Am thankful to rest before a from Amsterdam, in which I would not live to be Holland; yet she is mistress of the most magnificent ever saw, furnished substantially, and in excellent Louis Buonaparte. The edifice formerly belonged to the Stad-house, and was presented to him as a con upon his elevation to the throne. . . At five this da to depart for Utrecht, most happy to turn our face ward, and to leave this watery country, where there drop fit to drink. . . .

Antwerp, June 5th.—Arose at seven, and have revisited set, indeed all, that best pleased us before—and accomplished in wish to mount the Cathedral tower, and under favourable sies; a glorious sunset upon the Scheldt; the clouds, the hadow of the spire, the spire itself, the town below, the number, around, our own enjoyments—these we shall ever smember, but we are to be off to Malines, at seven o'clock in the morning. . . .

Wednesday 11th.— ... Adventures we have had few; William's eyes being so much disordered, and so easily aggrarated, naturally made him shun society, and crippled us in many respects; but I trust we have stored up thoughts, and images, that will not die."

On the 16th July 1823, Southey wrote to George Dickson, New York:—

"Wordsworth is just returned from a trip to the Netherlands. He loves rambling, and has no pursuits which require him to be stationary. I shall probably see him in a few days. Every year shows more and more how strongly his poetry has leavened the rising generation. Your mocking-bird is said to improve the strain which he imitates; this is not the case with ours."

This reference to Southey suggests the change which Wordsworth introduced into the striking lines written by his friend a few years before this time—

My days among the dead are pass'd, etc.

Southey's son and biographer says:-

"The very course of his studies and the habits of his life forced upon him such continual thoughts of the 'mighty dead' that they seem to have been almost like living and breathing

companious, and his wishes to meet and commune face to face, became like the intense desire we son to meet a living person known intimately yet not p His own lines on the subject were written a few; this period of his life:—

> My days among the dead are pass'd; Around me I behold. Where'er these casual eyes are cast, The mighty minds of old; My never-failing friends are they, With whom I converse day by day.

> > ш

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

111.

My thoughts are with the dead, with them I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn.
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

IV

My hopes are with the dead! Anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

I have an additional pleasure in quoting these : because Wordsworth once remarked that they popeculiar interest, as a most true and touching represe

father's character. He also wished three alterations to be ade in them, in order to reduce the language to correctness d simplicity. In the third line, because the phrase 'casual es' is too unusual, he proposed—

Where'er I chance these eyes to cast.

In the sixth line, instead of 'converse,' 'commune'; because as it stands, the accent is wrong.

In the second stanza, he thought

While I understand and feel, My cheeks have often been bedewed,

was a vicious construction grammatically, and proposed instead—

My pensive cheeks are oft bedewed.

These suggestions were made too late for my father to profit by them."*

In the Forster Collection of letters in the South Kensington Museum, there are several from Wordsworth to Walter Savage Landor, for a knowledge of which, and copies of them, I am indebted to the courtesy of the librarian, Mr. R. F. Sketchley. They belong to the years 1821-1824, and extracts from them may here be given in series.

"Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, September 3d, 1821.

MY DEAR SIR,—... I feel myself much honoured by the present of your book of Latin poems, and it arrived at a time when I had the use of my eyes for reading, and with great pleasure did I employ them in the perusal of the dissertation annexed to your poems, which I read several times; but the poems themselves I have not been able to look into, for I was

^{*} The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, vol. v. pp. 109, 110.

seized with a fit of composition at that time, and deferred pleasure to which your poems invited me till I could gi them an undivided attention. . . . We live here somewhile singularly circumstanced — in solitude during nearly mi months of the year, and for the rest in a round of engagement I have nobody near me who reads Latin, so that I can only speak of your essay from recollection. You will not perhapi be surprised when I state that I differ from you in opinion to the propriety of the Latin language being employed by moderns for works of taste and imagination. Miserable would have been the lot of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch if they had preferred the Latin to their mother tongue (there is, by-the-by, a Latin translation of Dante which you do not seem to know, and what could Milton, who was surely no mean master of the Latin tongue, have made of his Paradise Lost, had that vehicle been employed instead of the language of the Thames and Severn! Should we even admit that all modern dialects are comparatively changeable, and therefore limited in their efficacy, may not the sentiment which Milton so pleasingly expresses, when he says he is content to be read in his native isle only, be extended to durability; and is it not more desirable to be read with affection and pride, and familiarly for five hundred years, by all orders of minds, and all ranks of people, in your native tongue, than only by a few scattered scholars for the space of three thousand? Had your idylliums been in English, I should long ere this have been as well acquainted with them as with your Gebir, and with your other poems.

I met with a hundred things in your 'Dissertation' that fell in with my own judgments, but there are many opinions which I should like to talk over with you. Several of the separate remarks, upon Virgil in particular, though perfectly just, would perhaps have been better placed in notes or a appendix; they are details that obstruct the view of the who!

vou not also penurious in your praise of Gray? The gment at the commencement of his fourth book, in which laments the death of West, in cadence and sentiment. name in a manner for which I am grateful. The first book so of the same poems appears to me as well executed as anying of that kind is likely to be. Is there not a speech of alon to which the concluding couplet of Gray's sonnet bears more pointed resemblance than to any of the passages you ave quoted? He was told not to grieve for the loss of his on, as tears would be of no avail; 'and for that very reason,' eplied he, 'do I weep.' It is high time I should thank you or the honourable mention you have made of me.* It could **Lot** but be grateful to me to be praised by a poet who has written verses of which I would rather have been the author than of any produced in our time. What I now write to you. I have frequently said to many. . . .—I remain, my dear Sir. sincerely yours, WM. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, April 20th, [1822].

MY DEAR SIR,— . . . † I am surprised, and rather sorry when I hear you say you read little, because you are removed from the pressure of the trash, which, hourly issuing from the press in England, tends to make the very name of writing

^{*}In a letter from Southey to Walter Savage Landor, written from Keswick, December 19, 1821, he said:—"... I shall send your letter to Wordsworth, who will, I am sure, be much gratified at seeing what you say of him. His merits are every day more widely acknowledged, in spite of the duncery, in spite of the personal malignity with which he is assailed, and in spite of his injudicious imitators, who are the worst of all enemies. . . I will send you, in the next package, Humboldt's Travels, as far as they are published. He is among travellers what Wordsworth is among poets. . . God bless you!—R. S."—The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, vol. v. p. 106.

[†] In the beginning of this letter he refers to the weakness in his eyes, and explains that it began in 1804, with inflammation of the eyelids, which had recurred again and again, so that almost any other ailment indirectly affected them.

books disgusting. I am so situated as to see little of cannot stop one's ears, and I sometimes envy you the which separates you altogether from this intrusion have as a near neighbour, an old acquaintance of Quillinan, who knew you at Bath. He was lately Dragoon Guards, but has retired on half-pay. He daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, and they live, with children, at the foot of our hill. He begs to be kin bered to you.

In respect to Latin poetry, I ought to tell you no judge, except upon general principles. I neve Latin verse, not having been educated at one of schools. My acquaintance with Virgil, Horace, and Catullus is intimate; but as I never read th critical view to composition, great faults in languag committed which would escape my notice. mine, therefore, on points of classical nicety would value, should I be so inconsiderate as to offer it. ago, being something better in my sight, I read your It is full of spirit and animation, and is probably of of versification which suits the subject; yet, if yo proper, you could produce, I think, a richer harmo met some serious inaccuracies in the punctuation. . express a wish, however, that you would gratify us in English. There are noble and stirring things i you have written in your native tongue, and that is me. In your Simonidea, which I saw some years : Southey's, I was pleased to find rather an out-o image, in which the present hour is compared to the the dial. It is a singular coincidence, that in the when I first became an author, I illustrated the precisely in the same manner.* In the same work

^{*} See vol. i. p. 6.

mend the fine conclusion of Russel's sonnet upon Philoctetes, and depreciate that form of composition. I do not wonder at I used to think it egregiously absurd, though the greatest poets since the revival of literature have written in it. Many years ago my sister happened to read to me the sonnets of Milton, which I could at that time repeat; but somehow or other I was singularly struck with the style of harmony, and the gravity, and republican austerity of those compositions. In the course of the same afternoon I produced three sonnets, and soon after many others; since that time, and from want of resolution to take up anything of length, I have filled up many a moment in writing sonnets, which, if I had never fallen into the practice, might easily have been better employed. The Excursion is proud of your approbation. Recluse has had a long sleep, save in my thoughts; my MSS. are so ill-penned, and blurred, that they are useless to all but myself; and at present I cannot face them. But if my stomach can be preserved in tolerable order, I hope you will hear of me again in the character chosen for the title of that I am glad to hear from you.—I remain faithfully poem. WM. WORDSWORTH. yours,

Rydal Mount, January 21, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,—... You promise me a beautiful copy of Dante, but I ought to mention that I possess the Parma folio of 1795—much the *grandest* book on my shelves—presented to me by our common friend, Mr. Kenyon.

I concur with you in what you say of the first stanza, and had several times attempted to alter it upon your grounds: I cannot, however, accede to your objection to the 'second hirth,' merely because the expression has been degraded by conventiclers. I certainly meant nothing more by it than the cadem cura, and the largior other, etc., of Virgil's 6th Æneid.

All religions owe their origin, or acceptation, to the human heart to supply in another state of existen ciencies of this, and to carry still nearer to perfection we admire in our present condition; so that the many modes of expression, arising out of this coir rather identity of feeling, common to all mythol under this observation I should shelter the phrase censure; but I may be wrong in the particular ca certainly not in the general principle. This leads t in your last, 'that you are disgusted with all books of religion.' I am afraid it is a bad sign in me little relish for any other. Even in poetry it is the i only, viz. that which is conversant with, or turns up that powerfully affects me. Perhaps I ought to mean to say that, unless in those passages where this in each other, and limits vanish, and aspirations as read with something too much like indifference. B poets are in this view powerful religionists, and there many literary pleasures lost, I have not yet to la that of verse as departed. As to politics, what do Buonaparte, on the one side and the Holy Alliance or to the prostrate Tories, and to the contumelious and Whigs, who dislike or despise the Church, and seem the State only so far as they are striving-without honestly believe—to get the management of it? low-bred and headstrong Radicals, they are not worth Now my politics used always to impel me more or l out for co-operation, with a view to embody them Of this interest I feel myself utterly deprived, and the as matter of reflection, languishes accordingly. C no doubt, there are, in the country, but moderation keeps out of sight; and, wanting associates, I am Englishman than I once was, or could wish to be. that you excuse this egotism, if you can excuse it, h so the same path, when I have the pleasure again to hear you.

It would probably be wasting paper to mention Southey, no doubt you hear from him. I saw Mrs. S. and four of is children the other day; two of the girls most beautiful reatures. The eldest daughter is with her father in town. In preserves excellent health, and, except that his hair is prizzled, a juvenile appearance, with more of youthful spirits than most men. He appears to be accumulating books in a property that, with my weak eyes, appals me. A large box of them has just strayed into my house through a blunder in the conveyance.

Pray be so good as to let me know what you think of Dante.

It has become lately—owing a good deal, I believe, to the example of Schlegel—the fashion to extol him above measure.

I have not read him for many years; his style I used to think admirable for conciseness and vigour, without abruptness; but I own that his fictions often struck me as offensively grotesque and fantastic, and I felt the poem tedious from various causes.

I have a strong desire to become acquainted with the Mr. Hare whom you mention. To the honour of Cambridge, he is in the highest repute there, for his sound and extensive learning. I am happy to say that the Master of Trinity College, my brother, was the occasion of his being restored to the Muses from the Temple. To Mr. Hare's brother, Augustus, I am under great obligation for having volunteered the tuition of my elder son, who is at New College, Oxford, and who, though he is not a youth of quick parts, promises, from his assiduity and passionate love of classical literature, to become an excellent scholar. . . .—Believe me, ever sincerely and affectionately yours,

WM. Wordsworth."

In the Forster Collection at South Kensington, there is a volume of Ms. letters from Southey to Landor, and at the end vol. III.

of one of them, dated December 11, 1824, there is the letter from Wordsworth, also to Landor:—

"MY DEAR SIR,-I have begged this space from hope you will forgive, as I might not otherwise for have courage to thank you for your admirable They reached me last May, at a time when I was a them, which I did with very great pleasure; I was then, and have been a wanderer most of the time s this did not keep me silent; I was deterred by a con that I could not write what I wished. I concur wit much, and differ with you in so much also, that, thou have easily disposed, I believe, of my assent-easily pleasantly-I could not face the task of giving my reas dissent. For instance, it would have required almost to set forth the grounds upon which I disagreed with have put into the mouth of Franklin on Irish affairs to my mind of constant anxiety. What would I no few hours' talk with you upon Republics, Kings, a and Priest-craft? This last I abhor; but why spen in declaiming against it? Better endeavour to impre whom one cannot, and ought not therefore endeav without. We have far more to dread from those v endeavour to expel not only organised religion, but a from society, than from those who are slavishly d uphold it; at least I cannot help feeling so. Your are worthy of you, and great acquisitions to literat classical ones I like best, and most of all that betw and his brother. That which pleases me the least between yourself and the Abbé de Lille. The ob are just, I own, but they are fitter for illustrative the body of a Dialogue, which ought always to h little spice of dramatic effect. I long for the third vo I sent a message of thanks through Julius Hare, whon Cambridge in May last — Ever affectionately and gratefully your, W. Wordsworth."

In May 1824, Dorothy Wordsworth went with her brother to Cambridge, on a visit to her brother, the Master of Trinity. Thence she went with Mrs. Luff to Playford Hall, near Ipswich, where their friends the Clarksons lived; and it was from their house that Dorothy wrote to Crabb Robinson about her Journal of the Continental Tour of 1820. In the same letter she said:—

"... My brother was well and in good spirits at Cambridge, and we all enjoyed our visit there very much. The weather was delightful the first week. Then came the flood—a new scene for us, and very amusing. On the Sunday, when the sun shone out again, the Cam, seen from the Castle Hill, resembled one of the lake-like reaches of the Rhine. The damage was, I fear, very great to the farmers; but though the University grounds were completely overflowed up to Trinity Library, in the course of four days most of the damage was repaired.

I think we shall remain here about a fortnight longer. We intend to stay two nights at Cambridge, two in Leicestershire, two in Yorkshire; and, after that, one day's journey, a night spent at Kendal, and a three hours' ride before breakfast will ake us to Rydal Mount. . . .—Truly yours,

D. Wordsworth."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TOUR IN WALES-CORRESPONDENCE, 1824-1827

In April 1824, Wordsworth was in London. Hen Robinson records, under date 19th April 1824:—

"At Monkhouse's I met Wordsworth and Edwartogether. Wordsworth stated that the pressing diff his mind had always been to reconcile the prescien Almighty with accountability in man. I stated mit he incompatibility of final and absolute evil with the supremacy. Irving did not pretend to answer eith tion. He was no metaphysician, he said, and knew no God than was revealed. This did not meet, but evil difficulty. The poet he felt to be too great to be an and he seemed to take no offence even with me. . . .

An anecdote probably belongs to this year (1824) I have not found it in my Journal, and have but an i recollection of it. The incident was amusing when it Wordsworth and Lady Morgan were invited to di forget whose house. The poet would on no account downstairs; and he disturbed the table arrangen placing himself at the bottom, when her ladyship w top. She was either unobserving of his conduct, or re show him she did not care for it; for she sent the shim to drink a glass of wine with her. His look that the been a death-summons. This I

ras told she asked her neighbour, 'Has not Mr. Wordsworth ritten some poems?'"

Robinson tells us that Ludwig Tieck was on a visit to Engand during this year, and that he read to him two of Wordsworth's sonnets, when Tieck remarked, "Das ist ein Englischer Goethe."

In August 1824, Wordsworth made a tour in North Wales with his wife and daughter. They were absent from Rydal mearly three months. It was during this year—and possibly during the tour in Wales—that the lines were addressed to Mrs. Wordsworth, which perhaps rival those written of her in her youth, the lines beginning

O dearer far than life and light are dear,

and

Let other bards of angels sing.

Memorial poems followed, bearing on the Welsh Tour. The following is Wordsworth's own account of the tour, written to Sir George Beaumont:—

" Hindwell, Radnor, Sept. 20, 1824.

My DEAR SIR GEORGE,—After a three weeks' ramble in North Wales, Mrs. Wordsworth, Dora, and myself are set down quietly here for three weeks more. The weather has been delightful, and everything to our wishes. On a beautiful day we took the steam-packet at Liverpool, passed the mouth of the Dee, coasted the extremity of the Vale of Clwyd, sailed close under Great Orme's Head, had a noble prospect of Penmaenmawr, and, having almost touched upon Puffin's Island, we reached Bangor Ferry, a little after six in the afternoon. We admired the stupendous preparations for the bridge over the Menai; and breakfasted next morning at Carnarvon. We employed several hours in exploring the interior of the noble castle, and looking at it from different points of view in the

neighbourhood. At half-past four we departed for I having fine views (as we looked back) of Carnarvon C sea, and Anglesey. A little before sunset we came in Llanberis Lake, Snowdon, and all the craggy hills an tains surrounding it; the foreground a beautiful co this grandeur and desolation—a green sloping hollow, ing a shelter for one of the most beautiful collections Welsh cottages, with thatched roofs, overgrown with anywhere to be met with. The hamlet is called Cw and here we took boat, while the solemn lights of were receding towards the tops of the mountains. advanced, Dolbarden Castle came in view, and Snowdo upon our admiration. It was almost dark when we the quiet and comfortable inn at Llanberis.

There being no carriage-road, we undertook to wal. Pass of Llanberis, eight miles, to Capel Curig. This fatiguing, but it was the only oppressive exertion during the course of our tour. We arrived at Capel time for a glance at the Snowdonian range, from the s the inn, in connection with the lake (or rather pool ing the crimson clouds of evening. The outline of \$ is perhaps seen nowhere to more advantage than fr place. Next morning, five miles down a beautifu to the banks of the Conway, which stream we foll Llanrwst; but the day was so hot that we could only n of the morning and evening. Here we were joined, acco previous arrangement, by Bishop Hobart, of New Yo remained with us till two o'clock next day, and left us plete his hasty tour through North and South Wales. afternoon my old college friend and youthful companion the Alps, the Rev. R. Jones, arrived, and in his car we ceeded to the Falls of the Conway, thence up that riv newly-erected inn on the Irish road, where we lodged;

passed through bold and rocky scenery along the banks of a stream which is a feeder of the Dee. Next morning we turned from the Irish road three or four miles to visit the 'Valley of Meditation' (Glyn Mavyr), where Mr. Jones has, at present, a curacy, with a comfortable parsonage. We slept at Corwen, and went down the Dee to Llangollen, which you and dear Lady B. know well. Called upon the celebrated recluses, who hoped that you and Lady B. had not forgotten them; they certainly had not forgotten you, and they begged us to say that they retained a lively remembrance of you both. We drank tea, and passed a couple of hours with them in the evening, having visited the aqueduct over the Dee, and Chirk Castle, in the afternoon. Lady E. has not been well, and has suffered much in her eyes, but she is surprisingly lively for her years. Miss P. is apparently in unimpaired health. Next day I sent them the following sonnet from Ruthin, which was conceived, and in a great measure composed, in their grounds-

> A stream to mingle with your favourite Dee Along the Vale of Meditation flows.

We passed three days with Mr. Jones's friends in the vale of Clwyd, looking about us; and on the Tuesday set off again, accompanied by our friend, to complete our tour. We dined at Conway, walked to Benarth, the view from which is a good deal choked up with wood. A small part of the castle has been demolished, for the sake of the new road to communicate with the suspension bridge, which they are about to make to the small island opposite the castle, to be connected by a long embankment with the opposite shore. The bridge will, I think, prove rather ornamental, when time has taken off the newness of its supporting masonry; but the mound deplorably impairs the majesty of the water at high-tide; in fact it destroys its lake-like appearance. Our drive to Aber in the

evening was charming; sun setting in glory. We a delightful walk next morning up the vale of Aber, te by a lofty waterfall, not much in itself, but most st a closing accompaniment to the secluded valley. the early morning, I saw an odd sight-fifteen m together, laden with their brimming pails. How che happy they appeared! and not a little inclined to jo the manner of the pastoral persons in Theocritus. brought us to Capel Curig again, after a charming driv banks of the Ogwen, having previously had beautiful Bangor, the sea, and its shipping. From Capel Curig down the justly celebrated vale of Nant Gwynant to Be In this vale are two small lakes, the higher of which is Welsh lake which has any pretensions to compare v own; and it has one great advantage over them, that it wholly free from intrusive objects. We saw it earl morning; and with the greenness of the meadows at the steep rocks on one of its shores, and the bold me at both extremities—a feature almost peculiar to itself peared to us truly enchanting. The village of Beth much altered for the worse: new and formal house in a great measure, supplanted the old rugged and cottages, and a smart hotel has taken the place of th public-house, in which I took refreshment almost thir ago, previous to a midnight ascent to the summit of S: At B. we were agreeably surprised by the appearance Hare, of New College, Oxford. We slept at Tan-y having employed the afternoon in exploring the bear the vale of Festiniog. Next day to Barmouth, whe following morning, we took boat and rowed up its estuary, which may compare with the finest of Se having the advantage of a superior climate. From I we went to Tal-y-llyn, a solitary and very interesting under Cader Idris. Next day, being Sunday, we heard performed in Welsh, and in the afternoon went part of the way down a beautiful valley to Machynlleth, next morning to Aberystwith, and up the Rhydiol to the Devil's Bridge, where we passed the following day in exploring those two rivers, and Hafod in the neighbourhood. I had seen these things long ago, but either my memory, or my powers of observation, had not done them justice. It rained heavily in the night, and we saw the waterfalls in perfection. While Dora was attempting to make a sketch from the chasm in the rain, I composed by her side the following address to the torrent:—

How art thou named? In search of what strange land, From what huge height descending? Can such force Of water issue from a British source? etc.

Next day, viz. last Wednesday, we reached this place. . . . I hope to see Mr. Price at Foxley, in a few days. Mrs. Wordsworth's brother is about to change his present residence for a farm close by Foxley. . . ."

On the 13th December Dorothy Wordsworth wrote to Crabb Robinson:—

My brother and sister, with their daughter, arrived at home a month ago after an absence of eleven and a half weeks. Their tour in North Wales was delightful—much surpassing remembrance and expectation; to my brother the ground had been familiar in the days of his youth, but all was new to the females. They spent five weeks among their friends in Herefordshire and Radnorshire, and bore away one great consolation in parting from Thomas Monkhouse, as they all feared for the last time, that he had been cheated out of many a melancholy thought by their presence. My brother's society was an especial comfort to him. Two days before our travellers left Wales, the sick man had set off for Torquay with his wife and child and

Miss Hutchinson. . . . My brother and Dora were for four days last week. Southey is in his usual happy in his various employments. Sara Coleri correcting proofs; she has translated a book from either written by the Chevalier Bayard, or by some of concerning him and his times, I know not which Southey is a clever boy, and I hope it will ple preserve him for the comfort and delight of his whose loss seemed irreparable when Herbert (the son) died. Mrs. Coleridge, Mrs. Southey, and the family are well. . . . My brother has not yet loo Recluse; he seems to feel the task so weighty that from beginning with it, yet knows that he has now loiter if another great work is to be accomplished say another, for I consider the Excursion as one wo the title-page tells that it is but a part of one that I title. . . . I hardly think my brother will stir Rydal next summer; yet he sometimes hints at Ireland, and says when he does go he will take me him. But we have all been such wanderers durin twelve months, that the pleasantest thought at pres of being gathered together at home, and all quietly ourselves. There is no country that suffers so little bad weather, none that has so much of beauty (and 1 beauty) in the winter season; and at Rydal Mount we are favoured, having the sun right before our both at his rising and setting. My brother, who is f providing opportunities for his friends to do him desires me to ask you to be so good as to inquire wh present price of shares in the Rock Insurance."

Again, on July 2, 1825, she wrote to Robinson, ur to come to Rydal Mount, and Scotland. She then "a much grander scheme they had in view, for whic

ings must be heaped up—no less than spending a whole ter in Italy, and a whole summer in moving about from ce to place, in Switzerland and elsewhere, not neglecting Tyrol. John Wordsworth will have finished at Oxford at close of the year '26, and we talk, if it can be accomplished, setting out in the spring of '27, and in our day-dreams you ways make one of the company. I really speak seriously; ch is our plan. But even supposing life, health, and strength continued to us, there will still be difficulties—the Stamp fice, the house, home, and other concerns to be taken care of, None of these difficulties, however, appear to be insurhountable; so you must go to the Highlands, on purpose to come back by this road to plan with my brother, to give us estimates of expenses, and to enable us to settle a hundred My brother fancies that he might almost make the corney cost nothing by residing two years abroad; but that is too long a period to enter into the first scheme, especially for a Government Agent."

In November 8th of the same year she added:—"... I have stayed at home all summer, and have had an agreeable lot, and the weather has been better than was ever known, and I have had health and strength to allow me to take long walks, which (especially upon the mountains) are as delightful to my feelings as ever in my younger days. My sister has been ten weeks absent. She accompanied Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson to Harrogate, stayed some time there, and met her husband and sister at Sir G. Beaumont's."

At this stage we may as well follow Dorothy Wordsworth's subsequent journeys in 1826. Early in February she left Rydal, and went to visit her brother and his family in their new home at Brinsop Court, Herefordshire. She wrote thence to Crabb Robinson, on the 25th of February:—"Here I arrived yesterday week, having parted from my brother and his daughter at Kendal just ten days before. I halted a few

days at Manchester with Miss Jewsbury, the a Phantasmagoria, etc., and was even more pleased v home than abroad. Her talents are extraordinary; admirable as a daughter and sister, and has bes valuable friends, to some of whom I was introduc Manchester I came by way of Worcester, and the Hills of Malvern, to Hereford, where I was me Wordsworth's sister. Brinsop Court is six miles f ford, the country rich, and climate good-far less ra have in Westmoreland; but, as I have always said pensations do much more than make amends, our where, after the heaviest shower, one can walk wit -and, above all, our mountains and lakes, which beautiful, just as interesting, in winter as in summer. Court is, however, even now no cheerless spot; and the hedges and blossoms, in the numerous orchards, make it gay. Our fireside is enlivened by four managed children and cheerful friends, and Mrs. H is one of the most pleasing and excellent of women, of our good friend Thomas Monkhouse. . . . "

She writes thus on her brother's fortune as an a "My brother hitherto has been most fortunate. Where are suffering losses on all sides, he has wholly escal I shall remain in Herefordshire till May, if nothing seen happens. My brother talks of meeting me Wales, and going with me to the top of Snowdon; not much depend on his being able to leave home. events, the time of his coming will be governed by the the general election."

To Robinson, Wordsworth wrote in April of t year:—"Do not go on to the Continent. You may of a much more interesting tour by taking the best part of Wales—and our glorious country!—on your way to and return from the North, having seen the Giant's Ca by Staffa and Iona, to us. Your account of your own sister is very melancholy; but let us bear in mind that to the really pions no affliction comes amiss. A religion like hers is worth all the other knowledge in the world a thousand times told. As to Italy, it seems to fly from me and mine, as it did from Education and his companions of old."

In August, he sent, by his daughter Dora, the following advice to Robinson as to a journey in Wales:—"From Llanderis mount Snowdon, and descend to Dolbarden Inn in the Vale of Llanberis, and by the lake to the romantic village of Cwm-y-Glo, whence to Carnarvon, Bangor, and Holy Head for Ireland; this will have shown you most of the finest things in N. and S. Wales; but with the exception, observe, of Conway Castle—a most magnificent thing—and the whole line of the great road to Ireland from Llangollen, including Capel Curig to Bangor, which would leave your knowledge of N. W. very imperfect."

After leaving Brinsop, Dorothy Wordsworth went with Miss Jewsbury to Leamington, Warwick, and Ashby, and walked out to Coleorton. She kept a Journal as usual, in which there is the same minute chronicle of weather changes, and daily ongoings. She tells us of the books she read at-Coleorton, where she spent much time in reading to the Besumonts The Fairy Queen, old plays, Diderot's éloge on Richardson, As You Like It, Hamlet, etc. This is a sample of her jottings:—"The sun rose like a golden ball, flashing light to the west, clouds followed, and a little rain. Walked with Lady Beaumont to the quarry, lingered in the winter garden, and read Hamlet."

She returned to Rydal in October 1826.

In the autumn of the same year, Henry Crabb Robinson paid a visit to Rydal Mount, after his tour in Ireland, and he writes thus of a walk which he took with Wordsworth on October 6th:—"It was over Loughrigg Fell, by Loughrigg

Tarn, down to Grasmere Lake, and back by Ryd It was during this morning's walk that I ascert cause of the superiority of the English lake scen that of Killarney. It lies in the broken surface sides of the mountains, whence arises a magica of colours, ever mixed and ever changing. of the mountains of Killarney are as finely varied a but the sides are smooth, little diversified by cra various herbage, though frequently wooded. In the ing's walk nothing could surpass the various play of and the wild variety of the scenery, yet the day no means fine, though agreeable. . . . Wordswortl me the field he has purchased, on which he means should he be compelled to leave the Mount. He als out to my notice the beautiful spring, a description is to be an introduction to a portion of his great p taining a poetical view of water as an element in position of our globe."

In the narrative of the Life of Alaric Watts, by published in 1884, there are many minute details in re Wordsworth and Coleridge, and several of their letters It is thus that the son, Alaric Alfred Watts, designather's first acquaintance with Wordsworth:—*

"The success of my father's negotiations on behalf
Jewsbury, as detailed in a former chapter, was natur
municated by her to her kind friend and well-wi
Wordsworth, whose acquaintance my parents madtime through her introduction. This circumstance
with some expressions of his readiness to be of any
the poet, in relation to literary matters in London, I
being favoured with another commission of a similar

^{*} See Alaric Watts, vol. i. pp. 235-242.

which it was not his good fortune to bring to so successful an issue. This was to find for Mr. Wordsworth an enterprising and liberal publisher for a new edition of his poetical works, the edition of the Miscellaneous 'Poems,' published in four relames in 1820, being now out of print, or nearly so, and the publishers not being, as it would seem, very sanguine about adventuring, at all events on such terms as would content the poet, on another edition.

The correspondence on this subject is interesting, as bowing the degree of progress which the poetry of Wordsworth had attained, up to that date, in the estimation of the general public, tested by the irrefragable evidence of demand and supply. From Mr. Wordsworth's letters it appears that this edition of the 'Poems' (which did not include the Exercision) consisted of five hundred copies; that nearly three hundred of these were disposed of immediately, by which the first expenses of printing, publishing, and advertising had been covered; that about one hundred and fifty more had been got rid of up to 1824, but that this had been effected only by so considerable an expenditure for advertisements as left the author little profit; and that, when no cost was incurred on this head, the profit would be about £50 on every hundred copies sold without it.

Mr. Wordsworth's wish was to obtain £300 for the right of printing one thousand copies of a new edition, including the Ecursion; but no publisher had been found willing to give such a sum.

My father had opened negotiations with Hurst and Rebinson, and was endeavouring to extract a liberal proposal from them, when some circumstances which came to his know-ledge led him to suspect that all might not be quite safe in that quarter; and after some correspondence and interviews with Mr. Robinson on the subject, he had deemed it prudent to hold his hand. He was thus placed in a position of some

embarrassment between the two, as he did not feel I liberty to disclose what it was that occasioned the Mr. Wordsworth was urging him for a definite answ he was not in a position to give. Mrs. Wordswort in her anxiety to see the matter settled, pressed him her own account. The reason she gives for being is worth a passing notice. 'Nothing short,' she sexpressing her regrets at having to be so persistent peculiar injury which the delay occasions to Mr. Wordby giving him time to tease and exhaust himself by ing needless corrections, or, at least, what we proconsider such—could justify my having expressed strongly.'

My father, whose position in the matter was cer an enviable one, kept his own counsel, until the January 1826 revealed the mystery.

Of my parents' intercourse with Wordsworth, n has left the following notes, made at my reques life:—

'We made the acquaintance of Mr. Wordswort occasion of a visit to Miss Jewsbury at Manchest year 1824 or 1825. Of the various portraits which published of him, one painted by Mr. Carruthers, and for Galignani's edition of his poems, issued in Pari reminds me more of the poet, as I remember him, other. I recall an evening passed in his society occasion in which we discussed poetry, and he repea at my request, some of his sonnets. I happened to q lines from Coleridge's Christabel. He did not dis my expressions of admiration of this poem, but rather posed me by observing that it was an indelicate defect which it had never suggested itself to me to with it. I was, perhaps, the less prepared for a couch a description on his friend Coleridge, as he

certainly have applied—in terms of cordial admiration.

This, and some other characteristics of his criticism, I

That with his predecessors than his contemporaries. I

Therefore that he rarely left a commendation of the latter

Tholly unqualified; so that the effect of his criticism seemed

The rather to qualify mercy with justice than, as I should

That have preferred, to temper justice with mercy. I could

The rangined him born, like Charles Lamb's Hester,

Of those who held the Quaker rule,
That doth the human feelings cool,
Though he was trained in Nature's school,
And Nature blessed him;

for he reminded me not infrequently of some of the older male members of the Society of Friends whom I had known in my youth.

Of his own poems he expressed himself with a confidence not unlikely to be misunderstood by strangers, who might not have had the opportunity of knowing the entire singleness and sincerity of his nature. He asked me what I thought the finest elegiac composition in the language; and when I diffidently suggested Lycidas, he replied, 'You are not far wrong. It may, I think, be affirmed that Milton's Lycidas, and my Landamia are twin immortals.' I admired Landamia, and was quite willing that so it should be.

Indeed, it was difficult to differ from him on any question of poetical criticism. He delivered judgment on such matters 'as one having authority,' reasoning, as it seemed to me, from some clearly defined principle in his mind, with which the opinion was in accord, so as to be beyond question; and as though it were his duty to lay down the law as he found it, without fear, favour, or affection. I was much struck by the spirit of rectitude which seemed to animate the expression of

every opinion he uttered. He spoke always as the were upon oath.

He was a patient and courteous listener, paying scrupulous attention to every word, never interrup with a certain fixedness of his clear grey eyes, which feel that, whatever one's opinion might be, one must be to give a substantial reason for it, and, in doing so, tall that might appear fanciful, and not to be readily expressions.

We had the pleasure, at a later period, of received Wordsworth at our residence in London; and we all him at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Quillinan, he had given, some time before, a letter of introduct and whom we liked extremely.

The poet at that time had just received a visit from American lady, who claimed to be a great admirer of who had profited, nevertheless, so imperfectly by his p as to have announced to him that she was one of the girls in the States, and didn't intend to marry anybor in rank than a duke. He raised a smile from us all be terising his admirer as 'rather a tumultuous young we

From the letters which Wordsworth wrote to Alar few extracts need be given. On the 16th November wrote from Rydal Mount:—

"... I am disposed strenuously to recommend habitual perusal the great poets of our own country, stood the test of ages. Shakespeare I need not name, no but Chaucer and Spenser are apt to be overlooked. It painful to think how far these surpass all others."*

On August 13, 1825, he wrote from Lowther Cas do not wish to dispose of the copyright of my wor value of works of imagination it is impossible to pred

Ample details of Wordsworth's negotiations with h

^{*} See the Life of Alaric Watts, vol. i. p. 200.

publishers will be found in his letters to Henry Crabb Robinson, published in vol. viii. of the Wordsworth Society Transactions. They need not be repeated here.

The Wordsworths had been told before this time, by the proprietors of Rydal, that the Mount might be required by them for another tenant; and, to be prepared for all eventualities, Wordsworth spent part of what he received for the 1820 edition of his poems in the purchase of a small field below the Mount—he called it "Dora's Field"—that he might there build a house, if he should ever leave the home now endeared to him by many associations.

On May 28, 1825, he wrote a letter from Rydal to Sir George Beaumont, which concludes with one of the finest sentences he ever penned. After referring to the delightful spring they had had, " in this bright and fragrant season of fresh green leaves and blossoms," he says :- "Never, I think, have we had so beautiful a spring; sunshine and showers coming just as if they had been alled for, by the spirits of Hope, Love, and Beauty. spot is at present a paradise, if you will admit the term when I acknowledge that yesterday afternoon the mountains were whitened with a fall of snow. But this only served to give the landscape, with all its verdure, blossoms, and leafy trees, a striking Swiss air, which reminded us of Unterseen and Interlachen." He says he never had a higher relish for the beauties of Nature than during this spring, nor enjoyed himself more, and adds, "Theologians may puzzle their heads about dogmas as they will, the religion of gratitude cannot mislead us. Of that we are sure; and gratitude is the handmaid to hope, and hope the harbinger of faith. I look abroad upon Nature, I think of the best part of our Species, I lean upon my Friends, and I meditate upon the Scriptures, especially the Gospel of St. John, and my creed rises up of itself, with the ease of an exhalation, yet a fabric of adamant.-God bless you, my ever W. WORDSWORTH." dear friend.

A letter from Dorothy Wordsworth to Mrs. Marsha Rydal Mount, December 23, 1825, tells its own ta their family anxieties.

"Have you heard the sad news of our intended from Rydal Mount? I think you will recollect my tel when last at Hallsteads, that another year had been though, at the same time, with a warning that Mrs. stone might want the place. This we thought little considered it almost as good as secure possession; Mrs. stone having expressly said that she neither wished Temple Sowerby, nor to live here. But through the thorpes (not to speak of general rumour) we were that Mrs. Huddlestone did really intend to live a My brother took his resolution immediately all of us being so unwilling to leave Rydal), and pur piece of land on which to build a house; and the next wrote to Lady Fleming to know if the reports were informing her of his intentions (in case it were tr Rydal Mount would, as reported, be wanted for Mrs. stone. He then told her that he much preferred stay apologised for applying so long before the time, an that his excuse must be the necessity of making prefor building, that his family might not be without a remove to. Lady Fleming's answer was a verbal Mrs. Huddlestone was coming in 1827. The piece which my brother has bought is just below Ryda between the chapel and Mr. Tillbrook's, commanding as fine as from our house.

Well, if the dwelling which Dora has already upon paper would 'rise like an exhalation,' without or trouble, I should comparatively be little distresse thought of leaving Rydal Mount. We would still it command of most of those objects so long endeared to the expense, the trouble, and the anxiety are awful.

William (the Patterdale estate * paying such poor interest the money it cost) if he could sell that, he might feel meelf not much poorer (considering the present rent of dal Mount) than at present. It strikes me as possible that r. Marshall might wish to buy this little estate as lying bar his property in Patterdale. Pray, with my kind regards, ention this little hint to him. I am sure my brother would willing to sell, if it could be done advantageously. however, we have a hope we may be allowed to stay where we ire; that Mrs. H. (who, we know, must have unwillingly rielded to importunity in giving her consent) may change her mind—that her son may dissuade her—or that something may happen to prevent her coming. We think that in such case Lady Fleming cannot be so cruel as to turn us away. Besides, even if she has a particular dislike to us as tenants, it would not be less disagreeable to have us as neighbours, in a house of our own, so close to her chapel and her hall. . . .

Do not forget my message to Mr. Marshall. It would indeed be a relief to my mind, if (in case my brother does build) that property were sold to meet the expense."

The cause of the disagreement between the Wordsworths and the Flemings, which led the former to fear that they might have to leave the Mount, was probably too insignificant to search for, and certainly too slight to dwell upon. They did not leave their home. The only thing worthy of record in connection with the matter is, that the fear of being dispossessed led Wordsworth to write the following lines:—

COMPOSED WHEN A PROBABILITY EXISTED OF OUR BEING OBLIGED TO QUIT RYDAL MOUNT AS A RESIDENCE.

The doubt to which a wavering hope had clung Is fled; we must depart, willing or not; Sky-piercing Hills! must bid farewell to you

^{*} See p. 32, etc.

And all that ye look down upon with pride, With tenderness, embosom; to your paths, And pleasant dwellings, to familiar trees And wild-flowers known as well as if our hands Had tended them: and O pellucid Spring! Unheard of, save in one small hamlet, here Not undistinguished, for of wells that ooze Or founts that gurgle from you craggy steep, Their common sire, thou only bear'st his name. Insensibly the foretaste of this parting Hath ruled my steps, and seals me to thy side, Mindful that thou (ah! wherefore by my Muse So long unthanked) hast cheered a simple board With beverage pure as ever fixed the choice Of hermit, dubious where to scoop his cell; Which Persian kings might envy; and thy meek And gentle aspect oft hast ministered To finer uses. They for me must cease: Days will pass on, the year, if years be given, Fade,—and the moralising mind derive No lessons from the presence of a Power By the inconstant nature we inherit Unmatched in delicate beneficence; For neither unremitting rains avail To swell thee into voice; nor longest drought Thy bounty stints, nor can thy beauty mar, Beauty not therefore wanting change to stir The fancy pleased by spectacles unlooked for.

Nor yet, perchance, translucent Spring, had tolled The Norman curfew bell when human hands First offered help that the deficient rock Might overarch thee, from pernicious heat Defended, and appropriate to man's need. Such ties will not be severed: but, when we

Are gone, what summer loiterer will regard, Inquisitive, thy countenance, will peruse, Pleased to detect the dimpling stir of life, The breathing faculty with which thou yield'st (Tho' a mere goblet to the careless eye) Boons inexhaustible? Who, hurrying on With a step quickened by November's cold, Shall pause, the skill admiring that can work Upon thy chance-defilements—withered twigs That, lodged within thy crystal depths, seem bright, As if they from a silver tree had fallen-And oaken leaves that, driven by whirling blasts, Sunk down, and lay immersed in dead repose For Time's invisible tooth to prey upon Unsightly objects and uncoveted, Till thou with crystal bead-drops didst encrust Their skeletons, turned to brilliant ornaments. But, from thy bosom, should some venturous * hand Abstract those gleaming relics, and uplift them, However gently, toward the vulgar air, At once their tender brightness disappears, Leaving the intermeddler to upbraid His folly. Thus (I feel it while I speak), Thus, with the fibres of these thoughts it fares; And oh! how much, of all that love creates Or beautifies, like changes undergo, Suffers like loss when drawn out of the soul, Its silent laboratory! Words should say (Could they depict the marvels of thy cell) How often I have marked a plumy fern From the live rock with grace inimitable Bending its apex toward a paler self Reflected all in perfect lineaments—

^{*} The Ms. has a second reading, "covetous hand."

Shadow and substance kissing point to point
In mutual stillness; or, if some faint breeze
Entering the cell gave restlessness to one,
The other, glassed in thy unruffled breast,
Partook of every motion, met, retired,
And met again. Such playful sympathy,
Such delicate caress as in the shape
Of this green plant had aptly recompensed
For baffled lips and disappointed arms
And hopeless pangs, the spirit of that youth,
The fair Narcissus by some pitying God
Changed to a crimson flower; when he, whose pr
Provoked a retribution too severe,
Had pined; upon his watery duplicate
Wasting that love the nymphs implored in vain.

Thus while my Fancy wanders, thou, clear Spri Moved (shall I say?) like a dear friend who meet A parting moment with her loveliest look, And seemingly her happiest, look so fair It frustrates its own purpose, and recalls The grieved one whom it meant to send away-Dost tempt me by disclosures exquisite To linger, bending over thee: for now, What witchcraft, mild enchantress, may with thee Compare! thy earthly bed a moment past Palpable to sight as the dry ground, Eludes perception, not by rippling air Concealed, nor through effect of some impure Upstirring; but, abstracted by a charm Of my own cunning, earth mysteriously From under thee hath vanished, and slant beams The silent inquest of a western sun, Assisting, lucid well-spring! Thou revealest Communion without check of herbs and flowers,

And the vault's hoary sides to which they cling, Imaged in downward show; the flower, the herbs,* These not of earthly texture, and the vault Not there diminutive, but through a scale Of vision less and less distinct, descending To gloom imperishable. So (if truths The highest condescend to be set forth By processes minute), even so—when thought Wins help from something greater than herself— Is the firm basis of habitual sense Supplanted, not for treacherous vacancy And blank dissociation from a world We love, but that the residues of flesh. Mirrored, yet not too strictly, may refine To Spirit; for the idealising Soul Time wears the features of Eternity; And Nature deepens into Nature's God.

Millions of kneeling Hindoos at this day Bow to the watery element, adored In their vast stream, and if an age hath been (As books and haply votive altars vouch) When British floods were worshipped, some faint trace Of that idolatry, through monkish rites Transmitted far as living memory, Might wait on thee, a silent monitor, On thee, bright Spring, a bashful little one, Yet to the measure of thy promises True, as the mightiest; upon thee, sequestered For meditation, nor inopportune For social interest such as I have shared. Peace to the sober matron who shall dip Her pitcher here at early dawn, by me No longer greeted—to the tottering sire,

^{*} In Ms. also "its herbs."

For whom like service, now and then his choice,
Relieves the tedious holiday of age—
Thoughts raised above the Earth while here he sits
Feeding on sunshine—to the blushing girl
Who here forgets her errand, nothing loth
To be waylaid by her betrothed, peace
Ani pleasure sobered down to happiness!

But should these hills be ranged by one whose & Sorning love-whispers shrinks from love itself As Fancy's snare for female vanity, Here may the aspirant find a trysting-place For loftier intercourse. The Muses crowned With wreaths that have not faded to this hour Sprung from high Jove, of sage Mnemosyne Enamoured, so the fable runs; but they Certes were self-taught damsels, scattered births Of many a Grecian vale, who sought not praise, And, heedless even of listeners, warbled out Their own emotions given to mountain air In notes which mountain echoes would take up Boldly and bear away to softer life; Hence deified as sisters they were bound Together in a never-dying choir; Who with their Hippocrene and grottoed fount Of Castaly, attest that Woman's heart Was in the limpid age of this stained world The most assured seat of [And new-born waters, deemed the happiest source Of inspiration for the conscious lyre.

Lured by the crystal element in times
Stormy and fierce, the Maid of Arc withdrew
From human converse to frequent alone
The Fountain of the Fairies. What to her,
Smooth summer dreams, old favours of the place.

Pageant and revels of blithe elves-to her Whose country groan'd under a foreign scourge? She pondered murmurs that attuned her ear For the reception of far other sounds Than their too happy minstrelsy,-a voice Reached her with supernatural mandates charged More awful than the chambers of dark earth Have virtue to send forth. Upon the marge Of the benignant fountain, while she stood Gazing intensely, the translucent lymph Darkened beneath the shadow of her thoughts As if swift clouds swept o'er it, or caught War's tincture, 'mid the forest green and still, Turned into blood before her heart-sick eye. Erelong, forsaking all her natural haunts, All her accustomed offices and cares Relinquishing, but treasuring every law And grace of feminine humanity, The chosen rustic urged a warlike steed Toward the beleaguered city, in the might Of prophecy, accoutred to fulfil, At the sword's point, visions conceived in love.

The cloud of rooks descending through mid air Softens its evening uproar towards a close
Near and more near; for this protracted strain
A warning not unwelcome. Fare thee well!
Emblem of equanimity and truth,
Farewell!—if thy composure be not ours,
Yet as thou still when we are gone wilt keep
Thy living chaplet of fresh flowers and fern,
Cherished in shade though peeped at by the sun;
So shall our bosoms feel a covert growth
Of grateful recollections, tribute due
To thy obscure and modest attributes
To thee, dear Spring, and all-sustaining Heaven!

Wordsworth's correspondence with Lord Lonsdale on locounty politics shows that he had no mean business facility and that—although a very biassed, almost bigoted, Consentive—he was keenly alive to the best interests of the people and a good man of affairs in striving to promote them. He prejudices came out only too prominently; but they had all root of goodness and truth. For example, he was—as we have seen—strongly opposed to the claims of the Roman Catholic for emancipation from the disabilities under which they had laboured. He resisted Canning's Bill, passed through the House of Commons in 1825, for giving relief to the Catholic, and wrote thus to Lord Lonsdale in May 1825:—

"It rejoices me to see the Lowther name and the Lowther interest in the minority" [presumably in the House of Commons]. "I have not seen the reports of the evidence before Parliament—only certain extracts in newspapers, and passage quoted in the debates. But whatever may be the weight of such evidence, it cannot overbalance in my mind all that I have read in history, all that I have heard in conversation, and all that I have observed in life. As far as I can learn, it is in a great degree a measure ex parte; but were not this so, I must own that, in a complex and subtle religious question as this is, I should reckon little of formal and dressed-up testimony, even upon oath, compared with what occurs in the regular course of life, and escapes from people in unguarded moments. value, then, can be put upon committee-evidence, contradicting (as here) men's opinions in their natural overflow. From what may be observed among the Irish and English Romanists, is justly to be dreaded that there is a stronger disposition approximate to their brethren in Italy, Spain, Portugal, end clsewhere, than to unite in faith and practice with us Agracants . . .

majority of the people of England are against con-

sion, as would have been proved had they been fairly pealed to, which was not done; because the laity were unfling to take the lead in a matter (notwithstanding all that a been said to the contrary) eminently ecclesiastical; and the ergy are averse from coming forward except in a corporate pacity, lest they should be accused of stirring up the people reliable views; and thus the real opinion of the nation is the embodied.

I ventured to originate a petition from the two parishes of rasmere and Windermere, including the town of Ambleside. here were not half a dozen dissenting voices. . . ."

We find that Wordsworth at the same time shared in the obections raised against the proposed University College, London, which he regarded as a sort of seminary of revolutionary ideas and general unsettlement. In a letter to Lord Lonsdale in June 1825, he says:—

"I hear that Mr. Marshall is a member of the London College Committee, and active in all the improvements now going forward. It cannot be doubted that a main motive with the leaders of this and similar institutions is to acquire influence for political purposes. Mr. Brougham mentions, as a strong inducement for founding the proposed College, that it will render medical education so much cheaper. It is clearly cheap enough. We have far more Doctors than can find patients to live by; and I cannot see how Society will be benefited by swarms of medical practitioners starting up from lower classes in the community than they are now furnished by. The better able the parents are to incur expense, the stronger pledge have we of their children being above meanness, and unfeeling and sordid habits. As to teaching Belles Lettres, Languages, Law, Political Economy, Morals, etc., by lectures, it is absurd. Lecturers may be very useful in Experimental Philosophy, Geology, and Natural History, or any art or science capable of illustration by experiments, operation specimens; but in other departments of knowledge the most cases, worse than superfluous. Of course I do not in the above censure college lectures, as they are called the business consists not of haranguing the pupils, but taining the progress they have made."

It would be useless, in a biography of the Poet, to the onesidedness, and even the prejudice, contained The University of London, and University London, with other colleges, have abundantly justifi right to exist by the work they have accomplished, which only been a useful supplement to that of the two great Universities, but has achieved a result which the latt not possibly have done. The objection to teaching Phi Literature, and Political Economy by lectures is also opposed to the best traditions of academic life in other and the experience of centuries. The narrow and grooved political Conservatism of the poet's nature is seen in his fears for the future of his country, in co with the Reform Bill. It is a question which we need discuss—for time has solved and settled it—whether not have been better for the country if our reforms h more gradual, and less sweeping in their character; the attitude of mind which Wordsworth showed on the tions of local or imperial politics has an interest to all of his works, it may be more useful to give some furth tration of it than to criticise it.

Writing to Lord Lonsdale (an undated letter) in 18: the Reform Bill, he said:—

"Perhaps the fate of the Bill is already decided, or so, before this reaches your hands. I cannot forbear, I writing once more upon a subject which is scarcely eve my thoughts. I see that a writer in the Quarterly ost decidedly against the Bill going into Committee: he sars convinced, as thousands are, that no good would arise a it, and that the destruction of the Constitution must ow; adding that if the Lords resist they will at least fall h honour. In this I perfectly concur with him. . . . Reing at a distance from town, I can form no distinct notion of mischief which might immediately arise, with an executive thas now afflicts this kingdom. But I do confidently affirm at there are materials for constructing a party which, if the ll be not passed, might save the country. I have numerous quaintances among men who have all their lives been more less of Reformers, but not one, unfastened by party engageents, who does not strongly condemn this Bill."

Again, on 29th November, he wrote to the same correnondent:—

"... The nation will now know what Lord Grey meant y his expression, 'a measure equally efficient.' If he meant fficient for a change, as great, as sudden, and upon the same rinciples of spoliation and disfranchisement in the outset as the former Bill, and the new constituency to be supplied by its coarse and clumsy contrivances, not to speak of the party injustice of their application—then it must be obvious to all honest men of sound judgment that nothing can prevent a subversion of the existing Government by King, Lords, and Commons, and the violation of the present order of society in this country. Such at least is the deliberate opinion of all those friends whose judgment I am accustomed to look up to. One of the ablest things I have read upon the character and tendency of the Reform Bill is in the North American Review of four or five months back. The author lays it down-and I think gives irrefragable reasons for his opinion—that the numerical principle adopted, and that of property also, can find no root but in universal suffrage. Being a Republican, and a professed hater and despiser of our modified feudal institutions, he rejoices over the prospect, and his views, though a some points mistaken, for want of sufficient knowledge of English society, are entitled to universal consideration."

Again, in a subsequent letter :-

" . . . The altered Bill does little or nothing to prevent the dangers of the former. . . . The mischief already done can never be repaired. The scheme of regulating representation by arbitrary lines of property or numbers is impracticable; such distinctions will melt away before the inflamed passions of No Government will prove sufficiently strong the people. to maintain them, till the novelty which excites a thirst for further change shall be worn off, and the new constituency have a chance of acquiring by experience the habits of a temperate use of their powers. A preponderance so large being given to ten-pound renters, the interest and property of the large towns where they are to vote will not be represented, much less than of the community at large; for these ten-pound renters are mainly men without substance, and live, as has been said, from hand to mouth. Then will follow frequent Parliaments—triennial perhaps at first—which will convert the representatives into mere slavish delegates, as they now are in America, under the dictation of ignorant and selfish numbers misled by unprincipled journalists, who, as in France, will, no few of them, find their way into the House of Commons, and so the last traces of a deliberative assembly will vanish. But enough of this melancholy topic. I resided fifteen months in France, during the heat of the Revolution, and have some personal experience of the course which these movements must take, if not fearlessly resisted, before the transfer of legislative power takes place. . . ."

On December 18, 1826, Dorothy Wordsworth, writing H. C. Robinson from Rydal Mount, said, of the Lambs: "I wis

they would now and then let us see their handwriting; a single page from Charles Lamb is worth ten postages;" and of her bother William: "My brother has lately written some very good sonnets. I wish that I could add that the 'Recluse' was brought from his hiding-place."

On the 29th of January 1827, writing to the same friend, Wordsworth said: "My poems have, for this month past, been pinting with the Longmans. I have revised the poems carefully, particularly *The Excursion*, and I trust with considerable improvement; but you will judge."

In an earlier letter to Robinson, April 6, 1826, Wordsworth referred to some suggestions of his for a change in the arrangement of the poems; and, speaking of what he was doing, with a view to the new edition, added: "There is no material change in the classification, except that the Scotch poems have been placed all together, under the title of Memorials of Tours in Scotland; this has made a gap in the poems of Imagination which has been supplied by Laodamia, Ruth, and one or two wore, from the class of Affections, etc."

In the same year, writing to Kenyon, Wordsworth says: "I, together with Dora, spent a week very pleasantly with the Southeys since the commencement of the present month, and we also had a picnic meeting under Raven Crag by the margin of Wytheburn—the families of Greta Hall and Rydal Mount, with other vagrants, making a party of about thirty. A merry group we formed, round a gypsy fire upon the rocky point that juts from the shore, on the opposite side of the lake from the high-road."

The years 1825 to 1830 were not productive ones in Wordsworth's poetic life. The Skylark of 1825, the Ode to May of 1826, and The Triad, The Wishing Gate, and The Power of Sound of 1828, were the best things he wrote during these six years.

It should be recorded that Wordsworth's special f George Beaumont, died in February 1827. Of this Walter Scott wrote thus in his diary:—

" February

"Sir George Beaumont is dead; by far the most and pleasing man I ever knew—kind, too, in his na generous—gentle in society, and of those mild mannetend to soften the causticity of the general London persiflage and personal satire. As an amateur painter of the very highest distinction; and though I knew of the matter, yet I should hold him a perfect critical ing, for he always made his criticisms intelligible, and slang. I am very sorry, as much as it is in my nat for one whom I could see but seldom. He was a friend of Wordsworth, and understood his poetry, we rare thing, for it is more easy to see his peculiaritie feel his great merit, or follow his abstract ideas."

I think it likely that Wordsworth spent part of the of 1827 at Brinsop Court. Writing from Liverpool in t ning of the following year, he said:—

" Liverpool, Jan. 2

"... When in Herefordshire I passed a few days Uvedale Price, one of the late batch of baronets. his 81st year, and as active in ranging about his wo setter dog. We talked much of Sir George Beau whom he was very strongly attached. He has just most ingenious work on ancient metres, and the prop of reading Greek and Latin verse. If he is right, we been wrong; and I think he is. It is a strange su interest a man at his age, but he is all life and spirits.

^{*} See Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. ix. p. 89.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TOURS ON THE BHINE AND IN THE ISLE OF MAN—THE TEXT
OF THE POEMS.

Coleridge on a short tour up the Rhine for a fortnight, returning by Holland; and in the same year Dorothy Wordsworth visited the Isle of Man with her nephew. The Fenwick notes to the poems tell us something of the journey on the Rhine to Mr. Aders' at Godesberg, and at St. Goar—and Wordsworth himself memorialised it in two short poems—but the best record of this visit is to be found in a book called Beaten Paths; and those who troit them, by Thomas Colley Grattan. In the second volume of this book, Chapter IV., there is an account of a three days' tour with Coleridge and Wordsworth, from which the following is extracted:—

"On the 25th of June 1828, being then resident in Brussels, I received a note from my neighbour, Major Pryce Gordon, asking me to spend the evening at his house, to meet the two poets whose names stand above, and whom he had picked up as they were passing through on a tour to the Meuse and the Rhine. I was punctual to the hour fixed; but I found the poets before me in the drawing-room, and also a young lady, Mr. Wordsworth's daughter.

One involuntarily imagines a notion, though rarely a likeness, of persons of any note. I had seen an engraved portrait of Coleridge, but it was not a bit resembling the original. . . .

I had never seen any likeness of Wordsworth ex my mind's eye, and it was not happier regarding him to limner or engraver had been with respect to his bard. . . .

Wordsworth was, if possible, more unlike what he appear in the fancy of those who have read his possible have never seen the author. He was a perfect antitle Coleridge—tall, wiry, harsh in features, coarse in inelegant in looks. He was roughly dressed in a long surtout, striped duck trousers, fustian gaiters, and thick the more resembled a mountain farmer than a 'lake possible air was unrefined and unprepossessing.

This was incontestably the first impression made or as well as on me. But, on after observation, and a little tion, I could not help considering that much that unfavourable in Wordsworth might be really placed advantage. There was a total absence of affecta egotism; not the least effort at display, or assump superiority over any of those who were quite preproncede it to him. He seemed satisfied to let his frifellow-traveller take the lead, with a want of pretensic found in men of literary reputation far inferior to his there was something unobtrusively amiable in his towards his daughter.

There were several gentlemen of the party. Coleridg much, and indiscriminately, with those next him, or ab He did not appear to talk for effect, but purely for sake. He seemed to breathe in words. Wordsworth times fluent, but always commonplace; full of remark of observation. He spoke of scenery as far as its as concerned; but he did not enter into its association moral beauty. He certainly did not talk well. But he had no encouragement. He had few listeners; a seemed rather repulsive in him was perhaps chiefly

mting contrast to the wonderful attraction of Coleridge. His was a mild, enthusiastic flow of language; a broad, deep stream, carrying gently along all that it met with on its course—not a whirlpool that drags into its vortex and engulfs what it seizes on. Almost everything he talked about became the subject of a lecture of great eloquence and precision....

It was soon arranged that I should join the tourists in the course of their sojourn on the banks of the Meuse, towards which quarter I had been for some days projecting a ramble....

At both Waterloo and Quatre Bras, while Wordsworth keenly inspected the field of battle insatiably curious after tombstones, and spots where officers had fallen (the Duke of Brunswick, Picton, Ponsonby, etc.), Coleridge spoke to me of the total deficiency of memorable places to excite any interest in him unless they possessed some natural beauty. He called this a defect. I thought it was, and a strange one in such a man, as associations of moral interest seem so fruitfully to spring in a poetic mind on the sites of memorable deeds. Coleridge took evident delight in rural scenes. He was in ecstasies at a group of haymakers in a field as we passed. He said the little girls, standing with their rakes, the handles resting on the ground, 'looked like little saints.' Half a dozen dust-covered children going by the roadside, with a garland of roses raised above their heads, threw him into raptures. . . .

At Namur we walked out by the light of a splendid full moon. We poked our way through the narrow streets to the bridge of the Sambre, then to that of the Meuse—Wordsworth, who took charge of his daughter, pioneering us along, bustling through, asking the way from every one we met; while Coleridge walked after, leaning on my arm, and in a total abstraction of thought and feeling, indifferent as to whether we went right or left, but finding somewhat to admire in every glance of moonshine or effect of shade, and a rich fund to draw from in his own mind. He talked away on many subjects;

and at last the broad river, the lofty ridges of hills, and of wood, burst suddenly on us in the full light, as we of from a gloomy passage that opened on the quay.

Coleridge advanced towards the river, with quiet exp of enjoyment at the beauty around him. Wordsworth quickly on, and said aloud, yet more to himself than 'Ay, there it is—there's the bridge! Let's see how arches there are—one, two, three,' and so on, till he of them all, with the accuracy and hardness of a stonecutt

The shadow of the bridge falling on the water gave to open arch its clear reflection in the stream, which may of course perfectly round, looking like a row of so man limpid moons, or, as I happened to observe, in allutheir vapoury appearance, 'so many ghosts of moons. hit Coleridge's fancy.

'Very good!' said he, moving forward; 'that's observation; that's poetry. Let me see, let me see?'

Wordsworth had pushed forward with his daughter of the parapet of the bridge; but we all stopped simultar to listen to a delicious chorus of female voices whi proached from the other side of the river. A charcovered with brown linen awning, soon appeared, slowly ing the bridge. It contained several well-dressed women, bourgeoises of the town, returning no doubt country visit or picnic. They sang as long as they wour hearing a German air, in parts, and very prettily. monised exquisitely with the scene and the hour. . . .

We followed them in silence for some time, Word as usual in advance. When Coleridge lost the tones chorus he began again to chaunt his strain of poetry and sophy; and, to my feeling, it was fitly accompanied dying cadences, which reached my ear for some time they had failed to enter his. . . .

When we got again into the heart of the old town, it

eleven o'clock, Wordsworth broke suddenly upon us with a downright matter-of-fact request, in his very matter-of-fact way, to join him in inquiries about a conveyance for Dinant the next morning. While Coleridge, the music still echoing in his soul, escorted Miss Wordsworth to the hotel (I praying for her safe arrival under such guidance), his brother poet and myself went very prosaically on our business. He was indefatigable in making inquiries from one bureau to another, as to time, distance, and, above all, as to price. At last he agreed to my original proposal to give up all thoughts of a public conveyance and to hire a calèche to ourselves. . . .

It was during those inquiries at the diligence offices . . . that I remarked Wordsworth's very imperfect knowledge of French, and it was then that he accounted for it by telling me that five-and-twenty years previously he understood and spoke it well, but that his abhorrence of the Revolutionary excesses made him resolve, if possible, to forget the language altogether, and that for a long time he had not read nor spoken a word of it . . . Coleridge did not understand French at all

When we reached Dinant, Coleridge and Miss Wordsworth remained at the hotel, while Wordsworth and I, in a broiling sun, proceeded to ascend the steep rocks above the town for the sake of a view. We took off our coats, threw them across our arms, and trudged along. Wordsworth had quite the figure and air of a sturdy mountaineer in search of a stray sheep or goat. We had a scorching ramble of more than two hours, in which Wordsworth expanded amazingly, and gave me a much more favourable opinion of himself and his powers than I had heretofore conceived, but not all at once. There were no bursts of information, but a gradual development of it. He looked round, as we ascended, from time to time, at the prospect up and down and beyond the river; and he talked of painting, sketching, and many other subjects suggested by the scene. But he did not, after all, talk like a painter or a philo-

sopher, and not one bit like a poet. There was an inferible matter-of-fact manner and spirit in all he said, which came of in a rather hoarse and harsh burr that made it disagreeable as well as unimpressive. I could hardly believe in the manifold identity, or be convinced that I walked beside the author of remarkable for his imaginative and vapoury abstractions.

Near the summit of our path we came to a very picturesque shrine, with a cross and the sculptured figure of a Madonas inside. We sat down on the steps of this rural temple, and remained for some time enjoying the beautiful prospect of the Meuse, winding away through a landscape that united many charms. Wordsworth half promised that he would write something on the subject of that shrine, and the view from it . . .

After walking for some time on the table-land, at top of these almost perpendicular rocks, without any subject being started of any particular interest—for such a situation rather invited the mind to dreamy commonplace—we at length got on a topic of a fixed and definable kind, one that my companion had evidently studied and felt, and on this he soon proved himself able to talk *ubly*. It was Lord Byron and his poetry that thus excited him, and it was quite by chance that it was *kicked up*, as I might say, on our path.

He began, after a somewhat prolix explanation of his private feelings, and held forth for full half an hour in a strain of reasound sense and good criticism. He was, however, in mopinion, very undervaluing in his estimate of Byron as a poethough very just in that of Byron as a man. But there wanothing on either point ungenerous or unfair. He clearly fewhat he said, and all that he did say gave me a high ide of his probity and good feeling. It was exceedingly pespicuous, and might have been printed word for word. . . .

The chief heads were his notions of the great errors. Lord Byron as a writer; first, as regarded morals, as supposin that crime constituted heroism, violence power, etc. Secondly

agarding knowledge of the human heart, in making personages of overwrought and overwhelming passion susceptible of tendemess, constancy, etc. Thirdly, in regard to style, of which he cited many examples. All this was widely open to reply, and much of it very unconvincing, though a great deal was just and striking. But he allowed Byron to have possessed great ability in the expression of strong and lively sentiment and command of language, and admitted that he must have been 'a very remarkable person' to have produced such an effect on the public as he unquestionably did. He summed up his judgment by saying that 'Lord Byron has been greatly overrated; will soon, and has already begun to sink in public opinion far below his real merit, and will then take his rank among the poets in his proper place '-which he intimated as not a very distinguished one. He 'very much doubted Lord Byron's having been a man of much originality of mind.' . . .

Another account of a meeting with Wordsworth and Coleridge, during this tour on the Rhine, occurs in the Memoir of Charles Mayne Young (tragedian), by Julian Charles Young, Part of it is worthy of reproduction. The biographer, J. C. Young, at that time a youth of twenty-two, was a fellow-guest with Wordsworth and Coleridge at the Aders's house. He writes:—

"July 6, 1828.—The reported presence of two such men as Coleridge and Wordsworth soon attracted to Mrs. Aders's house all the illuminati of Bonn—Niebuhr, Becker, Augustus

^{*} Beaten Paths, vol. ii. chap. iv.

Schlegel, and many others. . . . Schlegel praised Scott's Coleridge decried it, stating that no poet ever lived, a eminence, whose writings furnished so few quotable p Schlegel then praised Byron. Coleridge immediately depreciate him. 'Ah!' said he, 'Byron is a meteor, will but blaze, and rove, and die: "Wordsworth there' (1 to him) 'is a "star luminous and fixed." During the firs of Byron's reputation the sale of his works was unpawhile that of Wordsworth's was insignificant, and no succeeding year, in proportion as the circulation of works has fallen off, the issue of Wordsworth's poesteadily increased.

I observed that, as a rule, Wordsworth allowed Co to have all the talk to himself; but once or twice Co would succeed in entangling Wordsworth in a discussome abstract metaphysical question. . . .

I must say I never saw any manifestation of small j between Coleridge and Wordsworth; which . . . I thou commonly to the credit of both. I am sure they entert thorough respect for each other's intellectual endowmen

Wordsworth was a single-minded man: with less imag than Coleridge, but with a more harmonious judgmen better balanced principles.

Coleridge, conscious of his transcendent powers, riot licence of tongue which no man could tame. Word though he could discourse most eloquent music, was unwilling to sit still in Coleridge's presence, yet could happy in prattling with a child as in communing with a

If Wordsworth condescended to converse with me, he to me as if I were his equal in mind, and made me and proud in consequence. If Coleridge held me button, for lack of fitter audience, he had a talent for me feel his wisdom and my own stupidity; so that miserable and humiliated by the sense of it. . . .

I had occasional walks with Coleridge in the garden, and with Wordsworth over the fields. The former was an interest pedestrian, the latter a practised one. I revert great delight to a long expedition I one day made with interest and inter

Go with us into the abbey——there; And let us there, at large, discourse our fortunes.

Hitherto I had only seen Wordsworth in the presence of loleridge; and had imagined him, constitutionally, contemplative and taciturn. To-day I discovered that his reticence was alf-imposed, out of consideration for the inordinate loquacity f his brother poet. Coleridge always speechified or preached.

His argument Was all too heavy to admit much talk.

Wordsworth chatted naturally and fluently, out of the fulness of his heart, and not from a wish to display his eloquence. As I listened to him in this happy walk, I could not but apply to him one of Hooker's wise saws, 'He who speaketh no more than edifieth is undeservedly reprehended for much speaking.'

Idolatry of Nature seemed with Wordsworth both a passion and a principle. She seemed a deity enshrined within his heart. Coleridge studied her rather as a mighty storehouse for poetical imagery than for innate love of her, for her own sweet sake. If once embarked in lecturing, no landscape, however grand, detained his notice for a second; whereas, let Wordsworth have been ever so absorbed in argument, he would drop it without hesitation to feast his eyes on some combination of new scenery. . . .

In that same stroll to Heisterbach, he pointed out to me such beauty of design in objects I had used to trample

under foot, that I felt as if almost every spot on which was holy ground which I had rudely desecrated. I would fill with tears and his voice falter as hon the benevolent adaptation of means to ends disby reverential observation. . . .

It must not be assumed that the reciprocal ad entertained by the two poets for each other's gifts ma blind to each other's infirmities. Wordsworth, in specifically, would admit, though most regretfully, the flaws in his character; such, for instance, as his add opium, his ungrateful conduct to Southey, and his not his parental and conjugal obligations. Coleridge, on the hand, ever forward as he was in defending Wordsword literary assailants, had evident pleasure in expositions. "*

Of Dorothy Wordsworth's journey to the Isle of I best record is, as usual, in her own Journal. She was panied by her nephew, William Wordsworth. The "referred to in her Journal was Mrs. Wordsworth's brot "retired Mariner" of the 9th Sonnet, composed du subsequent tour of her brother in 1833. They left I the 26th of June 1828. The following are extracts for Journal:—

"Thursday, June 26th, 1828.—Called at half-past the breakfasted by kitchen fire. Walked to the end of terrace; grey calm, and warbling birds; sad at the themy voyage, cheered only by the end of it. Sat long at door; grey and still; coach full, and sour looks with made a fifth; won my way by civility, and communicate formation to a sort of gentleman fisher going to Wytenglish manners ungracious; he left us at Nag's Heart

^{*} See Memoir of Charles Mayne Young (1871), chap. v. pp. 117

out a bow or good wish. Morning still foggy. Wytheburn, chiffs and trees. Stayed inside till an inn beside Bassenthwaite; but only another lady in coach, so had a good view of the many cloudy summits and swelling breastworks of Skiddaw, and was particularly struck with the amplitude of style and objects, flat Italian foreground, large fields, and luxuriant hedges,-a perfect garden of Eden, rich as ivory and pearls. Dull and barish near Cockermouth. Town surprised me with its poor aspect. Old market-house to be pulled down. Sorry I could not study the old place. Life has gone from my Father's Court, View from bridge beautiful. Ruin, castle, meadows with haycocks. . . . Again cold and dreary after river goes. Dorrington very dreary, yet fine trees. Dropped Mr. Lowther's sons from school. Busy-looking fresh-coloured aunt, looks managing and well satisfied with herself, but kind to the boys; little sister very glad, and brothers in a bustle of pleasure. . . . Workington very dismal; beautiful approach to Whitehaven; comfortless inn, but served by a German waiter; Buckhouse's daughter; a hall, a church; the sea, the castle; dirty women, ragged children; no shoes, no stockings; fine view of cliffs and stone quarry; pretty, smokeless, blue-roofed town; castle and inn a foreign aspect. Embarked at ten. Full moon; lighthouse; summer sky; moved away; and saw nothing till a distant view of Isle of Man. Hills cut off by clouds. Beautiful approach to Douglas harbour; wind fallen. Harry met me at inn; surprised with gay shops and store-houses; walk on the gardens of the hills; decayed houses, divided gardens; luxuriant flowers and shrubs, very like a French place; an Italian lady, the owner; air very clear, though hazy in Cumberland. Very fine walk after tea on the cliff; sea calm, and as if enclosed by haze; fishes sporting near the rocks; a few sea-birds to chatter and wail, but mostly silent rocks; two very grand masses in a little bay, a pelucid rivulet of sea-water between them; the hills mostly covered with cropped gorse, a very rich dark green. This gorse cropped in winter, and preserved for cattle moon rose large and dull, like an ill-cleaned brass surmounts the haze, and sends over the calm sea pillar. In the opposite quarter Douglas harbour boats in motion, dark masts and eloquent ropes; n town ascend to the commanding airy steeps when

Saturday, 28th June.—Lovely morning; walke to the nunnery; cool groves of young trees and ones. General Goulding has built a handsome has the of the old nunnery, on which stands a mode be pulled down). The old convent bell, hung on as a house-bell; the valley very pretty, with a and might be beautiful, if properly drained. The nunnery charming from some points.

Walked on to the old church, Kirk Bradde steeple. Burial-ground beautifully shaded, and stones. Tombstone or obelisk to the memory of Duke of Athol, commander of the Manx Fencible

Douglas market very busy. Women often with like the Welsh; and girls without shoes and stock otherwise not ill dressed. Panniers made of mountry people speak more Manx than English; not coarse nor harsh. Cliffs picturesque above M waterfall (without water); the castle of very which scotland, after the style of Inveraray. How must and better suited to its site would be the nation rock. The number house is as it should be; a with stronger towers in the same style, would noble object in the bay. . . . Road and flat sat the sea; a beautiful sea residence for the solit breezes, and sky clear of haziness.

Sunday, 29th June. - A lovely bright morning;

be view over the sky-blue sea; breezy on the heights. Browne's church. Text from Isaiah, the 'Shadow of a **Rock,' etc., applied to our Saviour and the Christian dis-**Market-place and harbour cheerful, and, compared yesterday, quiet. Gay pleasure-boats in harbour, from expool and Scotland, with splendid flags. During service noises of children and sometimes of carriages distressing. Browne a sensible and feeling, yet monotonous and weakniced, reader. His ironed shoes clank along the aisle—the ect of this very odd. Called in the Post Office lane at the stmaster's, narrow as an Italian street, and the house low, al, old-fashioned and cleanly. Stairs worn down with much mading, and everything reminding one of life at Penrith forty back. A cheerful family of useful-looking, well-informed inghters; English father and Scotch mother. Crowds inquirfor letters. To Kirk Bradden, one and a half miles; arrived second lesson. Funeral service for two children; the coffins in the church. Mr. Howard a fine-looking man and agreeable preacher. The condition of the righteous and of the ungodly after death was the subject. Groups sitting on the tombstones reminded me of the Continent. The churchvard shady and cool, a sweet resting-place. We lingered long, and walked home through the nunnery grounds. The congregation rustic, but very gay. There seems to be no room for the very poor people in either church, and in Douglas great numbers were about in the streets during service. Putman called, a gentlemanly man, faded, and delicate-looking; brought up at Dublin College for the bar, took to the stage, married a hotel lady, disapproved by her friends, gave lectures on elecution, had profits, but obliged to desist, having broken a blood-vessel; now living on a very small income at Douglas in lodgings; sighing for house-keeping, and they have bought the house we visited last night on the sands. After tea walked with Joanna on pier—a very gay and crowded

Saw the steam-packet depart for Liverpool. in immense hats, and as fine as millinery and th various tastes can make them. Beauish tars; their boats in harbour, with splendid flags; two or three suitors in bright blue jackets, their badges on their their hats trimmed with blue ribbands. For the firs saw the Cumberland hills; but dimly. Sea very bright with old sailor and tried his spectacles. Went to the Head, very fine walk on the turf tracks among the sho bright green, studded with yellow flowers in bunches, th bed-straw; the green sea-weed with the brown bed of produces a beautiful effect of colouring, and the nu well-dressed, or rather showily-dressed, people is aste gathered together in the harbour, and sprinkled of heights. Fine view of rocks below us on the lower ro gered till near ten. Lovely moonlight when I went amused with Miss Fanny Buston, her conceit, her lo her painted cheeks, not painted but by nature.

Tuesday, July 1st.—With Joanna to the shore, and a the pier. Very little air even there, but refreshing; water of the bay clear, and green as the Rhine; close in the streets; but the sun gets out when the tide co a breeze, and all is refreshed.

Wednesday morning, July 2d.—In evening walked a-Shee (the harbour of peace); foggy, and hills invisistream very pretty. Shaggy banks; varied trees; strosebushes and honeysuckles. Returned by sands; a beliayfield for children. The rocks of gorgeous colours—brown, vivid green, in form resembling models of the foggy air not oppressive,

Thursday, July 3d .- A. fine morning, but still misty

On Douglas heights, the sea-rocks tremendous; wind high; a waterfowl sporting on the roughest part of the sea; flocks of jackdaws, very small; a few gulls; two men reclined at the top of a precipice with their dogs; small boats tossing in the eddy, and a pleasure-boat out with ladies; misery it would have been for me; guns fired from the ship, a fine echo in the harbour; saw the flash long before the report. Sir Wm Hilary saved a boy's life to-day in the harbour. He raised a regiment for Government, and chose his own reward—a Baronetcy!

Priday, 4th July.—Walked with Henry to the Harbour of Peace, and up the valley; very pretty overarched bridge; neat houses, and hanging gardens, and blooming fences—the same that are so ugly seen from a distance: the wind sweeping those fences, they glance and intermingle colours as bright as gems.

Saturday.—Very bright morning. Went to the Duke's gardens, which are beautiful. I thought of Italian villas, and Italian bays, looking down on a long green lawn adorned with flower-beds, such as ours, at one end; a perfect level, with grand walks at the ends, woods rising from it up the steeps; and the dashing sea, boats, and ships, and ladies struggling with the wind; veils and gay shawls and waving flounces. The gardens beautifully managed,—wild, yet neat enough for plentiful produce; shrubbery, forest trees, vegetables, flowers, and hot-houses, all connected, yet divided by the form of the ground. Nature and art hand in hand, tall shrubs, and Spanish chestnut in great luxuriance. Fitzallan's children keeping their mother's birthday in the strawberry beds. Loveliest of evenings. Isle perfectly clear, but no Cumberland; the sea alive with all colours, the eastern sky as bright as the west after sunset.

VOL. III.

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Monday, 7th July.—Departed for Castletown. Nothing interesting except peeps of the sea. Well peopled and vated, yet generally naked. Earth hedges, yet thriving in white rows; descent of a little glen or large climpleasing, with its small tribute to the ocean. One of and a corn enclosure, wild-thyme, sedum, etc.; brilliand dark-green gorse; the bay lovely on this sweet meanarrow flowery lanes, wild sea-view, low peninsula on Ness, large round fort and ruined church; bay and por mean, comfortless; low walk at Castletown, drawbridg and castle, handsome strong fortress, soldiers pacing sofficers and music, groups of women in white caps list very like a town in French Flanders, etc. etc. Clarge rooms, no neatness.

Tuesday, 8th July.—Rose before six. Pleasant walk Mary Kirk, along the bay before breakfast; well culvery populous, but wanting trees; outlines of hills p Port Mary, harbour for Manx fleet; pretty green near the port, neat huts under those rocks, with garden, fishing-nets, and sheep, really beautiful; a will and beautiful descent to Port Erin; a fleet of neasails and nets in the circular rocky harbour, white at different heights on the bank. Then across the copast Castle Rushen—a white church, and standing low; country, a few good houses, but seldom pretty in archit children coming from school, schools very frequent: a drag up the hill, an equal ascent; turf, and not bad ro a weary way.

But I ought to have before described our passage Port Mary to Port Erin, over Spanish Head, to view th a high island, forty acres, partly cultivated, and people rabbits—rent paid therewith; a stormy passage to the boat hurrying through with tide, another small isle adj very wild; I thought of the passage between Loch Awe and Loch Etive. To return to the mountain ascent from Castle Rushen: peat stacks all over, and a few warm snow huts; thatches secured by straw ropes, and the walls (in which was generally buried one window) cushioned all over with thyme in full blow, low sedum, and various other flowers. Called on Henry's friend beside the mountain gate; her house blinding with smoke. I sate in the doorway. She was affectionately glad to see Henry, shook hands and blessed us at parting—'God le with you, and prosper you on your journey!' Descend: more cottages, like wagon roofs of straw, chance directed pipes of chimneys and flowery walls, not a shoe or a stocking to be seen. Dolby Glen, beautiful stream, and stone cottages, and gardens hedged with flowery elder, and mallows as beautiful as geraniums in a greenhouse.

Wednesday, 9th, Peele.-Morning bright, and all the town Masy. Yesterday the first of the herring fishing, and black baskets laden with silvery herrings were hauled through the town, herrings in the hand on sticks, and huge black and dragged through the dust. Sick at the sight, ferried areas the harbour to the Island Castle, very grand and very wild, with cathedral, tower, and extensive ruins, and tombsomes of recent date: several of shipwrecked men. mile showed us the place where, as Sir Walter Scott tells us, Captain Edward Christian was confined, and another dungeon where the Duchess of Gloucester was shut up fifteen years, and the died, and used to appear in the shape of a black dog; and a soldier who used to laugh at the story vowed he would and to it, and died raving mad. The Castle was built elose artillery was used, and the walls are so thin that it is prising that it has stood so long. The grassy floor of the Il delightful to rest on through a summer's day, to view ships and sea, and hear the dashing waves, here seldom

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gentle,* for the entrance to this narrow harbour is ver Fine caves towards the north, but it being high wa could not go to them. Our way to Kirk Michael, a de terrace; sea to our left, cultivated hills to the rig views backwards to Peele charming. The town stands very steep green hill, with a watch-tower at the top, castle on its own rock in the sea-a sea as clear mountain stream. Fishing-vessels still sallying forth. the good Bishop Wilson's grave, and rambled under th of his trees at Bishop's Court, a mile further. country pleasant to Ramsey; steep red banks of rive town close to the sea, within a large bay, formed to th by a bare red steep, to the south by green mounts glen and fine trees, with houses on the steep. harbour, a steam-vessel at a distance, and sea and hill-Pleasant houses overlooking t in the evening-time. but the cottage † all unsuspected till we reach a little where it lurks at the foot of a glen, under green ste low thatched white house dividing the grassy pleasu adorned with flowers, and above it on one side a garden-flowers, fruit, vegetables intermingled, and al the orchard and forest trees; peeps of the sea and glen, and a full view of the green steep; a little strea muring below. We sauntered in the garden, and I pac path to path, picked ripe fruit, ran down to the sand paced, watched the ships and steam-boats-in sho charmed with the beauty and novelty of the scene: tl rural glen, the cheerful shore, the solemn sea. To be day was gone.

Thursday.—Rose early. Could not resist the sum

^{*} Compare the Elegiac Stanzas suggested by a picture of Peele C Storm, vol. iii. p. 45.

[†] The house in which they were to stay at Ramsey.

the shady woody steeps, the bright flowers, the gentle the soft flowing sea. Walked to Manghold Head, and inghold Kirk: the first where the cross was planted. The ws of Ramsey Bay delightful from the Head: a fine green ep, on the edge of which stands the pretty chapel, with one a outside, an ancient pedestal curiously carved, Christ on cross, the mother and infant Jesus, the Manx arms, and er devices; near it the square foundation surrounded with sps of another cross, on which is now placed a small sunal, the whole lately barbarously whitewashed, with church d roof—a glaring contrast to the grey thatched cottages, and men trees, which partly embower the church. Numerous are **the grave-stones surrounding that neat and humble building:** sanctuary taken from the waste, where fern and heath grow round, and over-grow the graves. I sate on the hill, while Henry sought the Holy Well, visited once a year by the Manx men and women, where they leave their offering—a pin, or any other trifle. Walked leisurely back to Ramsey; fine views of the bay, the orange-coloured buoy, the lovely town, the green steeps. The town very pretty seen from the quay as at the mountain's foot; rich wood climbing up the mountain glen, and spread along the hillsides."

Reference has been made in the course of this volume to Mr. Barron Field's Ms., which he called "Memoirs of the Life and Poetry of William Wordsworth, with Extracts from his Letters to the Author." It is a very miscellaneous and unequal product. Wordsworth himself went over it, and annotated it with much care, while he was opposed to its publication. But much that it contains is valuable; and the following letter from Wordsworth to Field, on the changes in the text of the poems introduced into the edition of 1836, to which Field had raised objection, is especially interesting:—

" Rydal Mount, 24th October 1

MY DEAR SIR,—I will not spend time in thanking your kindness, but will go at once to the point; and t strongest case, The Beggars. I will state the faults, resupposed, which put me on the task of altering it.

What other dress she had I could not know,

you must allow, is a villainous line, one of the very wo my whole writings— I hope so, at least.

'In all my walks,' I thought obtrusively personal.

Her face was of Egyptian brown.

The style, or rather composition, of this whole stanza is w call bricklaying, formal accumulation of particulars.

Pouring out sorrows like a sea,

I did not like; and sea clashes with 'was beautiful t below. 'On English land' is the same rhyme as 'gay' the land' in the stanza below. Such were the reason altering. Now for the success.

Nor claim'd she service from the hood,

is (I own) an expression too pompous for the occasion, a you could substitute a line for the villainous 'What dress,' etc., I would willingly part with it. But there is difficulty.

She had a tall man's height or more

would anticipate

She tower'd fit person for a queen.

The boys could well understand 'looking reproof.' The frowning, shaking the head, etc. 'Telling me a lie' mig restored, without much objection on my part; for 'H hears that rash reply' is somewhat too refined; but as

It was your mother, as I say,

retained, the fact is implied of my knowledge of their tring told an untruth. It is not to be denied that I have need at giving more eloquence and dignity to this poem, that you its own account, and partly that it might harmonise with the one appended to it. I thought I had succeeded in my attempt better than, it seems, I have done. You will observe that in any meditated alteration of the first tanza, which I should be very thankful if you would do for me, the word head cannot be used, on account of 'head those ancient Amazonian files' in the stanza below.

The Blind Highland Boy.

The shell was substituted for the washing-tub, on the suggestion of Coleridge; and greatly as I respect your opinion and Lamb's, I cannot now bring myself to undo my work, though if I had been aware beforehand that such judges would have objected, I should not have troubled myself with making the alteration. I met the other day with a pretty picture of hazardous navigation like this. I think it is on the coast of Madras, where people are described as trusting themselves to the rough waves on small rafts, in such a way that the flat raft being hidden from view by the billows, the navigator appears to be sitting on the bare waters.

Rural Architecture.

'From the meadows of Armath,' etc. My sister objected so strongly to this alteration at the time, that, her judgment being confirmed by yours, the old reading may be restored.

Pedestrian Tour among the Alps.

No more along thy vales and viney groves, Whole hamlets disappearing as he moves, With cheeks o'erspread by smiles of baneful glow, On his pale horse shall fell Consumption go. I had utterly forgotten this passage: at all events, as a bold juvenile thing it might be restored. I suppose I must have written it, from its being applied here, in my mind, not to an individual but to a people.

Ruth.

And there exulting in her wrongs, Among the music of her songs, She fearfully caroused.

This was altered, Lamb having observed that it was not English. I liked it better myself; but certainly to 'carouse cups'—that is, to empty them—is the genuine English.

The Sailor's Mother.

And thus continuing she said, I had a son, who many a day Sailed on the seas.

These last words shall be restored. I suppose I had objected to the first line, which, it must be allowed, is rather flat.

He to a fellow-lodger's care Had left it to be watched and fed Till he came back again.

Than this last line, I own,

And pipe its song in safety

strikes me as better, because 'from the bodings of his mind' he feared he should not come back again. He might dramatically have said to his fellow-lodger: 'Take care of this bird till I come back again,' not liking to own to another, or to himself even, in words, that he feared he should not return, but as he is not introduced here speaking, it is (I think) better, and brings in a pretty image of the bird singing, when its master might be in peril, or no more.

The Emigrant Mother.

Smiles hast thou, bright ones of thy own; I cannot keep thee in my arms; For they confound me. As it is, I have forgot those smiles of his.

Coleridge objected to the last two lines, for which is substi-

By those bewildering glances crost, In which the light of his is lost.

The alteration ought, in my judgment, to be retained.

The Idiot Boy.

'Across the saddle' is much better. So 'up towards' instead of 'up upon' in Michael.

The Green Linnet.

. A brother of the leaves he seems

may be thus retained :-

My sight he dazzles—nay deceives: He seems a brother of the leaves.

The stanza, as you have been accustomed to quote it, is very faulty. 'Forth he teems' is a provincialism; Dr. Johnson says 'a low word, when used in this sense.' But my main motive for altering this stanza was the wholly unjustifiable use of the word train, as applied to leaves attached to a tree. A train of withered leaves, driven in the wind along the gravel, as I have often seen them, sparkling in April sunshine, might be said. 'Did feign' is also an awkward expletive for an elegant poem, as this is generally allowed to be.

To the Small Celandine.

'Old Magellan' shall be restored.

To the Daisy.

Thou wander'st the wide world about, etc.

I was loath to part with this stanza. It may eith restored, or printed at the end of a volume, among not variations, when you edit the fifteenth edition.

To a Skylark.

After having succeeded so well in the second 'Sk and in the conclusion of the poem entitled 'A Morning cise,' in my notice of this bird, I became indifferent t poem, which Coleridge used severely to condemn, and to contemptuously. I like, however, the beginning of it so that for the sake of that I tacked to it the respectably conclusion. I have no objection, as you have been p with it, to restore the whole piece. Could you improv little?

To the Cuckoo.

At once far off and near.

Restore this. The alteration was made in conseque my noticing one day that the voice of a cuckoo, which heard from a tree at a great distance, did not seem any when I approached the tree.

Gipsies.

The concluding apology shall be cancelled. 'Goin is precisely the word wanted; but it makes a weak and rently prosaic line, so near the end of a poem. It cannot be altered, as the rhyme must be retained, on a of the concluding verse.

In the second Cuckoo * I was displeased with the existing alteration, and in my copy have written in pencil thus:—

Such rebounds our inward ear Often catches from afar; Listen, ponder, etc.,

restoring 'Listen, ponder,' as you wish. The word 'rebounds' I wish much to introduce here; for the imaginative varning turns upon the echo, which ought to be revived as wear the conclusion as possible.

Peele Castle in a Storm.

The light that never was on sea or land

shall be restored. I need not trouble you with the reasons that put me upon the alteration.

The passages in *Peter Bell* were altered out of deference to the opinions of others. You say *little* is a word of endearment. I meant *little mulish* as contemptuous. *Spiteful*, I fear, would scarcely be understood without your anecdote.

Is it a party in a parlour, Cramm'd just as they on earth were cramm'd? Some sipping punch, some sipping tea, But as you by their faces see, All silent, and all damn'd.

This stanza I omitted—though one of the most imaginative in the whole piece—not to offend the pious.

The Excursion, edition of 1827.

And make the vessel of the big round year. (P. 364.)

I know there is such a line as this somewhere, but for the seed me I cannot tell where.

^{*} The poem he called The Echo. See vol. iv. p. 18.

He visided, though reluctant, for his mind Instinctively disposed him to retire To his own covert; as a billow heaved Upon the beach rolls back into the sea.

I cannot accede to your objection to the billow. The simply is he was cast out of his element, and falls bac it as naturally and necessarily as a billow into the There is imagination in fastening solely upon that contexts point of resemblance—stopping there, thinking else.

And there,
Merrily seated in a ring, partook
The beverage drawn from China's fragrant herb. (

Drank tea' is too familiar. My line is (I own) son too pompous, as you say.

I am much pleased that you think the alterations Exercises improvements. My sister thinks them so ably. Read page 332 thus:—

Though apprehensions cross'd me that my zeal To his might well be likened, etc.,

shorter. Page 220, for 'When night,' etc., read 'Till etc.—I remain, very faithfully yours,

W. Wordswor

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CHAPTER XXXV.

TO IRELAND—CORRESPONDENCE WITH ROWAN HAMILTON, 1828-1830.

letters from Wordsworth to Mr. Field, in reference to own poems, may begin this chapter:—*

" Rydal Mount, 20th Decr. 1828.

My DEAR SIR,—I am truly glad that you liked The Triad.†
I think great part of it is as spirited as anything I have written;
but I was afraid to trust my judgment, as the airy figures are
all sketched from originals that are dear to me.

I have had a Worcester paper sent me, that gives what it calls the real history of Miserrimus—spoiling, as real histories generally do, the poem altogether. I doubt whether I ought to tell it you, and yet I may; for I had heard before—though since I wrote the sonnet—another history of the same tombstone. The first was that it was placed over an impious wretch, who, in Popish times, had profaned the pyx. The newspaper tale is that it was placed over the grave of a Nonjuring clergyman at his own request—one who refused to take the oath to King William, was ejected in consequence, and lived upon the charity of the Jacobites. He died at eightyeight years of age; so that, at any rate, he could not have been ill-fed; yet the story says that the word alluded to his own sufferings, on the account of his ejection only. He must

^{*} They are from Ms. Memoirs mentioned at p. 149.

⁺ Just published in The Keepsake for 1829.

have been made of poor stuff; and an act of duty, of the consequences were borne so ill, has little to recon him to posterity. I can scarcely think that such a f would have produced so emphatic and startling an epit and in such a place—just at the last of the steps falling the Cathedral to the Cloister. The pyx story is not pro The stone is too recent.

I should like to write a short Indian piece, if you furnish me with a story. Southey mentioned to me of Forbes's Transls in India. Have you access to the booleisure to consult it? He has it not. It is of a Hindowho applied to a Bramin to recover a faithless love Englishman. The Bramin furnished her with an un with which she was to anoint his chest, while sleepin the deserter would be won back. If you can find the p and (as I said before) have leisure, pray be so kind as to scribe it for me, and let me know whether you think an can be made of it.

Adieu: and believe me affectionately and faithfully year. Wm. Wordswor

Mr. Field sent the story from Forbes's Oriental M vol. iii. pp. 233-5, as quoted in The Quarterly Review Wordsworth replied:—

"Rydal Mount, 19th January

My DEAR SIR,—Thank you for the extract from the Qualit is a noble story. I remembered having read it; by less fit for a separate poem than to make part of a philoso work. I will thank you for any notices from India, the own I am afraid of an Oriental story. I know not the will agree with me; but I have always thought that; where the scene is laid by our writers in distant clim mostly hurt, and often have their interest quite destroy being overlaid with foreign imagery; as if the tale had

chosen for the sake of the imagery only.—I remain very saidfully yours,

W. Wienswierer

"Rydai Mount, Kendal, 19th January [1929].

My DEAR SIR,—... I was much pleased with a little drawing by Mr. Edmund Field—exceedingly so, and I wrote opposite it two stanzas which I hope he and Mrs. Field will pardon, as I have taken a liberty with his name. The drawing is admirably done, and just of such a scene as I delight in, and my favourite river the Duddon. Lowther, Derwent. etc., abound in...."

At this time Wordsworth had much correspondence about the prospects of his son John, who had taken orders, and was unious to obtain a living or curacy. He wrote to Lord Lonsiale and others about him. The son at last accepted the curacy of Whitwick, near Ashby, Leicestershire, under Mr. Mereweather. Meanwhile—in December 1828—Lord Lonsiale offered him the living of Moresby, in Cumberland. As his son was as yet only a deacon, Wordsworth asked and obtained the favour of his being allowed to remain at Whitwick for some time, and that a temporary curate might be appointed at Moresby. Obtaining priest's orders in the end of December, the son was able to accept the living of Moresby.

A letter written about this time to W. Rowan Hamilton, in reference to his own and a friend's verses, brings out Wordsworth's opinions on style, and on the structure of the Somet:

" Rydal Mount, Kendal, Feb. 12, 1829.

on verses are dated 1826. I note this early date with pleasure, because I think if they had been composed lately, the only objections I make to them would probably not have

^{*} See Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, vol. i. pp. 327-8.

existed, at least in an equal degree. It is an objection relates to style alone, and to versification; for example last line, 'And he was the enthusiast no more,' which meaning, the weightiest of all, is not sinewy enough in—the syllable the, the metre requires, should be long, is short, and imparts a languor to the sense. The three 'As if he were addressing,' etc., are too prosaic in movement

The specimens of your young friend's* genius are promising. . . . I should say to him, however, as I s you, that style is, in poetry, of incalculable important seems, however, aware of it, for his diction is obviously st Thus the great difficulty is to determine what constit good style. In deciding this, we are all subject to delu not improbably I am so, when it appears to me the metaphor in the first speech of his dramatic scene is too drawn out; it does not pass off as rapidly as metaphors to, I think, in dramatic writing. I am well aware th early dramatists abound with these continuations of im but to me they appear laboured and unnatural—at lea suited to that species of composition of which actio motion are the essentials. 'While with the ashes of a that was,' and the two following lines are in the best of dramatic writing; to every opinion thus given, alway I pray you, in my judgment, though I may not, to trouble or to avoid a charge of false modesty, expi 'This over-perfume of a heavy pleasure,' etc., is admirab indeed it would be tedious to praise all that pleases me.

Shelley's Witch of Atlas I never saw; therefore the referring to Narcissus and her was read by me to som advantage. One observation I am about to make will a prove I am no flatterer, and will, therefore, give a quivalue to my praise:—

There was nought there But those three antient hills alone,

^{*} Francis B. Edgeworth.

Here the word alone being used instead of only makes an absurdity like that noticed in the Spectator—'Enter a king and three fiddlers, solus.'

The Sonnet I like very much, with no drawback but what is, in a great measure, personal to myself. I am so accustomed, in my own practice, to pass one set of rhymes at least through the first eight lines, that the want of that vein of sound takes from the music something of its consistency—to my voice and ear. Farewell! I shall at all times be glad to hear from you, and still more to see you."

A portion of an earlier letter to Hamilton will show the minute earnestness of Wordsworth's criticism, his belief in the close relation of the logical to the imaginative faculty, and his opinion of the ancient as compared with modern writers.

"Rydal Mount, near Kendal,* September 24, 1827.

You will have no pain to suffer from my sincerity. . . . You will not, I am sure, be hurt, when I tell you that the workmanship is not what it ought to be,

Some touch of human sympathy find way, And whisper that while Truth's and Science' ray With such serene effulgence o'er thee shone.

Sympathy might whisper, but a touch of sympathy could not. 'Truth's and Science' ray,' for the ray of Truth and Science, is not only extremely harsh, but a 'ray shone' is, if not absolutely a pleonasm, a great awkwardness; a 'ray fell or 'shot' may be said; and a sun, or a moon, or a candle shone, but not a ray. I much regret that I did not receive these verses while you were here; that I might have given you vivâ voce a comment upon them which would be tedious by letter, and,

^{*} See Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, i. pp. 266-8.

after all, very imperfect. If I have the pleasure of seeing again, I will beg permission to dissect these verses, or other you may be inclined to show me; but I am certain without conference with me, or any benefit drawn from practice in metrical composition, your own high power mind will lead you to the main conclusions; you will brought to acknowledge that the logical faculty has infinimore to do with poetry than the young and the inexperies whether writer or critic, ever dreams of. Indeed, as materials upon which that faculty is exercised in poetry so subtle, so plastic, so complex, the application of it requal adiscernment, which emotion is so far from bestowing, the first it is ever in the way of it. . . .

Your sister is, no doubt, aware that in her poem she trodden the same ground as Gray, in his Ode upon a Di Prospect of Eton College. What he has been content treat in the abstract she has represented in particulars with admirable spirit. Again, my dear Sir, let me exhor (and do you exhort your sister) to deal little with m writers, but fix your attention almost exclusively upon who have stood the test of time. You especially have leisure to allow of your being tempted to turn aside from right course by deceitful lights."

In May 1829, Wordsworth wrote to Robinson:—

, excursionise at all this summer it will be by steam to \$

Iona, etc. My eye, that has plagued me so long, is impredaily, but I wish I had seen Rome, Florence, and the F

Naples, as the recurrence of these attacks throws a shade the future. I have not opened a book for nine weeks—

holiday!!!"

The Continental plan, however, was abandoned, and i autumn Wordsworth went to Ireland with Mr. Marshal

member of Parliament for Leeds. On July 23d, he wrote to John Kenyon from Rydal:—

"Happy would I be if what I have thrown out should tempt you to make Ireland your object instead of Scotland. I have myself made three tours in Scotland, but cannot point out anything worthy of notice that is not generally known. Of particular sights and spots those which pleased me most were (to begin with the northernmost) the course of the river Beauly up to the sawmills, about twenty miles beyond Inverness—the Fall of Foyers upon Loch Ness (a truly noble thing if one is fortunate as to the quantity of water)—and Glencoe. These lie beyond the limit of your route—and within your route I was not much struck with anything but what everybody knows."

On the following day he wrote to Rowan Hamilton at Dublin thus:-

" Rydal Mount, July 24, 1829.

my daughter; but I am ignorant of so many points, as where to begin—whether it be safe at this rioting period—what is best worth seeing—what mode of travelling will furnish the greatest advantages at the least expense. Dublin, of course, the Wicklow Mountains, Killarney Lakes, and, I think, the ruins not far from Limerick, would be among my objects, and return by the North. . . .

It is time to thank you for the verses you so obligingly sent me. Your sisters' have abundance of spirit and feeling; all that they want is what appears in itself of little moment, and jet is incalculably great—that is, workmanship—the art by which the thoughts are made to melt into each other, and to bill into light and shadow, regulated by distinct preconception of the best general effect they are capable of producing...

Your own verses are to me very interesting, and affect me

much as evidences of high- and pure-mindedness, from which humble-mindedness is inseparable. . . ."*

Hamilton's reply, and invitation, determined Wordsworth wastart for Ireland. He went by Patterdale (where he met & Walter Scott) and Lowther to Whitehaven, there taking steams to Ireland. From Patterdale he wrote † thus to Hamilton:

" Patterdale, August 4, 1829.

I am truly obliged by your prompt reply to my letter, and your kind invitation, which certainly strengthens in no small degree my wish to put my plan of visiting Ireland into execution. At present I am at Patterdale, on my way to Lord Lonsdale's, where I shall stay till towards the conclusion of the week, when I purpose to meet my wife and daughter on their way to my son's at Whitehaven; and if I can muster courage to cross the Channel, and the weather be tolerable, I am not without hope of embarking Friday after next. This is Monday, August 4th; I believe every Friday the steamboat leaves Whitehaven for the Isle of Man; whether it proceeds directly to Dublin, I do not know, but probably it does. I do not think it very probable that my daughter will accompany me, yet she may do so; and I sincerely thank you, in her name and my own, for the offer of your hospitalities, which, as we are utter strangers in Dublin, will be highly prized by us; believe me, my dear Mr. Hamilton, most sincerely you much obliged, W. WORDSWORTH."

From Whitehaven, Wordsworth wrote ‡ to Hamilton :-

" August 15, 1829.

The steamboat has been driven ashore here, so that I could not have gone in her to Dublin. But my plans had been previously changed. My present intention is to start with

^{*} Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, vol. i. pp. 333-4.

⁺ Ibid. vol. i. p. 337.

[‡] Ibid, vol. i. p. 341.

Mr. Marshall, M.P. for Yorkshire, who gives me a seat in his carriage, for Holyhead, on the 24th inst.; so that by the 27th or 28th we reckon upon being in Dublin, when I shall make my way to the Observatory, leaving him and his son to amuse themselves in the city, where he purposes to stop three days; which time, if convenient, I should be happy to be your guest. We then proceed upon a tour of the island by Cork, Bantry, Killarney, Limerick, etc. etc., up to the Giant's Causeway, and return by Portpatrick."

The Rev. R. Perceval Graves writes* of his visit thus :-

"The event of the year to Hamilton was the visit of Wordsworth to Ireland at the end of August. This appears to have been due to a suggestion of Hamilton's. The suggestion, however, met a long-cherished desire of the poet, who had always felt and expressed a great interest in Ireland and her people. That this interest did not bear fruit in any poetical reminiscences of his visit is by himself attributed, 'with some degree of shame,' to the fact that he travelled in the carriageand-four of his friend Mr. Marshall, instead of, as he would have preferred, on foot. He had intended to have had his daughter 'Dora' as his companion; and had his intention been fulfilled, she might have proved to him now in Ireland what his sister 'Dorothy' was in 1803 in Scotland, the kindler and encourager of poetic feeling. As it is, his allusions to the eagles at Fair Head promontory, in his fine sonnet, Dishonoured Rock and Ruin, is the only record to be found among his poems of his having been in Ireland.

His first object, upon arrival, was the Observatory and its inmates; thence he proceeded to Killarney, and afterwards availed himself of the invitation to Edgeworthstown, of which Francis Edgeworth had been the eager penman, writing in the

^{*} Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, vol. i. p. 310.

name of his mother and sister. At Edgeworthstown, Har ton again met Wordsworth, spending a few days in his co pany before the poet's return to England by the north coast.

The account which Miss Eliza Mary Hamilton (Sir Willia sister) gives of Wordsworth at the Observatory, Dunsi during this visit to Ireland, is full of interest and su characterisation.

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'Here he comes,' exclaimed Sydney, after we had bee long time home, and were sitting in the house waiting arrival, or rather return, for he had arrived during our absertand gone out with my brother. I looked, and saw walking the avenue with William a tall man, with grey hair, a brocoat, and nankeen trousers, on whom Smoke, our black g hound, was jumping up in a most friendly manner, not by means his wont with every stranger.

In a few minutes Wordsworth was in the room with 'Allow me to introduce my sisters to you, Mr. Wordswo said William, and so we met. Then he and my brother down to luncheon, being informed that we had had ours stationed myself in one of the windows so as to commar good view of him, my sisters seating themselves rather ne to him. He was evidently what I would call a naturally reserved man, and in every way as complete an opposite to preconception of him as anything could be. It amused internally, and I felt myself involuntarily parodying the lines of his own poem, Yarrow Visited:—

And this is Wordsworth? this the man Of whom my fancy cherished, So faithfully a waking dream, An image that hath perished!

^{*} Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, vol. i. pp. 311-15.

her was a slight touch of rusticity and constraint about his make gentlemanliness of manner which I liked—an absence that entire ease of manner towards strangers, which always has to do away with my sympathy with any mind, particular a gifted one; but everything he said and did had an affected simplicity, and dignity, and peacefulness of thought have very striking. He was not at all a loquacious man, arone who seemed inclined to approach with any degree of timery even those of whom he knew a good deal, but at the time one who met every advance on the part of others with a ready and attractive affability. Other men did not seem to the sympathy with the happiness of his existence, so that his sympathy with the happiness and sorrow, the good and ill the whole creation, as it discovers itself in his poetry, gave the feeling of his natural character being very peculiar.

There was such an indescribable superiority, both intellectual and moral, stamped upon him in his very silence, that everything of his I had thought silly immediately took the beautiful colouring of a wondrous benevolence, that could descend through love to the least and most insignificant things among the works of God, or connected with the weal or woe of man. I think it would be quite impossible for any one who had once been in Wordsworth's company ever again to think anything he has written silly.

They had been walking in Abbotstown. Of these grounds Wordsworth remarked that they were beautiful, with an air of melancholy and wildness about them particularly striking, he thought, from their vicinity to a city; but this was the only thing he said in the least of a poetical cast during this interview; so slight was the trace in his conversation of his being Wordsworth the poet, which pleased me very much, as agreeing with my own feeling that a real poet will not be one to introduce the subject of poetry into general conversation, and will he more averse to have sentiment on his lips than others with

whom feelings do not lie so deep. It always seemed to m quite unnatural for a poet to be very poetical in his everyda, language.

My brother and Mr. Wordsworth soon retired to their room and we to ours, to dress for dinner. When we next entere the drawing-room we found Wordsworth already there, an reading something to William, who sat by him listenin intently. When we entered, the poet hastily turned round with a gesture of politeness, moving his face, and indeed his whole body, in the direction to which we passed; but after commonplace word or two passing between us, as we quietly took our seats at the window, in a way and in a listenin attitude that intimated that we did not wish to interrupt them he continued.

It was his own Excursion he was reading, in consequence of a discussion having arisen between them, in which William had alluded to a passage in that poem which, as well as could collect, did not quite please him by its slight reverence for science.

Wordsworth first finished the passage, in a very low, in pressive tone, moving his finger under every line as he wer along, and seeming as he read to be quite wrapt out of the world.

I felt a tear gathering in my eye as I looked at him, and that moment, I cannot exactly define why, he seemed to n sublime; and I involuntarily thought of the epithet applied a greater poet perhaps, but I do not think a finer or pur specimen of our species—'a divine old man.'

He then defended himself, with a beautiful mixture warmth and temperateness, from the accusation of any want reverence for science, in the proper sense of the word—science that raised the mind to the contemplation of God in His worl and which was pursued with that end as its primary and gree-bject; but as for all other science—all science which put the

to the for their own sake, or to be applied merely to the mateil uses of life, he thought it degraded instead of raising the
scies. All science which waged war with and wished to
thinguish imagination in the mind of man, and to leave it
thing of any kind but the naked knowledge of facts, was,
thought, much worse than useless; and what is dissemited in the present day under the title of 'useful knowteg,' being disconnected, as he thought it, with God and
recything but itself, was of a dangerous and debasing tenthecy. For his part, rather than have his mind engrossed
with this kind of science, to the utter exclusion of imagination,
and of every consideration but what refers to our bodily comforts, power, and greatness, he would much prefer being a
superstitious old woman.

My brother said of some passage that, 'so far as it went,' be quite agreed with it, but 'he would add a good deal more.' 'I am sure you would,' said Wordsworth, with a goodhumoured smile; 'and if you will allow me to explain my sentiments first, I shall be glad to hear yours afterwards.' He then entered very much at large on the scope of his design, repeating that he venerated science, when legitimately pursued for the purpose of elevating the mind to God. The only class of scientific persons against whom he had directed his battery were those whom he would compare to the pioneers of an army, who go before the hero, certainly preparing the way for him, and cutting down the obstructions that oppose his march, but who themselves have no feelings of lofty enthusiasm, or of any kind but the hope of reaping part of the plunder and sharing in the profits of success. 'What,' he said, 'would have been the use of my praising such men as Newton? They do not need my insignificant praise, and therefore I did not allude to such sons of science.'

My brother argued that although he quite admitted that,

were the faculty of imagination to be done away with in ma—could that be—he would be left indeed, as Wordsworth sai a most inferior being; still he thought the intellectual faculti held equal rank at least with the imaginative. But I could n help smiling at his own exemplification of the indestructibili of imagination in any mind, but above all in those of a his order, when he told Wordsworth that he believed mathemati to be a connecting link between men and beings of a high nature; the circle and triangle he believed to have a re existence in their minds and in the nature of things, and not be a mere creation or arbitrary symbol proceeding from human invention.

Wordsworth smiled kindly, but said it reminded him the Platonic doctrine of the internal existence in the mark of those beautiful forms from which the sculptor was su posed only to withdraw the veil. William also smiled goo humouredly.

Francis Edgeworth's poem upon that subject was allud to."

"It is remarkable," says Mr. Graves, "that the immediate effect of his (Hamilton's) intercourse with Wordsworth, durithe visit of the latter to Ireland, was to cause him medefinitely than before to arrive at the conclusion that for him the future his path must be the path of Science, and that of Poetry; that he must renounce the hope of habitual cultivating both, and that, therefore, he must brace himself to bid a painful farewell to Poetry. Probably his conversation with the veteran poet brought home to him the fact, who Wordsworth's letters had previously insisted on, that Poetry an art as well as an inspiration; that it demands, if exceller is to be attained, laborious and continued study; and to Poetry and Science are alike Muses that refuse to be succefully wooed by the same suitor. He now saw that this very suiter that it is to be a same suitor.

not only the doctrine preached by Wordsworth, but the truth which he exemplified; that, in his case, Poetry absorbed the whole man, and that with him all things were habitually contemplated in relation to it, and that, especially, form, imagery, emotion, thought, were to him materials and instruments about which, and their mutual interaction, he was to be perpetually concerned, as one whose calling was to deal with them in a creative fashioning way, requiring the exercise of all his energies. Wordsworth, it was now felt by Hamilton, could not put up with the amateur poet. The old bard used often to say that it was good for themselves that many men should write verses, but that only the few who recognised Poetry as deserving and requiring the consecration to it of a life could ever be Poets in the higher sense. He was unwilling, therefore, that his young friend, whose powers he admired, should belong to the inferior class; not denying, perhaps, that had he been able to give an undivided attention to Poetry, he might have attained to the higher, but convinced that this was impossible for one whose professional obligations were such as Hamilton's." *

The following letter † sent by Wordsworth to Hamilton, on his return to Rydal Mount, is full of admirable criticism on the verses which Hamilton and his sister had written:—

" Rydal Mount, December 23d, 1829.

pleasure, nor was it the less interesting for being composed upon a subject you had touched before. The style in this latter is more correct, and the versification more musical. Where there is so much sincerity of feeling in a matter so dignified as the renunciation of Poetry for Science, one feels that an apology is necessary for verbal criticism. I will there-

^{*} Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, vol. i. 314-15.

fore content myself with observing that joying for joy or jo ance is not to my taste-indeed, I object to such liberti upon principle. We should soon have no language at all the unscrupulous coinage of the present day were allowed pass, and become a precedent for the future. One of the fir duties of a writer is to ask himself whether his though feeling, or image cannot be expressed by existing words phrases, before he goes about creating new terms, even wh they are justified by the analogies of the language. 'T cataract's steep flow' is both harsh and inaccurate. hast seen me bend over the cataract' would express one id in simplicity, and all that was required: had it been necessa to be more particular, steep flow are not the words that oug to have been used. I remember Campbell says, in a cor position that is overrun with faulty language, 'And dark winter was the flow of Iser rolling rapidly,'-that is, flowi rapidly; the expression ought to have been stream or curren

Pray, thank your excellent sister for the verses which s so kindly intrusted to me. I have read them all three tin over with great care, and some of them oftener. They abou with genuine sensibility, and do her much honour; but, as told you before, your sister must practise her mind in seve logic, for example, the first words of the first poem: 'Th most companionless.' In strict logic, 'being companionless' i positive condition not admitting of more or less, though poetic feeling it is true that the sense of it is deeper as to c object than to another, and the day moon is an object eminen calculated for impressing certain minds with that feeling therefore the expression is not faulty in itself absolutely, faulty in its position-coming without preparation, and the fore causing a shock between the common-sense of the wo and the impassioned imagination of the speaker. This n appear to you frigid criticism, but, depend upon it, no writi will live in which these rules are disregarded. In the n

ne, 'Walking the blue but foreign fields of day,' the neaning here is walking blue fields which, though common to see in our observation by night, are not so by day, even to accurate observers. Here, too, the thought is just; but again there is an abruptness; the distinction is too nice or refined for the second line of a poem.

Weariness of that gold sphere.' Silver is frequently used as an adjective by our poets: gold, as I should suppose, very rarely, unless it may be in dramatic poetry, where the same delicacies are not indispensable. Gold watch, gold bracelet, etc., etc., are shop language. 'Gold sphere' is harsh in sound, particularly at the close of a line. 'Faint, as if weary of my golden sphere,' would please me better. 'Greets thy rays.' You do not greet the ray by daylight; you greet the moon; there is no ray. 'Daring flight' is wrong: the moon, under no mythology that I am acquainted with, is represented with wings; and though on a stormy night, when clouds are driving apidly along, the word might be applied to her apparent motion, it is not so here; therefore 'flight' is here used for unusual or unexpected ascent-a sense, in my judgment, that cannot be admitted. The slow motion by which this ascent is gained is at variance with the word. The rest of this stanza is very pleasing, with the exception of one word—'thy nature's breast'-say 'profane thy nature': how much simpler and better. 'Breast' is a sacrifice to rhyme, and is harsh in expression. We have had the brow and the eye of the moon before, both allowable; but what have we reserved for human beings if their features and organs, etc., are to be lavished on objects without feeling and intelligence? You will, perhaps, think this observation comes with an ill grace from one who is aware that he has tempted many of his admirers into abuses of this kind; yet, I assure you, I have never given way to my own feelings in personifying natural objects, or investing them with sensation, without bringing all that I have said to a rigorous after-test of good sense-as far as I was able to determine what good sense is. Your sister will judge, from my bein so minute, that I have been much interested in her poetic efforts. This very poem highly delighted me; the sentime meets with my entire approbation, and it is feelingly an poetically treated. Female authorship is to be shunned bringing in its train more and heavier evils than have pr sented themselves to your sister's ingenuous mind. friend, I am sure, will endeavour to shake her resolution remain in her own quiet and healthful obscurity. This is n said with a view to discourage her from writing, nor have the remarks made above any aim of the kind; they are rath intended to assist her in writing with more permanent sati faction to herself. She will probably write less in proportion as she subjects her feelings to logical forms, but the range her sensibilities, so far from being narrowed, will extend she improves in the habit of looking at things through a stead light of words; and, to speak a little metaphysically, wor are not a mere vehicle, but they are powers either to kill or animate.

I shall be truly happy to receive at your leisure the promss. which you promised me. I shall write to Mr. F. Edg worth in a few days. I cannot conclude without reminding you of your promise to bring your sister to see us next surmer; we will then talk over the poems at leisure."

In connection with Wordsworth's visit to Ireland in 18: the following is an extract from a letter which he wrote that year to Francis Beaufort Edgeworth.

". . . As you were so much struck with the yew-tree Mucross, do not fail, if ever you come near Askeaton, to vi the ruins of its abbey, where you will find a much fir cloister, with a tree standing exactly in the centre as

Lucross. The tree is infinitely inferior to that of Mucross in comy grandeur, but the whole effect being of the same kind, impression on my mind at Mucross was not so deep as it could have been if I had not seen Askeaton before.

The faults I found with Killarney were, the bog between the town and the lake, the long tame ridge which you complain of, the want of groves and timber trees, though there is prodigality of wood, the heavy shape of the highest hill, Mangerton, and the unluckiness of Caranthual being so placed as only to combine with the lake from its tamest parts. Your objection to the rocky knolls in the upper lake, as savouring of conceits in nature, is a sensation of your own, which it would be absurd to reason against. I did not feel it when on the spot, nor can admit it now."

Some remarks made by Wordsworth in a letter written to an English prelate, in the spring of 1829, before he visited Ireland, give us his mature convictions as to the cause of Irish misery and unrest:—

"The condition of Ireland is indeed, and long has been, wretched. Lamentable is it to acknowledge, that the mass of her people are so grossly uninformed, and from that cause subject to such delusions and passions, that they would destroy each other were it not for restraints put upon them by a power out of themselves. This power it is that protracts their existence in a state for which otherwise the course of nature would provide a remedy, by reducing their numbers through mutual destruction, so that English civilisation may fairly be said to have been the shield of Irish barbarism. And now these swarms of degraded people, which could not have existed but through the neglect and misdirected power of the sister island, are, by a withdrawing of that power, to have their own way, and to be allowed to dictate to us. A

population vicious in character as unnatural in immedia origin (for it has been called into birth by short-sight landlords set upon adding to the number of voters at the command, and by priests, who for lucre's sake favour the increase of marriage), is held forth as constituting a claim political power, strong in proportion to its numbers; though in a sane view, that claim is in an inverse ratio to the Brute force, indeed, wherever lodged, as we are too feeling taught at present, must be measured and met—measured with care in order to be met with fortitude.

The chief proximate causes of Irish misery and ignoran are Popery, of which I have said so much, and the tenu and management of landed property; and both these have common origin, viz. the imperfect conquest of the count The countries subjected by the ancient Romans, and the that in the middle ages were subdued by the northern trib afford striking instances of the several ways in which natio may be improved by foreign conquests. The Romans, their superiority in arts and arms, and, in the earlier period their history, in virtues also, may seem to have established moral right to force their institutions upon other natio whether under a process of decline, or emerging from barb ism: and this they effected, we all know, not by overrunni countries as eastern conquerors have done-and Buonapar in our own days-but by completing a regular subjugati with military roads and garrisons, which became centres civilisation for the surrounding district. Nor am I afraid add, though the fact might be caught at, as bearing agai the general scope of my argument, that both conquerors a conquered owed much to the participation of civil rights wh the Romans liberally communicated. The other mode conquest, that pursued by the northern nations, brought ab its beneficial effects by the settlement of a hardy and vig ous people among the distracted and effeminate nations agai

nom their incursions were made. The conquerors transanted with them their independent and ferocious spirit, to mnimate exhausted communities; and in their turn received salutary mitigation, till, in process of time, the conqueror and conquered, having a common interest, were lost in each ther. To neither of these modes was unfortunate Ireland mbject; and her insular territory, by physical obstacles, and still more by moral influences arising out of them, has aggravated the evil consequent upon independence lost as hers was. The writers of the time of Queen Elizabeth have pointed out how unwise it was to transplant among a barbarous people, not half subjugated, the institutions that time had matured among those who too readily considered themselves masters of that people. It would be presumptuous in me to advert in detail to the long-lived hatred that has perverted the moral sense in Ireland, obstructed religious knowledge, and denied wher a due share of English refinement and civility. It is enough to observe that the Reformation was ill supported in that country, and that her soil became, through frequent forfeitures, mainly possessed by men whose hearts were not in the land where their wealth lay. . . .

WM. Wordsworth.",

This same autumn of 1829 was a sad one for Wordsworth's sister Dorothy. She had gone up to Whitwick, near Ashby, in the month of November, to keep house for her clerical nephew, John Wordsworth, who had accepted a curacy there. It was a small place—some eight miles from Loughborough, and five from Ashby—almost wholly dependent on a stocking factory, and with few attractions in the way either of scenery or society. But it was only three miles from Coleorton, where Lady Beaumont was still in the enjoyment of a serene old age. To see her was always a delight and a stimulus.

On the last day of November she wrote to her friend Crabb

Robinson, asking for a sketch of his Pyrenea was always assiduous in adding to her Ms. " Tours")—and added: "Alas! for Rome—I ne set foot upon that sacred ground, nor do I ever v a day-dream. But once again I do hope to see ! we all live a few years longer, and perhaps the c Tyrolese. Indeed, when my brother talks of Ro rather damps my hopes of even crossing the Chamany circumstances must concur to make so la practicable, and years slip away. On the 25th o (Christmas Day), I, the youngest of the three house, shall have completed my 56th year. . . stay at Whitwick six months without stirring fi i.e. till May. My plans, after that time, are no certainly before I turn northward I shall visit 1 at Cambridge, and perhaps a friend at Worcest shall work on to Brinsop, where Miss Hutchins that it is probable I shall not return to Rydal till

At Whitwick she seems to have kept up the p long country walks; and her brother traces to t first serious illness of his sister's life, which w that it looked as if it would be the last. Hav remarkably strong for fifty-six years, it came wit shock to herself and to all her friends. She reco and, with characteristic self-denial, concealed the illness from the household at Rydal till she well again.

Mrs. Wordsworth went to Whitwick to nurs and stayed for some time. During her absence Wordsworth wrote thus to Robinson: "Dora is keeper, and did she not hold the pen it would rupraises. Sara Coleridge, one of the loveliest creatures, is with me, so that I am an enviable per standing our domestic impoverishment. Mrs.

ere also—and if pity and compassion for others' anxieties rere a sweet sensation, I might be envied on that account leo, for I have enough of it."

As mentioned in the previous chapter, the living of Mores-7, near Whitehaven in Cumberland, had been offered to Schn Wordsworth; and it was well for his aunt that he secepted it, and transferred himself to the north. She could not have continued to live in the Midlands. Three weeks after they left Whitwick, their friend Lady Beaumont suddenly died.

Dorothy Wordsworth did not accompany her nephew to his new home. She abandoned all her Malvern and Herefordshire plans, and went to Halifax in July, on her way to Rydal. This was to break her journey, and at the same time pay a visit to an aged friend, Mrs. Rawson, with whom she had lived as a child, and who was now a widow, eighty-three years of age. Mrs. Rawson had taken charge of her, she said, "at the request of my dying mother"; and nothing but the claims of filial piety could have tempted her to linger at Halifax on her way north. There she had a renewal of her illness; but she reached Rydal in the first week of September.

At Rydal Dorothy Wordsworth settled down to the life of an almost confirmed, but still a cheerful invalid. Her letters were always—like the old age promised by her brother to the climber of Helvellyn—"serene and bright"; and, whenever the weather was tolerable, she either drove in the ponycarriage they now kept at the Mount, or went out on the terrace-walks. On the 9th of January 1830, she wrote * thus to Charles and Mary Lamb:—

" Rydal Mount, 9th Jan. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—My nephew John will set off to-morrow evening to Oxford, to take his Master of Arts degree, and

^{*} This letter is in the collection of Mr. Locker-Lampson.

there is no chance of being able to go to see you a possibility that your brother may happen to the same time. . . .

I do not ask you, Miss Lamb, to write, for I like the office; but dear Charles L., you whom almost five-and-thirty years, I trust I do not in you to let me have the eagerly desired letter at opportunity, which letter will, we hope, bring specting H. C. Robinson. We have not heard cerning him since his departure from Englar promised absolutely to write on his arrival at his intentions were fulfilled, he must have be there for many weeks. Do you see Talfour prosper in his profession? What family has But I will not particularise persons, but inclu general inquiry. . . . Tell us of all whom you k you know us also to be interested, but abov minute in what regards your own dear selves, fo persons in the world, exclusive of members of or of whom we think and talk so frequently, or wit ful remembrances. Your removal to London (thought London is scarcely London without you) vent my seeing you both in your own cottage, if I again; but at present I have no distant plans lead:

Now that Mr. Monkhouse is gone, we fen absolute home there, and should we go it will pour own way to the Continent, or to the south England. Wishes I do now and then indul revisiting Switzerland, and again crossing the strolling on to Rome. But, there is a great feelings respecting plans for the future. If we entertain them as an amusement perhaps for a but never set my heart upon anything which is

ished three months hence, and have no satisfaction whatever a schemes. When one has lived almost sixty years, one is atisfied with present enjoyment and thankful for it, without laring to count on what is to be done six months hence.

My brother and sister are both in excellent health. there is no failure except the tendency to inflammation in his eyes, which disables him from reading much, or at all by candle-light; and the use of the pen is irksome to him. ever, he has a most competent and willing amanuensis in his daughter, who takes all labour from mother's and aged aunt's His muscular powers are in no degree diminished. Indeed, I think he walks regularly more than ever, finding fresh air the best bracing to his weak eyes. He is still the crack skater on Rydal Lake, and, as to climbing of mountains, the hardiest and the youngest are yet hardly a match for him. In composition I can perceive no failure, and his imagination seems as vigorous as in youth; yet he shrinks from his great work, and both during the last and present winter has been employed in writing small poems. Do not suppose, my dear friend, that I write this boastingly. Far from it. thankfulness for present blessings, yet always with the sense of the possibility that all will have a sudden check; and, if not so, the certainty that in the course of man's life, but a few years of vigorous health and strength can be allotted to him. for this reason, my sister and I take every opportunity of pressing upon him the necessity of applying to his great work, and this he feels, resolves to do it, and again resolution fails. And now I almost fear habitually that it will be ever so.

I have told you she is well—and indeed I think her much stronger than a few years ago—and (now that I am for the whole of this winter set aside as a walker) she takes my place, and will return from an eight miles' walk with my brother unfatigued. Miss Hutchinson, and her sister, Joanna, are both with us. Miss H. is perfectly well, and Joanna very

happy, though she may be always considered an invalid. He home is in the Isle of Man, and, with the first mild breezes of spring, she intends returning thither, with her sailor brothe Henry-they two (toddling down the hill) together. an example for us all. With the better half of her property she purchased Columbian bonds, at above 70, gets no interes will not sell, consequently the cheapness of the little isl tempted her thither on a visit, and she finds the air so suitabl for her health, and everything else so much to her mind, that she will, in spite of our unwillingness to part with her, mak it her home. As to her lost property, she never regrets i She has so reduced her wants that she declares she is no richer than she ever was in her life, and so she is. . . . believe you never saw Joanna, and it is a pity; for you woul have loved her very much. She possesses all the goo qualities of the Hutchinsons. My niece Dora is very activ and her father's helper at all times; and in domestic concern she takes all the trouble from her mother and me. . . . "

In April 1830, she wrote to Crabb Robinson: "Since the trees began to bud, I have extended my walks a little further and do indeed feel myself equal to much more than I venture to attempt. In compliance with the judgment and advice those who, I suppose, are much better judges of what is sathan I am myself, I shall continue to use similar caution during the whole of next summer and the following winter, if I lisso long; and after that time I hope I may be safely trusted my own feelings as a guide in ascertaining the measure of m strength. In the meantime it is certainly my duty to subme to be guided by those who have already suffered so much anxiety on my account, and there is no hardship in it, for the different mode of life has no effect whatever upon my spirit and certainly it has agreed with my health; for, as I told you I am, and have been since January, perfectly well. It was

ad illness I had at Whitwick, and again I was very ill at Islifax, whence I came to Rydal the first week of September, and since have not slept one night from home. My brother has enjoyed his accustomed good health, and, though he passed his sixtieth birthday on the 7th of this month, is really as estive—in as good walking plight—as when we crossed the Alps in 1820. My sister too retains her strength and activity wonderfully, though with some drawbacks from rheumatism and a weak arm that was sprained above twenty years ago. Dora longs to go to Rome: the father would dearly like it; the mother would fall into any plans that could reasonably be formed for such a purpose; and, as for me, I think I should lack none of the zeal which would have accompanied me thither twenty years ago. But we say not much about it. We are past the scheming age (except Dora), and there seem to be so many obstacles, that I cannot think we shall ever accomplish a journey of such magnitude; and, indeed, whenever I venture upon a wish it carries me no further than dear Switzerland. But who knows what circumstances may do for us... My brother has laid his poetry aside for two or three months. He has enough of new matter for a small volume, which we wish him to publish; but I think he will not, he so dislikes publishing. A new edition of his poems will soon be He has lately been busied, day after day, out of doors, among workmen who are making us another new and most delightful terrace.

On June 15, 1830, Wordsworth wrote to Rowan Hamilton at Dublin:—*

"... Summer is at hand, and I look forward with much pleasure to the time when you are to fulfil your promise of bringing your sister here. . . . Therefore do not fail to come,

^{*} See Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, vol i. pp. 377-8.

and I will show you a thousand beauties, and we will tall over a hundred interesting things. . . .

Is Mr. Edgeworth gone to Italy? About the same time that brought your papers, there were now lying in my desk a couple of pages of two several letters which I have begun to him, and in both of which I was interrupted, and so they never came to a conclusion. If you are in correspondence with him, pray, in mercy to me, tell him so; and if you come soon, I will write to him with a hope that you will add some thing to my letter, to make it acceptable. I know not whethe you can sympathise with me when I say that it is a most painful effort of resolution to return to an unfinished letter which may have been commenced with warmth and spirit There seems a strange and disheartening gap between the two periods; and if the handwriting be bad, as mine always is how ugly does the sheet look!"

Mr. Graves says :-*

"With his friend Wordsworth, his correspondence was carried on with animation and increase of mutual confidence and affection. Hamilton's letters contain characteristic passage on the subject which moved him so much, his own relation to poetry and science, and upon contemplation and action and the letters of Wordsworth exhibit a pleasant freedom o style, approaching playfulness, which is not usual with him and which may be taken as a proof of his special liking for his correspondent. . . ."

In the month of July, Hamilton and his sister made their promised visit to Rydal, of which Mr. Graves says:—†

"His summer visit to Wordsworth occupied about three weeks from the end of July. From Rydal, Hamilton was taken

Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, vol. i. pp. 367-8. + Ibid. vol. i. p. 368.

Wordsworth to Lowther Castle, the surroundings of which as aw under the guidance of Lady Lonsdale and Lady rederick Bentinck, with the latter of whom he subsequently received by Southey on his plant journey northwards; and from Whitehaven, whence embarked for Dublin on the 20th of August, he sent to redsworth some farewell verses, recording the feelings which his visit had excited."

On the 9th September 1830, Wordsworth wrote to Hamilton:—*

the present season. Professor Wilson invited thirty persons to line with him the other day, though he had neither provisions nor cook. I have no doubt, however, that all passed off well; for contributions of eatables came from one neighbouring house, to my knowledge, and good spirits, good humour, and good conversation would make up for many deficiencies. In another house, a cottage about a couple of miles from the Professor's, were fifty guests—how lodged I leave you to guess—only we were told the overflow, after all possible cramming, was received in the offices, farm-houses, etc., adjoining. All this looks more like what one has been told of Irish hospitality than aught that the formal English are up to."

Again he wrote to Hamilton from Lowther Castle, September 26, 1830:—†

"... Did I tell you that Professor Wilson with his two sons and daughter have been, and probably still are, at Elleray? He heads the gaieties of the neighbourhood, and has presided as steward at two regattas. Do these employments come under Jour notions of action as opposed to contemplation? Why

^{*} Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, vol. i. pp. 393-4.

[†] Ibid. vol. i. pp. 396, 397.

should they not? Whatever the high moralists may say, to political economists will, I conclude, approve them as setting capital affoat, and giving an impulse to manufacture as handicrafts—not to speak of the improvement which make come thence to navigation and nautical science. . . .

There is another acquaintance of mine also recently gone a person for whom I never had any love, but with whom had for a short time a good deal of intimacy—I mean Hazli whose death you may have seen announced in the papers. I was a man of extraordinary acuteness, but perverse as Lo Byron himself, whose *Life* by Galt I have been skimming sin I came here."

During 1830 Wordsworth did not leave Rydal for an length of time; but late in the year he undertook—"a greefeat for me," he calls it—to ride his daughter's pony all the way from Westmoreland to Cambridge, that she might be also to use it, when subsequently visiting her uncle, the Master Trinity. He went by Matlock, and turned aside to a Chatsworth, and on his way thence to Derby composed he sonnet on Chatsworth. He went from Derby to Coleonton now to him a place of sad recollections. There, in the ground around the hall, he began his Elegiac Musings, in memory the late Sir George Beaumont; and on his way thence to Cambridge on horseback he finished them, during a terrib storm of wind and rain.

The following letter* to Rowan Hamilton gives minudetails of this journey from Westmoreland to Cambridge:—

"Trinity Lodge, Cambridge, November 26, 1830.

I reached this place nine days ago. . . . On the 5th November, I was a solitary equestrian entering the romant little town of Ashford-in-the-Waters, on the edge of the solution of the edge of the ed

^{*} Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, vol. i. pp. 401-3.

wilds of Derbyshire, at the close of the day, when guns were beginning to be let off and squibs to be fired on every side, so that I thought it prudent to dismount and lead my horse through the place, and so on to Bakewell, two miles further. You must know how I happened to be riding through these It was my wish that Dora should have the wild regions. benefit of her pony while at Cambridge, and, very valiantly and economically, I determined, unused as I am to horsemanship, to ride the creature myself. I sent James with it to Lancaster; there mounted, stopped a day at Manchester, a week at Coleorton, and so reached the end of my journey safe and soundnot, however, without encountering two days of tempestuous Thirty-seven miles did I ride in one day through the worst of these storms, and what was my resource? Guess again-writing verses-to the memory of my departed friend Sir George Beaumont, whose house I had left the day before. While buffeting the other storm I composed a sonnet on the splendid domain of Chatsworth, which I had seen in the morning, as contrasted with the secluded habitations of the narrow dells in the Peak; and, as I passed through the tame and manufacture-disfigured country of Lancashire, I was reminded, by the faded leaves, of Spring, and threw off a few stanzas of an ode to May. But too much of self and my own performances upon my steed, a descendant no doubt of Pegasus, though her owner and present rider knew nothing of it.

Now for a word about Professor Airy: I have seen him twice, but I did not communicate your message; it was at dinner and at an evening party, and I thought it best not to speak of it till I saw him, which I mean to do, upon a morning call. There is a great deal of intellectual activity within the walls of this College, and in the University at large; but conversation turns mainly upon the state of the country and the late change in the administration. The fires have extended to within eight miles of this place, from which I saw one of the worst, if not

absolutely the worst, indicated by a redness in the sky, a few nights ago. . . . There is an interesting person in this University for a day or two, whom I have not yet seen, Kenelm Digby, author of The Broadstone of Honour, a book of chivalry, which I think was put into your hands at Rydal Mount. We have also a respectable show of blossom in poetry—two brothers of the name of Tennyson, one in particular not a little promising. . . . My daughter has resumed her German labours, and is not easily drawn from what she takes to. . . . She owes a long letter to her brother in Germany, who, by the by, tells us that he will not cease to look out for the book of Kant you wished for."

After leaving the Lodge at Trinity College, Cambridge, Wordsworth paid some other visits before returning to the north. He went to London, and saw Coleridge, of whom he sent some interesting particulars to Hamilton. From Buxted Rectory, near Uckfield, Sussex, he wrote to Hamilton:—*

" 24th January 1831.

In the Quarterly Review lately was an article—a very foolish one, I think—upon the decay of science in England, and ascribing it to the want of patronage from the Government: a poor compliment this to science! Her hill, it seems, in the opinion of the writer, cannot be ascended unless the pilgrim be 'stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,' and have his pockets laden with cash; besides, a man of science must be a Minister of State or a Privy Councillor, or at least a public functionary of importance. Mr. Whewell, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has corrected the misstatements of the reviewer in an article printed in the British Critic of January last, and

licated his scientific countrymen. . . .

interested about Mr. Coleridge; I saw him several

^{*} See his Life, vol. i. pp. 424-5.

times lately, and had long conversations with him. It grieves me to say that his constitution seems much broken up. I have heard that he has been worse since I saw him. His mind has lost none of its vigour, but he is certainly in that state of bodily health that no one who knows him could feel justified in holding out the hope of even an introduction to him as an inducement for your visiting London. Much do I regret this, for you may pass you life without meeting a man of such commanding faculties. I hope that my criticisms have not deterred your sister from poetical composition. The world has indeed had enough of it lately, such as it is; but that is no reason why a sensibility like hers should not give vent to itself in verse."

An extract from a letter of Wordsworth's, in criticism of Lady Winchelsea's poems, written about this time to his friend Alexander Dyce, the editor of Shakespeare, may follow this:—

"Lady Winchelsea was unfortunate in her models—Pindarics and Fables,—nor does it appear from her Aristomenes that she would have been more successful than her contemporaries if she had cultivated Tragedy. She had sensibility sufficient for the tender parts of dramatic writing, but in the stormy and tumultuous she would probably have failed altogether. She seems to have made it a moral and religious duty to control her feelings, lest they should mislead her.

Of Love as a passion she is afraid, no doubt from conscious inability to soften it down into friendship. I have often applied two lines of her drama (page 318) to her affections:—

Love's soft bands,

His gentle cords of hyacinths and roses,

Wove in the dewy spring when storms are silent.

By the by, in the next page are two impassioned lines, spoken to a person fainting:—

Thus let me hug and press thee into life, And lend thee motion from my beating heart. From the style and versification of this, so much her longest work, I conjecture that Lady W. had but a slender acquaint-ance with the drama of the earlier part of the preceding century. Yet her style in rhyme is often admirable, chaste, tender, and vigorous; and entirely free from sparkle, antithesis, and that over-culture which reminds one by its broad glare, its stiffness and heaviness, of the double daisies of the garden, compared with their modest and sensitive kindred of the fields. Perhaps I am mistaken, but I think there is a good deal of resemblance in her style and versification to that of Tickell, to whom Dr. Johnson justly assigns a high place among the minor poets, and of whom Goldsmith observes, that there is a strain of ballad-thinking through all his poetry, and it is very attractive."*

Wordsworth was frequently asked—as most poets are—to write verses on a given subject. Crabb Robinson asked him to write some lines addressed to a Ruin! He was often asked for inscriptions. He refers to one of these requests in the following letter to Joseph Cottle at Bristol:—

" Rydal Mount, near Kendal, 27th January 1829.

My DEAR SIR,— . . . Your letter contained a request that I would address to you some verses. I wished to meet this desire of yours, but, I know not how it is, I have ever striven in vain to write verses upon subjects either proposed or imposed. I hoped to prove more fortunate on this occasion but I have been disappointed, and therefore I beg you to excuse me. . . .

I was once a whole twelvemenths occasionally employed in an endeavour to write an inscription upon a suggested subject—though it was to please one of my most valued friends. . . . "

This letter is in the Dyce Collection, at the South Kensington Museum,

Writing to Rowan Hamilton from Rydal Mount, on June 13, 1831, Wordsworth gave some particulars of his return from London.

"... I saw little or nothing of Cambridge on my return, which was upon the eve of the election; but I found that the mathematicians of Trinity—Peacock, Airy, Whewell—were taking what I thought the wrong side; so was that able man, the geological professor, Sedgwick. But 'what matter?' was said to me by a lady; 'these people know nothing but about stars and stones;' which is true, I own, of some of them. . . .

I have scarcely written a hundred verses during the last twelve months; a sonnet, however, composed the day before yesterday,† shall be transcribed upon this sheet, by way of making my part of it better worth postage. It was written at the request of the painter, Haydon, and to benefit him, i.e., as he thought. But it is no more than my sincere opinion of his excellent picture. . . .

A selection from my poems has just been edited by Dr. Hine, for the benefit chiefly of schools and young persons.

. . . 1500 copies have been struck off. . . . "

Dorothy Wordsworth added an interesting postscript to this letter:—

"As you, my dear friends, Mr. and Miss Hamilton, may have discovered by the slight improvement in legibility of penmanship, other hands have been employed to finish this letter, which has been on the stocks half as long as a man-of-war....

This very moment a letter arrives—very complimentary—from the Master of St. John's College, Cambridge (the place of my brother William's education), requesting him to sit for his portrait to some eminent artist, as he expresses it, 'to be placed in the old House among their Worthies.' He writes in

^{*} Life, vol. i. pp. 428-9.

[†] The sonnet beginning-" Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill."

his own name, and that of several of the Fellov my brother consents; but the difficulty is to fi: There never yet has been a good portrait of my sketch by Haydon, as you may remember, is a but what a likeness! All that there is of likenme the more disagreeable."

Haydon's picture of Napoleon Buonaparte, in St. Helena, was exhibited in London in April 1: asked Wordsworth to write a sonnet on it, return to Rydal, he did, and sent it to his arti in June, with the following letter:—*

"MY DEAR HAYDON,—I send you the sonn have your 'Kingdom' for it. What I send yo but piping-hot from the brain, whence it camadjoining my garden not ten minutes ago, and more than twice as long in coming. You know admired your picture both for the execution an tion. The latter is first-rate, and I could dwell long time in prose, without disparagement to the I admired also, having to it no objection but the They are too spruce, and remind one of the parawearer seems to have just left.

One of the best caricatures I have lately so Brougham, a single figure upon one knee, stret arms by the sea-shore towards the rising-sun Fourth), which, as in duty bound, he is worship! think your excellent picture degraded, if I rer force of the same principle, simplicity, is seen in composition, as in your work,—with infinitely doubt, from the inferiority of style and subject;

^{*} Life of B. R. Haydon, vol. ii. pp. 306-7.

leasing to note the undercurrents of affinity in opposite

I think of Napoleon pretty much as you do, but with more falike, probably because my thoughts have turned less upon he flesh-and-blood man than yours, and therefore have been more at liberty to dwell with unqualified scorn upon his various liberticide projects, and the miserable selfishness of his wirit. Few men of any time have been at the head of greater events, yet they seem to have had no power to create in him the hast tendency towards magnanimity. How, then, with this impression, can I help despising him? So much for the idol of thousands. As to the Reformers, the folly of the ministerial leaders is only to be surpassed by the wickedness of those who will speedily supplant them. God of Mercy, have mercy upon poor England! To think of this glorious country lacqueying the heels of France in religion (that is no religion), in morals, government, and social order! It cannot come to good, at least for the present generation. They have begun it in shame, and it will lead them to misery. God bless you.—Yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

You are at liberty to print the sonnet with my name, when and where you think proper. If it does you the least service, the end for which it is written will be answered. Call at Moxon's, Bond Street, and let him give you from me, for your children, a copy of the Selections he has just published from my poems."

Ayear before this time, on the 2d of June 1830, Wordsworth wrote to Edward Moxon, London, congratulating him on beginning business as a publisher for himself, and hoping to be able to help him at Cambridge.

"As to publishing anything myself, I am not prepared for it, but I believe the edition of my poems of '27 is now low; vol. III.

and, in consequence of an urgent application, I have entertained some thoughts of republishing, when this edition is all sold, in a cheap form—something under a pound, instead of 45s., the present price. I should like to know from experienced persons whether such a mode of publication would be likely to repay me. Perhaps you may be able to throw some light on the subject. . . .—Very sincerely yours,

W. WORDSWORTH."

Next year—on the 9th of June 1831—he wrote to Moxon from Rydal, giving him a list of errata, apparently for the volume of Selections from his poems, which had been made by Mr. Hine.

"As to improving the selection in another edition, I am very sceptical about that. You would find no two persons agreeing upon what was best; and upon the whole, tell Mr. H. . . that I think he has succeeded full as well, if not better, than most other persons would have done. . . . " He adds: "Mr. Leigh Hunt is a coxcomb, was a coxcomb, and ever will be a coxcomb.—I am, faithfully yours, W. Wordsworth."

In the following month he wrote to Moxon from Rydal—July 21, 1831:—

"My DEAR SIR,— . . . I have an aversion little less than insurmountable to having anything to do with periodicals. . . If I could bring myself, out of personal kindness for any editor or proprietor of a periodical, to contribute, it would be to the channel of Alaric Watts, who has a sort of claim upon me, for literary civilities, and intended services, some time ago. . . .

And now may I take the liberty of expressing my regret that you should have been tempted into this experiment at all?... It strikes me that there is something like attempting to take the public by storm in putting forth your personal friends in the way you propose to do. The public is apt to revolt at any such step. . . ."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FOURTH VISIT TO SCOTLAND-SIR WALTER SCOTT-1831.

THOUGH belonging to the previous year, I have reserved for this chapter some correspondence between Sir Walter Scott and Wordsworth, as it forms a fitting preface to the visit of the latter to Abbotsford in 1831:—

" Rydal Mount, June 7th [1830].

My DEAR SIR WALTER,—Being upon a visit lately to Workington Hall, I there met with the elder brother by the father's side of Mr. Curwen, of that place-Mr. Christian of Unerigg, in Cumberland, and deemster of the Isle of Man. He asked if I was acquainted with you. I replied that I had for thirty years, nearly, had that honour, and spoke of you with that warmth I am accustomed to feel upon such an occasion. He then told me that Professor Wilson, at his request, had some time ago undertaken to write to you upon a point in which innocently you had been the cause of a good deal of uneasiness to him. You will guess, perhaps, that he alluded to the novel Peveril of the Peak. So it was. The conduct and character of his ancestor, Christian, had there been represented, he said, in colours which were utterly at variance with the truth, and threw unmerited discredit upon his family. He said that the great historic families of the country were open to the fictions of men of genius, the facts being known to all persons of education; but in the case of a private family like his, it was very different-a false impression was easily made, and could not be obviated or corrected in the present instance, except by an acknowledgment from the author himself. . . . He was prepared, he said, to furnish you, if you wished it, with documents unquestionably proving that Christian was entitled to, and possessed the gratitude of, the *Isle-of-Manners* of his own and subsequent times, and that he was idolised in the country as a martyr, I suppose in a good cause. I replied that no one, I was sure, had a greater respect for ancestry than yourself, and that I could not think you would regard me as an unwarrantable intruder if I repeated his wish that some notice should be found in the following edition, by which the reader might be set right as to the real character of the person who came to so melancholy an end. . . . —My dear Scott, everlastingly yours,

To this letter Scott replied in a letter addressed to Wordsworth at "Mount Rydal," and dated from Edinburgh, 2d July 1830:—

"Dearest Wordsworth,—I would instantly have answered your kind letter as soon as received, but I have been obliged to go, as we express it, over the water—that is, to cross the Forth, to look after some property of Walter's. His predecessors had done a thing not easily repaired, and drained a mire of about a hundred acres, leaving the ancient castle of a certain Baron de Lochore 'beggared and outraged.' It would, however, I fear, be outraging the character of antiquary to restore this noble grange, by flooding about £200 a year of property; besides that, I suspect the present proprietor would be more curious about a modern pit, or ravelin, than the venerable towers of the said knight of old; so I shall leave them to their fate, rejoicing that we have no concern in the sacrilege.

I do not the less sympathise with Mr. Christian that I think the cause of his grief or displeasure is a little fantastic;

for, after all, his namesake is an imaginary character in an imaginary story; and I will take pains to be as explicit as I possibly can in the new edition upon this point, and with the courtesy of Bellini's Lion, that my rogue has no reference to any person that actually existed. I had copies many years since of all the papers referring to Mr. Christian's execution, and it struck me as one of those ambiguous events happening during the time of deadly feud, to which the passions and prejudice of both parties at the time threw a light so various and so doubtful, as [to] render it something difficult for posterity to find a fair estimate of it. I would be most happy to receive and avail myself in this edition of any communications which Mr. Christian may be disposed to honour me with. If I had known the unfortunate Mr. Christian had a direct descendant alive I would probably have given the story a different turn. But the name is little known on our northern side of the Border, as is intimated by an old story. A poor woman coming into Moffat, a country village, late in a winter night, knocked at several doors for quarters, which the inhabitants rudely refused. At last she exclaimed aloud, 'Good Heaven! are there no Christians in this place?' A window then flew open, and a person, thinking she inquired after some one of that name, replied, 'Na, na, woman, we're nae Christians here; we are all Johnstones and Jardines'-against which surnames the story is often told as a joke. . . .

And now, my dear Wordsworth, don't you remember something of a promise broken, and propose to repair it next year? I hope you mean to visit Abbotsford, and bring with you as many of your family as you possibly can. You will find me in my glory; as I hope, for a short time at least, to have all my children with me; and the Lockharts have taken up their residence at a little cottage of mine in the vicinity, called Chiefswood, which is a very sweet little retreat. So pray come, and make good your old promise. Bring as many of

your family as you can. Mrs. Wordsworth and Miss Wordsworth will, I hope, think themselves at home, as well as my early acquaintance, Miss Dorothea. Pray think of this soon, and assure yourself nothing can be more agreeable; and we have plenty of room, besides flocks and barns.

There is a new reign, which may bring hope to many, but to me only the sad recollection that the late King was very kind and civil to me.—Believe me always, yours affectionately,

WALTER SCOTT."

To this letter Wordsworth replied as follows:-

"Rydal Mount—sometimes called Idle Mount, and in your address of June last mis-named Mount Rydal,—20th July [1831].

I feel truly obliged, dear Sir Walter, by your attention to Mr. Christian's wishes. He is perfectly satisfied. When I mentioned the matter to you I had not the least suspicion of an event being in progress which has already connected me with the family of Christian by a tie much stronger than that of common acquaintance. My eldest son has been accepted by Miss Curwen, with the entire approbation of her parents, as her future husband, and they are soon to be married. She is now upon a visit to us, and we are quite charmed with her amiable disposition, her gentleness, her delicacy, her modesty, her sound sense, and right notions; so that my son has a prospect before him as bright as man can wish for."

Before starting for Scotland Wordsworth wrote to John Kenyon from Rydal on September 9th:—

"The summer that is over has been with us as well as with you a brilliant one, for sunshine and fair calm weather—brilliant also for its unexampled gaiety in regattas, balls, os, by the lake-side, on the islands, and on the freworks by night, dancing on the green-

sward by day-in short, a fever of pleasure from morn to dewy eve-from dewy eve till break of day. Our youths and maidens, like Chaucer's Squire, 'have slept no more than doth the nightingale,' and our old men have looked as bright as Tithonus when his withered cheek reflected the blushes of Aurora upon the first declaration of her passion for him. In the room where I am now dictating, we had, three days ago a dance-forty beaus and belles, besides matrons, ancient spinsters and greybeards-and to-morrow in this same room we are to muster for a venison feast. Why are you not here either to enjoy, or to philosophise upon this dissipation? Our party to-morrow is not so large but that we could find room for you and Mrs. Kenyon. The disturbed state of the Continent is no doubt the reason why, in spite of the Reform Bill, such multitudes of pleasure-hunters have found their way this summer to the Lakes.

After so much levity, Mary shall transcribe for you a serious stanza or two, intended for an inscription in a part of the grounds of Rydal Mount with which you are not acquainted—a field adjoining our garden which I purchased two or three years ago.

Under the shade of some pollard oaks, and on a green terrace in that field, we have lived no small part of the long bright days of the summer gone by; and in a hazel nook of this favourite piece of ground, is a Stone, for which I wrote one day the following serious Inscription. You will forgive its egotism.

In these fair Vales, hath many a Tree
At Wordsworth's suit been spared,
And from the Builder's hand this Stone
For some rude beauty of its own,
Was rescued by the Bard;
Long may it rest in peace, & here
Perchance the tender-hearted
Will heave a gentle sigh for him
As One of the Departed."

In the autumn of 1831, Wordsworth started on his fourth Scottish Tour, accompanied this time by his daughter Dora. His memorial of this tour was a series of poems, published in 1835, and entitled Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems. His aim, however, was mainly to see Sir Walter Scott before his departure for Italy.

On his way to Abbotsford, Wordsworth was detained in Carlisle for a day or two, and his daughter Dora wrote thus for her father to Sir Walter:—

" Carlisle, Sept. 16.

My DEAR SIR WALTER,—' There's a man wi' a veil, and a lass drivin',' exclaimed a little urchin, as we entered Merrie Carlisle a couple of hours ago, on our way to Abbotsford. . . .

A nephew of mine,* a student of Christchurch—and I may add, a distinguished one—to whom I could not but allow the pleasure of accompanying us, has taken the Newcastle road into Scotland, hoping to join me at Abbotsford. If he should arrive before us, let him be no restraint upon you whatever. Let him loose in your library, or on the Tweed with his fishing-rod, or in the stubble with his gun (he is but a novice of a shot, by-the-bye), and he will be no trouble to any part of your family.—I am, very affectionately yours, W. W."

They arrived at Abbotsford on the 21st September. Wordsworth gives a very interesting, though sad and touching, account of the visit in the note dictated to Miss Fenwick. Sir Walter, his son Major Scott, and Anne his daughter, the Lockharts, Allan the artist, and Laidlaw, Scott's friend, were at Abbotsford with some others—one of Burns's sons having just left. Songs were sung in the evening, and old ballads chaunted to the playing of the harp, while humorous stories were told, and acted merrily; and Sir Walter—though much changed from the bright hopeful man he was when, with

^{*} Afterwards Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews.

Wordsworth at Patterdale a few years before, he said he "meant to live till he was eighty, and to write as long as he lived"—was as full of enjoyment as was possible. Next day he accompanied the Wordsworths to some of his favourite haunts, including Newark Castle in Yarrow. Wordsworth says:—"On our return in the afternoon we had to cross the Tweed directly opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of our carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream that there flows somewhat rapidly; a rich but sad light, of rather a purple than a golden hue, was spread over the Eildon Hills at that moment; and, thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the sonnet beginning,

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain.

At noon on Thursday we left Abbotsford; and in the morning of that day Sir Walter and I had a serious conversation tete-àtete, when he spoke with gratitude of the happy life which, upon the whole, he had led. He had written in my daughter's album, before he came into the breakfast-room that morning, a few stanzas addressed to her; and while putting the book into her hand in his own study, standing by his desk, he said to her in my presence, 'I should not have done anything of this kind but for your father's sake; they are probably the last verses I shall ever write.' They show how much his mind was impaired, not by the strain of thought, but by the excitation; some of the lines being imperfect, and one stanza wanting corresponding rhymes. One letter, the initial S, had been omitted in the spelling of his own name. They are as follows:--

'Tis well the gifted eye which saw
The first light sparks of fancy burn,
Should mark its latest flash with awe
Low gleaming from its funeral urn.

And thou may'st mark the hint, fair maid— How vain is worldly esteem, Good fortune turns—affections fade— And fancy is an idle dream.

Yet not on this poor frame alone,
My palsied hand, and deafened ear,
But on my countrie's fate . . .
The bolts of fate seemed doomed to spend.

The storm might whistle round my head,
I would not deprecate the ill,
So I might say when all was sped—
My country, be thou glorious still.

W. Cott."

The reference in the Abbotsford sonnet to "the might of the whole world's good wishes," and the lines—

> Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows, Follow this wondrous Potentate,

—are a sufficient commentary on Lamb's remark that true poets know no jealousies, and counterbalance anything that Wordsworth incidentally, and (when in a critical mood) justly, said of the poems of the greatest of all modern novelists.

In his Autobiography Henry Taylor* refers, in a specially interesting way, to this visit of Wordsworth to Scott, and to both of the poets:—

"In the autumn of 1831 I paid a visit to the Lakes, and after passing some time in the society of Southey and Wordsworth, it occurred to me that I ought to make an effort to see Walter Scott, whose health had been broken by more than one shock of paralysis, and who might not be much longer to be seen in this world. . . . I was much and mournfully impressed with his manner and appearance. There was a homely dignity, and a sad composure in them, which perhaps belonged to his state of health, and to a consciousness that his end was not

^{*} Vol. i. pp. 178-82.

far off; and along with these there was the simplicity and singleness he must have had from nature. . . .

I had brought him word that Wordsworth intended to pay him a visit later in the autumn. He answered, 'Wordsworth must come soon, or he will not find me here.' I understood this as said in contemplation of his approaching death; but perhaps it had reference only to his intended departure for Naples, whither he went not long after to escape the English winter. Wordsworth paid him the proposed visit, and of that came the sonnet written on the occasion of his departure. It is a sonnet which I often repeat to myself. . . .

Wordsworth and Scott dwelt in regions as far apart as it was possible for men to occupy who each covered so large a space. Neither, I should think, could appreciate the other in full measure; but Scott would perhaps go nearer to a full appreciation of Wordsworth, than Wordsworth of Scott;* and I value the more on this account the feeling expressed in this grand valedictory sonnet.

They were as little alike in their aspect as in their genius. The only thing common to both countenances was that neither expressed a limitation. You might not have divined from either frontispiece the treasures of the volume,—it was not likely that you should;—but when you knew that there they were, there was nothing but what harmonized with your knowledge. Both were the faces of considerable men. Scott's had a character of rusticity. Wordsworth's was a face which did not assign itself to any class. It was a hardy, weather-beaten old face, which might have belonged to a nobleman, a yeoman, a mariner, or a philosopher; for there was so much of a man that you lost sight of superadded distinctions. For my own part I should not, judging by his face, have guessed him to

^{*} Haydon once said, 'Scott's success would have made Wordsworth insufferable, while Wordsworth's failure would not have rendered Scott a whit less delightful.' (See Life of B. R. Haydon, vol. ii. p. 12.)

be a poet. To my eyes there was more of strength than refinement in the face. But I think he took a different view of it himself. Whatever view he took, if occasion arose, he would be sure to disclose it; for his thoughts went naked. I was once discussing with him the merits of a picture of himself hanging on the wall in Lockhart's house in London. Some one had said it was like:

'Yes,' he replied, 'I cannot deny that there is a likeness; such a likeness as the artist could produce; it is like me so far as he could go in me; it is like if you suppose all the finer faculties of the mind to be withdrawn: that, I should say, is Wordsworth, a Chancellor of the Exchequer,—Wordsworth, the Speaker of the House of Commons.'

In this there was not more vanity than belongs to other men; the difference being that what there was, like everything else in him, was wholly undisguised. He naturally took an interest in his own looks, and wished to take the most favourable view of them; as most men do, though most men do not make mention of it. And there is something to be said for his view. Perhaps what was wanting was only physical refinement. It was a rough grey face, full of rifts and clefts and fissures, out of which, some one said, you might expect lichens to grow. But Miss Fenwick, who was familiar with the face in all its moods, could see through all this; and so could I too at times. The failure of the face to express all that it might have expressed was, indicated by Coleridge with characteristic subtlety and significance. He said that Chantrey's bust of Wordsworth was more like Wordsworth than Wordsworth was like himself."

Wordsworth went with his daughter from Abbotsford to Roslin, and thence to the Trossachs, where one of the finest of his later sonnets—coloured, he tells us, by the remembrance of his recent visit to Sir Walter, and his melancholy errand to Italy—was composed, thence to the West Highlands, to Glen Etive (where they spent a week), to Mull, back to Tyndrum and Killin, thence to Glencroe, Loch Lomond, Bothwell, Hamilton, etc. Rubens's picture of Daniel in the lions' den at Hamilton Palace gave rise to a sonnet, in connection with which Henry Crabb Robinson's account of the picture, in his Scottish tour of 1821, may be read with interest,

"Hamilton Palace, 29th September. . . . Rubens's picture of Daniel in the lions' den, a wonderful work. The variety of character in the lions is admirable. One fancies that one can enter into their feelings much more easily than into those of the prophet. They are respectively indignant at the power (to them unintelligible) which restrains them, or they reverence the being they dare not touch. One consoles himself by the contemplation of the last skull he picked, another is consoling himself by the hopes of his next meal. Two are debating the matter together. But the prophet, with a face like Curran's, foreshortened so as to lose its best expression, sits with all his muscles in the extreme tension of terror. He looks upward, but not with joy or hope, and seems to expect that, though not yet devoured, his fate is not the less certain. It is a painting rather to astonish than delight."

The following is one of the few letters we have from Dora Wordsworth, the poet's daughter. It was written to Miss Hamilton, Rowan Hamilton's sister, shortly after she returned with her father from their tour in Scotland:—

"RYDAL MOUNT, October 26, 1831.*

MY DEAR MISS HAMILTON.— . . . Father and I were among the Highlands when your brother's last letter arrived—a late season for touring, you may think—and so it was, but the additional beauty given to the colouring of the woods by

^{*} See the Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, vol. i. pp. 471-3.

October's workmanship,* and to the mountains by her mists and vapours and rainbows, reflected again and again both in the waters and on the clouds, more than compensated for shortened days and broken weather. Father has called Scotland the 'Land of Rainbows.' I, who had never been in Scotland, was more delighted than words can tell; but may be I am not an unprejudiced judge. I could not look at Inversnaid, 'The lake, the bay, the waterfall,' nor at that 'Wild Relique! beauteous as the chosen spot In Nysa's isle, the embellished Grot," etc., with common eyes. Almost every spot of peculiar interest was interesting to me, for my father's sake, more so even than its own. And Yarrow too, and 'Newark's towers'; and here I was introduced, not only by my father, but by Sir Walter Scott; so one cannot imagine a place seen under happier circumstances. Our main object in leaving home was a visit to Abbotsford, which had long been promised; and Sir Walter's state of health, and his great wish to see my father, determined him to undertake the journey, late in the year as it was, and bad as were his eyes. When so near Edinburgh, it was a pity to return without a peep at that fine city; and then-finding travelling agreed with his eyeswe crept on into the Highlands, and as far as Mull. Staffa was the height of my travelling ambition, but that we could not accomplish; the steamboat had ceased to ply, and it was much too late to trust our precious lives to an open boat. . . . I will only add a sonnet which was written a day or two after we left Abbotsford, which was only the day before Sir Walter was to quit it for Italy, and for his health's sake-

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,

. . . All are well, father, mother, and aunts, the first-mentioned still prophesying ruin and desolation to this hitherto flourish-

^{*} Compare the line in the sonnet on The Trossachs— October's workmanship to rival May.

ing spot of earth. The evil which he foresees from this dreadful Reform Bill quite weighs his spirit down. Our tour was a happy event, for it gave fresh impulse to his muse, and he has been able to drown his political thoughts and feelings for a time in his poetical ones. We did not see a newspaper for five weeks, and only heard by accident of the bill being kicked out—were we not to be envied? but I have got to we, and Scotland again!

of my father's, Mr. Jones, his travelling companion in the pedestrian tour over the Alps. He lives in Wales, of which country, as his name tells, he is a native. —Your affectionate friend.

DORA WORDSWORTH."

Her aunt Dorothy, writing to Crabb Robinson, December 1, 1831, said of her brother in this tour: "Such was his leaning to old pedestrian habits, that he often walked from fifteen to twenty miles in a day, following by the side of the little carriage, of which his daughter was the charioteer." *

Other letters from Wordsworth to Hamilton may follow this.

" Rydal Mount, October 27, 1831.

... In a former letter you mention Francis Edgeworth.
... He was struck with my mention of a sound in the eagle's notes much and frequently resembling the yelping and barking of a dog, and quoted a passage in Æschylus where the eagle is called the flying hound of the air; and he suggested that Æschylus might not only allude by that term to his being a bird of chase or prey, but also to this barking voice, which I do not recollect ever hearing noticed. The

^{*} A postscript to this letter says: 'Christopher Wordsworth' (her nephew, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln) 'is in Italy; Charles' (her nephew, now Bishop of St. Andrews) 'has pupils at Oxford,' one of them being W. E. Gladstone.

other day I was forcibly reminded of the circumstances under which the pair of eagles were seen that I described in the letter to Mr. Edgeworth, his brother. [It was at the promontory of Fair-head, on the coast of Antrim, and no spectacle could be grander.] At Dunolly Castle, a ruin seated at the tip of one of the horns of the bay of Oban, I saw, the other day, one of these noble creatures cooped up among the ruins, and was incited to give vent to my feelings, as you shall now see:—

Dishonoured rock and ruin! that by law,

You will naturally wish to hear something of Sir Walter Scott, and particularly of his health. I found him a good deal changed within the last three or four years, in consequence of some shocks of the apoplectic kind, but his friends say that he is very much better; and the last accounts, up to the time of his going on board, were still more favourable. I trust the world and his friends may be hopeful, with good reason, that the life and faculties of this man-who has during the last six-and-twenty years diffused more innocent pleasure than ever fell to the lot of any human being to do in his own lifetime-may be spared. Voltaire, no doubt, was full as extensively known; and filled a larger space, probably, in the eye of Europe, for he was a great theatrical writer (which Scott has not proved himself to be), and miscellaneous to that degree that there was something for all classes of readers; but the pleasure afforded by his writings-with the exception of some of his tragedies and minor poems-was not pure, and in this Scott is greatly his superior. As Dora has told your sister, Sir W. was our guide to Yarrow; the pleasure of that day induced me to add a third to the two poems upon Yarrow—Yarrow Revisited. It is in the same measure, and as much in the same spirit as matter of fact would allow. You are artist enough to know that it is next to impossible

entirely to harmonise things that rest upon their poetic credibility, and are idealised by distance of time and space, with those that rest upon the evidence of the hour, and have about them the thorny points of actual life."*

" November 22, 1831.

. . . Again and again I must repeat, that the composition of verse is infinitely more of an art than men are prepared to believe, and absolute success in it depends upon innumerable minuties, which it grieves me you should stoop to acquire a knowledge of. Milton says of pouring 'easy his unpremeditated verse.' It would be harsh, untrue, and odious to say there is anything like cant in this; but, it is not true to the letter, and tends to mislead. I could point out to you five hundred passages in Milton, upon which labour has been bestowed, and twice five hundred more to which additional labour would have been serviceable: not that I regret the absence of such labour, because no poem contains more proof to skill acquired by practice. . . .

Coleridge's most intimate friend is Mr. Green—a man of science, and a distinguished surgeon; if to him you could procure an introduction, he would let you know the state of Coleridge's health; and to Mr. Green, whom I once saw, you might use my name, with a view to further your wish, if it were at all needful.

Shakespeare's sonnets (excuse this leap) are not upon the Italian model, which Milton's are; they are merely quatrains with a couplet tacked to the end; and if they depended much on the versification, they would unavoidably be heavy.

One word upon Reform in Parliament—a subject to which somewhat reluctantly you allude. You are a Reformer! Are you an approver of the Bill as rejected by the Lords? or, to

^{*} See Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, vol. i. pp. 491-3.

[†] Than Paradise Lost, he doubtless means.

use Lord Grey's words, anything 'as efficient'? (he meansif he means anything—for producing change); then I earnestly exhort you to devote hours and hours to the study of human nature, in books, in life, and in your own mind; and beg and pray that you will mix with society, not in Ireland and Scotland only, but in England; a Fount of Destiny, which if once poisoned, away goes all hope of quiet progress in well-doing. The Constitution of England, which seems about to be destroyed, offers to my mind the sublimest contemplation which the history of society and governments have ever presented to it: and for this cause especially, that its principles have the character of preconceived ideas, archetypes of the pure intellect, while they are in fact the results of a humble-minded experience. Think about this. Apply it to what we are threatened with, and farewell."

After Hamilton had met Coleridge at Highgate, he sent the following comparison of him with Wordsworth to Mr. Aubrey de Vere:—

"Observatory, May 28, 1832.

... Coleridge is rather to be considered as a Faculty than as a Mind; and I did so consider him. I seemed rather to listen to an oracular voice, to be circumfused in a Divine $\partial \mu \phi \hat{\eta}$, than—as in the presence of Wordsworth—to hold commune with an exalted man."

The state of his sister's health was now a continual sorrow to the poet, and cast a shadow over his declining years. When he first heard of her illness at Whitwick, he wrote to Robinson:—

"I have entered my sixtieth year; strength must be failing, and snappings off (as the danger my dear sister has just

escaped lamentably proves) ought not to be long out of sight.

What a shock that was to our poor hearts! Were she to depart, the Phasis of my Moon would be robbed of light to a degree that I have not courage to think of."

In the same letter, however, the old passion for travelling asserted itself. He once said that, as Writing was Southey's ruling passion, Wandering was his. Wordsworth seems almost to have agreed with Goethe—

To make room for wandering was it, That the world was made so wide.

He says: "My sister-in-law, Joanna Hutchinson, and her brother Henry, an ex-sailor, are about to embark for Norway. Were I not tied at home, I should certainly accompany them. As far as I can look back, I discern in my mind imaginative traces of Norway. The people are said to be simple and worthy, and *Nature* is magnificent. I have heard Sir H. Davy affirm that there is nothing equal to some of the ocean inlets of that region."

A year and a half later (February 1833) he wrote to Robinson:—

"I am come to that time of life when I must be prepared to part with, or to precede, my dearest friends; and God's will be done!"

Writing to his daughter's friend, Miss Kinnaird (now Mrs. Drummond) from Rydal, on the 30th January 1833, he said of his sister: "Her state weighs incessantly upon every thought of my heart."

Dorothy Wordsworth's long illness was borne with patient resignation. In a letter to Lady Beaumont, January 1834, she said: "My prison! (if we may so call it) is one of the prettiest and most cheerful in England." She occasionally amused

herself by writing verses. One set of these, addressed in the year 1837 to Thomas Carr, her medical attendant, beginning— Five years of sickness and of pain,

she copied out, and sent to her cousin, with the following letter:-

"MY DEAR COUSIN EDWARD,—A madman might as well attempt to relate the history of his own doings, and those of his fellows in confinement, as I to tell you one hundredth part of what I have felt, suffered, and done.

Through God's mercy I am now calm and easy.

I have not seen Charles Lamb's book. His sister still survives—a solitary twig—patiently enduring the storm of life. In losing her brother she lost her all—all but the remembrance of him, which cheers her the day through.

May God bless you .- Yours ever truly,

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

Sunday, Rydal Mount, October 8th, 1837."

Added to this domestic sorrow was Wordsworth's dread of the overthrow of our national Institutions, by radical changes effected on these great inheritances in Church and State. His letters at this time are full of the subject; and in the next chapter specimens of them will be given. The one which follows, addressed to Hamilton, refers both to his sister, to Coleridge, and to Walter Savage Landor.

" Moresby, June 25, 1832.

. . . My dear sister has been languishing more than seven months in a sick-room, nor dare I or any of her friends entertain a hope that her strength will ever be restored; and the course of public affairs, as I think I told you before, threatens, in my view, destruction to the Institutions of the country; an event which, whatever may rise out of it hereafter, cannot but produce distress and misery for two or three generations at

least. In any times I am but at best a poor and unpunctual correspondent, yet I am pretty sure you would have heard from me but for this reason; therefore let the statement pass for an apology as far as you think fit. . . .

It gives me much pleasure that you and Coleridge have met, and that you were not disappointed in the conversation of a man from whose writings you had previously drawn so much delight and improvement. He and my beloved sister are the two beings to whom my intellect is most indebted, and they are now proceeding, as it were pari passu, along the path of sickness—I will not say towards the grave, but I trust towards a blessed immortality.

It was not my intention to write so seriously; my heart is full, and you must excuse it. You do not tell me how you like Cambridge as a place, nor what you thought of its buildings and other works of art. Did you not see Oxford as well? It has greatly the advantage over Cambridge in its happy intermixture of streets, churches, and collegiate buildings.

. . . A fortnight ago I came hither to my son and daughter, who are living a gentle, happy, quiet, and useful life together. My daughter Dora is also with us. . . A week ago appeared here Mr. W. S. Landor the poet, and author of the Imaginary Conversations, which probably have fallen in your way. We had never met before, though several letters had passed between us, and as I had not heard that he was in England, my gratification in seeing him was heightened by surprise. We passed a day together at the house of my friend Mr. Rawson, on the banks of Wast-Water. His conversation is lively and original, his learning great, though he will not allow it, and his laugh the heartiest I have heard for a long time. It is, I think, not much less than twenty years since he left England for France and afterwards Italy, where he hopes to end his days,-nay, has fixed near Florence upon the spot where he wishes to be buried."

An undated letter to Basil Montagu, acknowledging a volume of Selections (from whom, or of what, is not ascertained), contains the following remarks on the state of "public affairs":—

"What you Londoners may think of public affairs I know not;—but I forebode the not very distant overthrow of the Institutions under which this country has so long prospered. The Liberals of our neighbourhood tell me that the mind of the nation has outgrown its Institutions; rather say, I reply, that it has shrunk and dwindled from them, as the body of a sick man does from his clothes.

We are on fire with zeal to educate the poor, which would be all very well if that zeal did not blind us to what we stand still more in need of, an improved education of the middle and upper classes; which ought to begin in our great public schools, thence ascend to the universities (from which the first suggestion should come) and descend to the very nursery.

If the book from which your Selections are made were the favourite reading of men of rank and influence I should dread little from the discontented in any class. But what hope is there of such a rally in our debilitated intellects? The soundest hearts (with few exceptions) I meet with are Americans. They seem to have a truer sense of the benefits of our Government than we ourselves have. Farewell, with many thanks.—Yours faithfully,

W. W."

In connection with this letter to Montagu, a sentence of Southey's to Henry Taylor on the 16th July 1831 may be quoted. He was writing of the political state of the country, and said, "I saw Wordsworth last week. He is more desponding than I; and perhaps I despond less than I should, if I saw more clearly before me." *

^{*} See Southey's Life and Correspondence, vol. vi. p. 155.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CORRESPONDENCE—LITERARY CRITICISM—FIFTH AND LAST TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1832-1834.

Wordsworth's letter to Rowan Hamilton, November 22, 1831,* states his opinion as to the Reform Bill, and its relation to the English Constitution. But his correspondence with others on this subject—notably with Lord Lonsdale—has more than a passing interest. Although the controversy has long since closed, these letters of Wordsworth deal with principles underlying political controversy, which have a perennial value, while our Parliamentary debates, like "our little systems," "have their day, and cease to be."

The following are extracts from a letter to Lord Lonsdale, dated Rydal Mount, Feb. 17th, 1832:—

"As you have done me the honour of asking my opinion on Lord H.'s† lettter, I will give it without reserve. . . . The facts upon which Lord H.'s proposal of compromise is grounded are an increased majority in the Commons in favour of the Bill, and a belief that the Ministers have carte blanche for creating Peers to carry it. . . . Is it not in the power of any councillors having access to the King to convince him not only of the ruinous tendency of such a step, but to make him feel, as a point of duty, that whatever power the forms of law may give him to create Peers for setting aside their deliberate resolve, the spirit of the Constitution allows him no right

^{*} See page 209.

to do so? for the application of such power to particular emergencies is subversive of the principle for which the Peers mainly exist. Again, the Ministers opened the question of Reform with a most solemn declaration that it was a measure indispensable for the preservation of the Constitution, and adopted in order to preserve it. Yet for the sake of carrying their Bill they are prepared to destroy a vital organ of that Constitution. A virtual destruction it certainly would be; for it would convert the House of Lords into a mere slave of any succeeding Ministry; which, should it not bend to threats, would immediately create new votes to counterbalance the Opposition. Cannot, then, Lord Grey and his coadjutors be brought, by a respect for reason, or by a sense of shame from being involved in such a contradiction and absurdity, to desist from that course? . . .

As to the alternative of compromise, I agree with Mr. Southey in thinking that little is to be gained by it but time for profiting by contingencies. Would the House of Lords be sure of making such alterations in their Committee as would render the Bill much less mischievous? or, if they should, would the Lower House pass the Bill so amended? The manner in which the Committee of the Commons dealt with it is far from encouraging. . . . Suppose, however, the Bill to be much improved in passing through the Committee of the Lords, and accepted by the Commons, how do we stand then? We have a House of Lords, not overwhelmed, indeed, by new members, but in spirit broken and brought down upon its The Bill is passed, and Parliament, I presume, speedily dissolved; for the agitators of the political unions would clamour for this, which neither the present, nor any Ministry likely to succeed them, would resist: even did they think it right to do so. Then comes a new House of Commons, to what degree Radical, under the best possible modification of the present Bill, one fears to think of. It proposes measures

which the House of Lords would resist as revolutionary, but dares not—for fear of being served in the way that was threatened to secure the passing of the Reform Bill; and so we hasten step by step to the destruction of that Constitution in form, the spirit of which had been destroyed before. . . .

If a new Reform Bill cannot be brought forward and carried by a strong appeal to the sense, and not to the passions, of the country, I think there is no rational ground for hope. And here one is reminded of the folly and the rashness, not to touch upon the injustice, of creating such a gap in the old constituency, as it is scarcely possible to fill up without endangering the existence of the State. Nevertheless, I cannot but think that the country might still be preserved from revolution by a more sane Ministry, which would undertake the question of Reform with prudence and sincerity; combining with that measure wiser views in finance. . . .

It has ever been the habit of my mind to trust that expediency will come out of fidelity to principles, rather than to seek my principle of action in calculations of expediency. . . ."

A week later—February 24th—Wordsworth wrote a very long letter to the same friend, of which the following is part:—

" Rydal Mount, Feb. 24th, 1832.

My Lord,— . . . The Ministers have declared over and over that they will not abate a jot of the principle of the Bill. Through the whole of the debates in both Houses, but particularly in the Commons, there has been a confusion between principle and the rules and measures of applying principle. The main or fundamental principle of this Bill is an assumed necessity for an increase of democratic power in the Legislature; accordingly, the Ministers have resolved upon a sweeping destruction. This, which may be called a rule, or subsidiary principle, has been applied to the existing constituency in its

three great branches—the Burgage Tenures, the Freemen, and the Freeholders. What havoc has been made in the first we all know. The second, the Freemen, were destroyed, and are restored. Upon the third I cannot speak with the precision which I could wish, not distinctly recollecting the manner in which the votes of a portion of this body are to be affected by the franchise conferred upon them as £10 voters in towns, or retained as Freemen. None of this class of voters have been deprived of their right of voting without an equivalent; so that the change which time has effected in making, by the reduction in value of money, the body of Freeholders so democratic, is left in its full force, and made more dangerous by new circumstances. Now, is it to be expected that the Lords in Committee could succeed in a scheme for a less sweeping and less unjust destruction of the old constituency? Lord H. himself does not seem to expect it.

The only source, then, to which we can look for any improvement must be in supplying the gap in a less objectionable way. Numbers and property are the principles here. In order to foresee how the Ministry are likely to act, we must inquire how their power is composed. They know themselves that if it were not for the Reform Bill they must out instantly. As constitutional Whigs, then, supposed to be actuated by a sincere wish to preserve the British Constitution, the leaders of them are already, as a party, annihilated. They are the tools of men bent on the destruction of Church and State. Even in their opinions many who continue to call themselves Whigs are scarcely by a shade distinguishable from the Radicals. But though such is the character of so many of their prominent leaders, there is diffused through the country a large body of Whig partisans, who, could their eyes be opened, would cease to support them, especially if they had hopes of a more moderate measure from other quarters—but they are not likely to be undeceived till too late.

Ministry, I repeat, are under Radical dictation; does not the mere act of the late appointment to the Secretaryship of War show it? Still further to propitiate the Political Unions, Hume and Warburton will follow him into office, who can say how soon? Whatever, therefore, the Ministry in conscience think prudent and proper, they would not have the courage to act upon it: even supposing, as Lord H. suggests, that the more moderate men in the House, and those who have the fear of a Radical Parliament hanging over their heads, should support such improvement coming from the Lords. The Ministry would act, as your Lordship anticipates, by creating new peers, by seduction, and, I lament to say, by intimidation, and encouraging or conniving at agitation out of doors.

But to come to particulars. Could the £10 franchise be altered, or the delegation-for I will not call it representation -from London and its neighbourhood? As to the large towns all over the country, a worse source for a new constituency than £10 voters they do not, in my judgment, contain. But, take smaller places, and less populous districts. Mr. Senhouse thinks £10 not a bad qualification for Cumberland. Look then at Cockermouth, and read Mr. Green's late advertisement. He may be a man of poor talents and sorry discretion, but he is no stranger there. He was born, bred, and has long been a resident in the place. He may therefore reasonably be supposed to be acquainted with the present opinions and dispositions of the £10 renters in that town, to whom he would recommend himself, in the event of the Bill passing. He tells them 'that he has for many years been reproached for being a Jacobin, a Radical, and a Leveller'unjustly, he insinuates,—that a reform is wanted for making a great change in the present state of things. 'Do not, however, suppose,' he adds, 'that I wish to see reform run into revolution. The conduct of the King, forming as it does a glorious contrast to that of most of the sovereigns that for half a

century have appeared in Europe, has justly entitled him to the preservation of his crown, etc. The conduct of the Ministers, too, who have aided and counselled him in his efforts for the public good must not be forgotten; they all, or nearly all, belong to or are connected with the hereditary aristocracy, and by their services have at once entitled themselves to our gratitude, etc., etc. Now what is all this but to say that the moment the King or the aristocracy do not please Mr. G. and his future constituents he will turn upon them, and, if he can, will destroy the monarchy and peerage together. Judge, my Lord, of my indignation when I read this trash—contemptible, were it not so pernicious in this emergency—addressed to the inhabitants of my native town.

Now for the Delegation of London, etc., with the vast population there and in its neighbourhood, to back the agitators whenever they shall choose to call upon it. Can Lord H. expect that the Ministry would consent to any improvement in this department? Yet nothing is more clear to a sane mind than that the Government by King, Lords, and Commons, and not only Government, but Property-in a state of Society so artificial as ours-cannot long stand up against such a pressure. When I was in London last spring I mixed a good deal with the Radicals, and know from themselves what their aims are, and how they expect to accomplish them. One person at least, now high in office, is looked up to as their future head, and allowed at present to play a false part. It is not rationally to be expected that the present Ministry would allow the Delegation, as I have called it, of London and its neighbourhood to be of a less obnoxious construction than the Bill makes it.

Let us now look at the other side—the uncompromising resistance and its apprehended consequences in swamping the House of Lords, and passing the Bill in its present state, not perhaps without popular commotions. The risk attending such resistance with this or any Ministry not composed of firm-

minded and truly intelligent Men, is, I own, so great as to alarm any one; but I should have no fear of popular commotion were the Government what it might and ought to be, The overthrow of the government of Charles x., and the late events in Bristol, prove what mischief may be done by a mere rabble if the executive be either faithless or foolish. Seeing the perilous crisis to which we are come, I am nevertheless persuaded that, could a Conservative Ministry be established, the certain ruin that will follow on the passing of this Bill might be avoided. Thousands of respectable people have supported both Bills, not as approving of a measure of this character or extent, but from fear that otherwise no reform at all would take place. Such men would be ready to support more moderate plans if they found the executive in hands that could be relied upon. Too true it is, no doubt, as Lord H. has observed, that opinions as to the extent and nature of advisable reform differ so widely as to throw great difficulties in the way of a new Bill. But these, in my humble opinion, might be got over, so far as to place us upon ground allowing hope for the future.

In looking at the rule for applying the principle of numbers to supply a part of the new constituency, or govern the retention of the old, I have only considered London and its neighbourhood. As far as I know, this principle is altogether an innovation, and what contradictions and anomalies does it involve? The Lords would not probably attempt an improvement here. Had such a rule come down to us from past times, had we been habituated to it, it might have been possible to improve its application. But how can any thinking man expect that with the example of America and France before us—not deterring the people, but inciting them to imitation,—this innovation can ever find rest but in universal suffrage. Manchester is only to have two members, with its vast population, and Cockermouth is to retain one with its bare

5000! Will not Manchester and Birmingham, etc., point on the one hand to the increased representation of London and its neighbourhood, and on the other to the small places which, for their paltry numbers, are allowed to retain one or two votes in the House; and to towns of the size of Kendal and Whitehaven, which for the first time are to send each a member? Will Manchester and Birmingham be content? Is it reasonable that they should be content with the principle of numbers so unjustly and absurdly applied? This anomaly, which is ably treated in the American Review, brings one to the character and tendency of this reform.

As Sir J. B. Walsh observes in his pamphlet, from which I saw an extract the other day in a newspaper, 'Extensive. sudden, and experimental innovation is diametrically opposed to the principle of progressiveness, which in every art, science, and path of human intellect is gradual. . . .'

beforehand; it grew under the protection of Providence, as a skin grows to, with, and for the human body. Our Ministers would flay this body, and present us, instead of its natural skin, with a garment made to order, which, if it be not rejected, will prove such a shirt as, in the fable, drove Hercules to madness and self-destruction. May God forgive that part of them who, acting in this affair with their eyes open, have already gone so far towards committing a greater political crime than any recorded in history!"

To his friend, the author of *Philip van Artevelde*—who was one of Wordsworth's most appreciative critics, and himself a poet of rare excellence,—he wrote on this same engrossing subject of Reform: "You are young, and therefore will naturally have more hope of public affairs than I can. Seeing principles—which after all are the only things worth contending about—sacrificed every day, in a manner which I

have foreseen since the passing of the Reform Bill, and indeed long before, does not the less disturb me. The predominance given in Parliament to the Dissenting interest, and to towns which have grown up recently, without a possibility of their being trained in habits of attachment either to the Constitution in Church and State, or what remained of the feudal frame of society in this country, will inevitably bring on a political and social revolution. What may be suffered by the existing generation no man can foresee, but the loss of liberty for a time will be the inevitable consequence. Despotism will be established, and the whole battle will be to be fought over by subsequent generations."

From the poem which Wordsworth prosaically called *The Warning*, it will be seen how great were his fears of the Reform Bill. It is not for his biographer to discuss that measure—the good or the evil it has done. *Actum est. Cadit quæstio*. It is the biographer's function only to record the poet's opinion of it, his fears regarding it, and to illustrate these, whether wise or unwise, by any other opinions expressed by him elsewhere.

On February 5, 1833, writing to Crabb Robinson, Wordsworth said: "You mistake in supposing me an Anti-Reformer. That I never was—but an Anti-Bill man, heart and soul. It is a fixed judgment of my mind that an unbridled Democracy is the worst of all tyrannies. Our Constitution had provided a check for the Democracy in the Regal Prerogative, influence, and power, and in the House of Lords, acting directly through its own body, and indirectly by the influence of individual Peers, over a certain portion of the House of Commons. The old system provided in practice a check both without and within. The extinction of the nomination-borough has nearly destroyed internal check. The House of Lords, as a body, have been trampled upon by the way in which the Bill has

been carried, and they are brought to that point that the Peers will prove useless as an external check, while the regal power and influence has become, or soon will, mere shadows.

> She opened—but to shut Excelled her power,

as your friends the Bill-men of all denominations have found, or soon will find. Ever affectionately yours,

W. Wordsworth."

He wrote again to the same friend, in November of the same year, Mrs. Wordsworth being his amanuensis:—

"My opinion is that the people are bent upon the destruction of their ancient Institutions, and that nothing since-I will not say the passing-but the broaching of the Reform Bill could or can prevent it. I would bend my endeavours to strengthen to the utmost the rational portion of the Tory Party, but from no other hope than this, that the march towards destruction may be less rapid by their interposing something of a check-and the destruction of the Monarchy thereby attended with less injury to social order. They are more blind than bats or moles who cannot see that it is a change, or rather an overthrow, of social order as dependent upon the present distribution of property which is the object of the Radicals. They care nothing what may be the form of Government but as the changes may lead to that. As to France and your juste milieu, it is not worth talking about— (and I, M. W., will not write another word on this subject!)."

Mrs. Wordsworth's appendix to her husband's letter may fitly conclude his discussion of the Reform Bill.

The following sentence in one of his letters to Dr. Arnold, written on the 19th September 1832, refers to the purchase of Fox How for the Arnold family:—

" Rydal Mount, Tuesday, 19th Septr.

MY DEAR SIR,—Yesterday Mr. Greenwood of Grasmere called with a letter he had just received from Mr. Simpson, the owner of Fox How, empowering Mr. G. to sign for him an agreement either with yourself or any friend you may appoint for the sale of that estate for £800, possession to be given and the money paid next Candlemas. . . . I need not say that it will give me pleasure to facilitate the purchase as far as is in my power. . . . Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH."

To this must be added an extract from a letter of Mrs. Arnold written to a friend, Miss Trevenen, after they had settled at Fox How, telling of an incident at Rydal:—

". . . We had a most delightful and memorable party last Wednesday evening. It was Dora's tea-party to the children, to be given on the large island in Rydal Lake; and though the children were delighted, they could not have enjoyed it more than the elder ones of the party. You must fancy Dora presiding in a sort of stone-built arch, fringed and embowered with trees, and floored with fresh moss, which the children had plucked to form a soft carpet for our feet. Above, the blue sky seen through the trees; on one side the shrubby plants of beath and whortleberry and broom, rising, with rock scattered about, into a kind of mount; while on the other side the ground sloped down to the lake, which glittered through the trees, and gave us, as the clear waters washed up to the rocky shore, the music I most love. To complete the picture, you must fancy Mr. Wordsworth stretched on the grass, and Mrs. Wordsworth, with an animation and sweetness which makes her plain face so agreeable, reading to us some of his MS. poetry."

VOL. III.

In May 1833, Mrs. Fletcher, afterwards the owner of Lancrigg, wrote thus in her Autobiography:—*

"In June our friend Mr. Harden took lodgings for us, for three months, at Thorney How, near Grasmere, to be near our dear friends the Arnolds, who were living that summer at Allan Bank, while their future home at Fox How was building. Our lodgings were in a simple farmhouse, at that time furnished in the most homely manner. We were the first ladies who had inhabited it, as it was before Easedale was much known, except to such as Wordsworth and De Quincey. . . . We did not then foresee that so many happy years were in store for us at the little mountain farm called Lancrigg, which adjoined Thorney How, and which-from its sunny aspect and birch and oak copses under Helm Crag-had for many years of Wordsworth's Grasmere life been a favourite summer haunt of the simple household of the bard, who then lived at Town End. Wordsworth and Dr. Arnold also were great admirers of the views from the Rock at Thorney How, and the poet, if depressed on first coming in, was often revived by a visit to the Rock, which his wife kindly suggested when she saw this was the case. It was that summer that the illness of his sister began; and those who know what they had always been to each other can well understand what it must have been to him to see that soul of life and light obscured. He was also cast down at this time by the state of public affairs, of which he took a very dark view; and what was the opening of new hope for the evils of the country to Dr. Arnold, and to us, was, to Wordsworth and his family, the end of England's glory. I have now lived to feel that we were both more in the right than our great poet at Rydal, and also the excellent and desponding Southey at Keswick, with whom I renewed an

^{*} Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher, pp. 213-15.

acquaintance formed long before, when we thought more alike on public matters."

To Rowan Hamilton Wordsworth wrote from Rydal Mount on 8th February 1833: "Your lecture I have read with much pleasure. It is philosophical, and eloquent, and instructive, and makes me regret, as I have had a thousand occasions of doing, that I did not apply to mathematics in my youth. It is now, and has long been, too late to make up for the deficiency.

... With regard to poetry, I must say that my mind has been kept this last year and more in such a state of anxiety, that all harmonies appear to have been banished from it, except those that reliance upon the goodness of God furnishes:

Tota de mente fugavi Hæc studia, atque omnes delicias animi.*

This must be my excuse for writing, after so long an interval, a letter so dull."

To Charles Lamb he wrote from Rydal Mount, Friday, May 17:—

"My Dear Lamb,—I have to thank you and Moxon for a delightful volume, not I hope your last, of Elia. I have read it all, except some of the popular fallacies which I reserve, not to get through my cake all at once. The book has much pleased the whole of my family. . . . They all return their best thanks. I am not sure but I like the 'Old China' and 'The Wedding' as well as any of the Essays. I read 'Love me and love my dog' to my sister this morning. . . . She was much pleased; and, what is rather remarkable, this morning also I fell upon an anecdote in Madame D'Arblay's life of her father, where the other side of the question is agreeably illustrated. The heroes of the tale are David Garrick and a

^{*} Catullus, Carm. Ixviii. Ad Mallium, v. 25.

favourite little spaniel of King Charles breed, which he left with the Burneys when he and Thomas Garrick went on their travels. In your remarks upon Martin's picture I entirely concur. May it not be a question whether your own imagination has not done a good deal for Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne.' With all my admiration for that great artist, I cannot think that either Ariadne or Theseus look so well on his canvas as they ought to do."

Of his sister, after referring to her illness, he said: "In tenderness of heart I do not, honestly, believe she was ever exceeded by any of God's creatures. Her loving-kindness has no bounds. God bless her for ever and ever."

In Robinson's Diary of June 1833 there is the following entry: "June 17, 1833. W. related to me this evening the origin of Lord B.'s animosity to him. W. wrote a letter to a lady warning her against hoping for public favour as a poetess, on account of her sensibility and true poetic feeling; and remarked that 'the only two poets of the day who enjoyed popularity were men, one of whom had no feeling, and the other had none but perverted feelings.' This letter had been betrayed to Lord B., who assigned this to Rogers as the justification, or at least excuse, for his attack on W."

In connection with this subject of Wordsworth and Byron, the following occurs in the *Budget of Paradoxes*, by Augustus de Morgan (p. 435):—

"Mr. Crabb Robinson told me the following story more than once. He was at Charles Lamb's chambers in the Temple when Wordsworth came in, with the new Edinburgh Review in his hand, and fume on his countenance. 'These reviewers,' said he, 'put me out of patience. Here is a young man—they say he is a lord—who has written a volume of poetry, and these fellows, just because he is a lord, set upon him,

laugh at him, and sneer at his writing. The young man will do something, if he goes on as he has begun. But these reviewers seem to think that nobody may write poetry, unless he lives in a garret.' Crabb Robinson told this long after to Lady Byron, who said, 'Ah! if Byron had known that, he would never have attacked Wordsworth.* He went one day to meet Wordsworth at dinner; when he came home I said, 'Well, how did the young poet get on with the old one?' 'Why, to tell you the truth,' said he, 'I had but one feeling from the beginning of the visit to the end, and that was—reverence!'"

The following is from Robinson's Diary:-

"September 15th, 1833.—Rydal Mount.—Had a discussion with W. on his favourite theme, the necessity of an establishment of the church, and the reasonableness that the minority should contribute to its support, a doctrine I accede to, while I assert the monstrous injustice of maintaining the English Church in Ireland against the will of the people.

Monday 16th, 1833.—I had but little conversation with Miss W., and none, hardly, with W. The fit was on him."

In the autumn of 1833, Wordsworth made his fifth (and last) tour in Scotland, accompanied this time by his son John and Crabb Robinson. They went by Keswick and Cockermouth to Whitehaven, and sailed first to the Isle of Man,—where some days were spent, and several sonnets written,—thence by steamer to Greenock, and thence to Oban, Staffa, and Iona; back by Loch Awe, Inveraray, and Loch Goil; thence through Renfrewshire, Argyllshire, and Dumfriesshire to Carlisle and Westmorland. About ten days after their

^{*} If this judgment be correct, and Byron's criticism of his contemporaries was determined by the fact of whether they had appreciated him or not, his 'attack' may now be estimated at its true value.

return to Rydal, Wordsworth was called back to Carlisle on business in connection with the stamp office. He took Mrs. Wordsworth with him, and they returned by the banks of the Eden, going up to Corby and Nunnery; and afterwards visiting the Druidical Circle, near Penrith, called 'Long Meg and her daughters,' Lowther Castle, and Ullswater, and so back over Kirkstone to Rydal. A series of forty-eight poems of varying merit commemorates the incidents in this tour. Before he started, while living at the Moresby rectory with his son-who had been transferred to the living of Brigham, near Keswick, and was there building a parsonage for himselfhe composed some of his Evening Voluntaries; and, in a letter to Robinson, dated May 1833, before he came north to join him in the Scotch tour, there is a significant fragment addressed to the Utilitarians, which, however, he never published, in the course of which he bewails the

> When Fact, with heartless search explored, Shall be Imagination's lord.

These autumn rambles gave a new accession of strength to the poet. So well was he on his return from Scotland, that he could spend hours in rowing a party of friends on Rydal Mere, as Mr. Aubrey de Vere tells us in a letter to Rowan Hamilton.

" November 1, 1833.

... Did I tell you that our party in the north had an interview with Southey, and saw a great deal of Wordsworth? The latter rowed them about on the lake till ten o'clock at night, and had them several times at his house. Nothing can exceed their enthusiasm about him. He has nearly a volume of poems ready, many of which he read aloud to them, while his daughter's tears were falling like a 'May-shower' down her face. My father particularly admired the tremendous political denunciation, and the way in which the poet,—as Brougham said of Lord Eldon,—'vaticinated in hollow tones.'

The general favourite, however, was an ode On the Power of Sound, which they describe as being as mystical, and nearly as sublime, as the Intimations of Immortality. He promises to publish all these as soon as he has finished his volume. Is not this glorious news? On the whole he seems to have lost nothing in power, and gained in concentration and refinement; but alas! I hear from every one that he is growing blind. . . ."

The years 1833 to 1836 were not poetically productive. Life flowed on somewhat monotonously in Rydal Mount, and the two elegies on Lamb and Hogg are perhaps the most characteristic poems of these three years. Correspondence with the few old friends who survived, such as Charles Lamb and Alexander Dyce,—and with later ones, such as Rowan Hamilton of Dublin, also went on as usual.

To Alexander Dyce he wrote in 1833 :-

"You propose to give specimens of the best sonnet-writers in our language. May I ask if by this be meant a selection of the best sonnets, best both as to kind and degree? A sonnet may be excellent in its kind, but that kind of very inferior interest to one of a higher order, though not perhaps in every minute particular quite so well executed, and from the pen of a writer of inferior genius. It should seem that the best rule to follow would be, first to pitch upon the sonnets which are best both in kind and perfectness of execution, and, next, those which, although of a humbler quality, are admirable for the finish and happiness of the execution; taking care to exclude all those which have not one or other of these recommendations, however striking they might be as characteristic of the age in which the author lived, or some peculiarity of his manner. The tenth sonnet of Donne, beginning 'Death, be not proud,' is so eminently characteristic of his manner, and at the same time so weighty in the thought, and vigorous in the expression,

that I would entreat you to insert it, though to modern taste it may be repulsive, quaint, and laboured. There are two sonnets of Russell, which, in all probability, you may have noticed, 'Could, then, the babes,' and the one upon Philoctetes, the last six lines of which are first-rate. Southey's 'Sonnet to Winter' pleases me much; but, above all, among modern writers, that of Sir Egerton Brydges, upon 'Echo and Silence.' Miss Williams's 'Sonnet upon Twilight' is pleasing; that upon 'Hope' of great merit.

Do you mean to have a short preface upon the construction of the sonnet? Though I have written so many, I have scarcely made up my own mind upon the subject. It should seem that the sonnet, like every other legitimate composition, ought to have a beginning, a middle, and an end; in other words, to consist of three parts, like the three propositions of a syllogism, if such an illustration may be used. But the frame of metre adopted by the Italians does not accord with this view; and, as adhered to by them, it seems to be, if not arbitrary, best fitted to a division of the sense into two parts, of eight and six lines each. Milton, however, has not submitted to this,; in the better half of his sonnets the sense does not close with the rhyme at the eighth line, but overflows into the second portion of the metre. Now, it has struck me, that this is not done merely to gratify the ear by variety and freedom of sound, but also to aid in giving that pervading sense of intense unity in which the excellence of the sonnet has always seemed to me mainly to consist. Instead of looking at this composition as a piece of architecture, making a whole out of three parts, I have been much in the habit of preferring the image of an orbicular body,—a sphere or a dew-drop. All this will appear to you a little fanciful; and I am well aware that a sonnet will often be found excellent, where the beginning, the middle, and the end are distinctly marked, and also where it is distinctly separated into two parts, to which, as I before observed, the strict Italian model, as they write it, is favourable.

this last construction of sonnet, Russell's upon Philoctetes is a fine specimen; the first eight lines give the hardship of the case, the six last the consolation, or the *per-contra*.—Ever faithfully, your much obliged friend and servant,

W. WORDSWORTH.

P.S. In the case of the Cumberland poet, I overlooked a most pathetic circumstance. While he was lying under the tree, and his friends were saving what they could from the flames, he desired them to bring out the box that contained his papers, if possible. A person went back for it, but the bottom dropped out, and the papers fell into the flames and were consumed. Immediately upon hearing this, the poor old man expired."

To the same friend, in December 1833, he said: "It is a remarkable thing that the two best ballads, perhaps, of modern times, viz. Auld Robin Gray, and the Lament for the Defeat of the Scots at Flodden-field, are both from the pens of females."

In connection with this subject of the sonnet, part of a letter written about the same time by Wordsworth to the author of Philip Van Artevelde may be quoted:—

"MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR,—You and Mr. Lockhart have been very kind in taking so much trouble about the Sonnets. I have altered them as well as I could to meet your wishes, and trust that you will find them improved, as I am sure they are where I have adopted your own words.

As to double rhymes, I quite agree with Mr. L. that in the case disapproved by him their effect is weak, and I believe will generally prove so in a couplet at the close of a sonnet. But having written so many, I do not scruple, but rather like to employ them occasionally, though I have done it much less in proportion than my great masters, especially Milton, who has two out of his eighteen with double rhymes. I am sure it

will be a great advantage to these pieces to be presented to the public with your comments in the Quarterly Review, as you propose;—but I must return to your suggestions. Where I have a large number of sonnets in series, I have not been unwilling to start sometimes with a logical connection of a 'Yet' or a 'But.' Here, however, as the series is not long, I wished that each sonnet should stand independent of such formal tie. . . ."

There is no doubt that Wordsworth occasionally praised inferior poems, and was blind to the excellence of those possessing more than average merit. He admired the verses of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, of John Scott (Editor of *The Champion*), of Robert Gillies, and Sir W. Gomm, and found in them evidence of the truth of his own line in *The Excursion* about "the poets that are sown by Nature." It would be quite superfluous, however, to give any detailed examples of this misjudgment of contemporaries. It is perhaps an inevitable, as it certainly seems a universal tendency.

During the years now under review, Wordsworth's circle of old friends and co-mates in literature narrowed rapidly. Scott died in September 1832, Coleridge in July 1834, Lamb in December 1834, and Hogg in November 1835. His elegies on Scott, Lamb, and Hogg are familiar to every reader of his poems. Many of his intimate friends, unknown to fame, such as Fleming, Rodd, and others, had also departed.

I believe Wordsworth felt that he could not write an elegy on Coleridge. The tie between them was too close, the pain and the joy of it alike overwhelming. Coleridge was his earliest and closest friend, and his most illustrious contemporary in English literature.

> Every moral power of Coleridge Is frozen at its marvellous source:

The rapt one of the godlike forehead, The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth, was all he could venture to say of him in verse, a year and a half after he was dead. But immediately on hearing of the event, on the 29th July 1834, he wrote thus to Henry Nelson Coleridge:—

"It is nearly forty years since I first became acquainted with him whom we have just lost; and though, with the exception of six weeks when we were on the Continent together along with my daughter, I have seen little of him for the last twenty years, his mind has been habitually present with me, with an accompanying feeling that he was still in the flesh. That frail tie is broken, and most of those who are nearest and dearest to me must prepare and endeavour to follow him."

The following letter from the Rev. R. Perceval Graves (then at Windermere, and now in Dublin) addressed to Wordsworth's nephew and biographer, refers both to Coleridge and to Wordsworth:—

"It was the Sunday evening after the event * occurred that my brother and I walked over to the Mount, where we found the poet alone. One of the first things we heard from him was the death of one who had been, he said, his friend for more than thirty years. He then continued to speak of him; called him the most wonderful man that he had ever known-wonderful for the originality of his mind, and the power he possessed of throwing out in profusion grand central truths from which might be evolved the most comprehensive systems. Wordsworth, as a poet, regretted that German metaphysics had so much captivated the taste of Coleridge, for he was frequently not intelligible on the subject; whereas, if his energy and his originality had been more exerted in the channel of poetry, an instrument of which he had so perfect a mastery, Wordsworth thought he might have done more permanently to enrich the literature and to influence the thought of the nation, than any man of the

^{*} The death of Coleridge.

As it was, however, he said he believed Coleridge's mind to have been a widely fertilising one, and that the seed he had so lavishly sown in his conversational discourses, and the Sibylline leaves (not the poems so called by him) which he had scattered abroad so extensively covered with his annotations, had done much to form the opinions of the best-educated men of the day; although this might be an influence not likely to meet with adequate recognition. After mentioning, in answer to our inquiries about the circumstances of their friendship, that though a considerable period had elapsed during which they had not seen much of each other, Coleridge and he had been, for more than two years, uninterruptedly, in as close intimacy as man could be with man, he proceeded to read to us the letter from Henry Nelson Coleridge which conveyed the tidings of his great relation's death, and of the manner of it. It appeared that his death was a relief from intense pain, which, however, subsided at the interval of a few days before the event; and that shortly after this cessation of agony he fell into a comatose state. The most interesting part of the letter was the statement, that the last use he made of his faculties was to call his children, and other relatives and friends around him, to give them his blessing, and to express his hope to them that the manner of his end might manifest the depth of his trust in his Saviour. As I heard this, I was at once deeply glad at the substance, and deeply affected by Wordsworth's emotion in reading it. When he came to this part his voice at first faltered, and then broke. Before I quit this subject, I will tell you what I was interested in hearing from a person of the highest abilities, whom I had the good fortune of meeting at Rydal Mount. He said that he had visited Coleridge about a month before his death, and had perceived at once his countenance pervaded by a most remarkable serenity. On being congratulated on his appearance, Coleridge replied that what he felt most thankful for was the deep calm peace of mind which he then enjoyed; a peace such as he had never before experienced, or scarcely hoped for. This, he said, seemed now settled upon him; and all things were thus looked at by him through an atmosphere by which all were reconciled and harmonised."

As the years went on, the younger members of the house-holds at Rydal Mount and Greta Hall carried on a constant correspondence on behalf of their seniors, who, at the beginning of the century, had stood on such familiar terms. Dora Wordsworth and Edith Southey were now the letter-writers; and they kept up the intimacy begun by their parents in former years.

Southey told his friend May, that the death of Miss Hutchinson at Rydal Mount had drawn Dora Wordsworth much nearer to his daughter, "who was almost equally dear to the dead."

The sadness, which now overspread both households, was scarcely broken by events in themselves joyous. Edith Southey's marriage to Mr. Warter, in January 1834, was an event of mingled joy and sorrow to the Rydal family. Dora went over to Keswick to spend a few last days with Edith, and to be one of her bridesmaids; and after the wedding, we have a touching account of Wordsworth and his wife going down to the foot of the Rydal Mount hill, and pacing backwards and forwards for some time, waiting to see the bride and bridegroom as they passed, to shake hands with them, and give them a blessing.

An extremely interesting account of an interview with Wordsworth in 1833 is given by an American, the Rev. Orville Dewey, in a book recording his travels in Europe, which he called The Old World and the New. It gives us a better insight than anything else that has been written, except his own letters, into Wordsworth's opinion of the social and the political state of the country, and of the rocks which he fancied he saw ahead.

in the immediate future. His fears may have been exaggerated and unwise. It is enough for us, meanwhile, to note that they were his. Mr. Dewey writes:—

"I was so much disappointed in the appearance of Mr. Wordsworth, that I actually began to suspect that I had come to the cottage of one of his neighbours. After ten minutes' commonplace talk about the weather, the travelling, etc., had passed, I determined to find out whether I was mistaken; and, aware of his deep interest in the politics of England, I availed myself of some remark that was made to introduce that subject. He immediately left all commonplace, and went into the subject with a flow, a flood almost, of conversation, that soon left me in no doubt. After this had gone on an hour or two, wishing to change the theme, I took occasion of a pause to observe that, in this great political agitation, poetry seemed to have died out entirely. He said it had; but that was not the only cause; for there had been, as he thought, some years ago, an over-production and a surfeit.

Mr. Wordsworth converses with great earnestness, and has a habit, as he walks and talks, of stopping every fourth or fifth step, and turning round to you to enforce what he is saying. The subjects, the first evening I passed with him, were, as I have said, politics and poetry. He remarked afterwards, that, although he was known to the world only as a poet, he had given twelve hours' thought to the condition and prospects of society for one to poetry. I replied that there appeared to me to be no contradiction in this, since the spirit of poetry is the spirit of humanity—since sympathy with humanity, and with all its fortunes, is an essential characteristic of poetry—and politics is one of the grandest forms under which the welfare of the human race presents itself.

In politics, Mr. Wordsworth professes to be a reformer, but upon the most deliberate plan and gradual scale; and he indulges in the most indignant and yet argumentative diatribes against the present course of things in England, and in the saddest forebodings of what is to come. The tide is beating now against aristocracy and an established religion, and, if it prevails, anarchy and irreligion must follow. He will see no other result. He has no confidence in the people; they are not fit to govern themselves-not yet certainly. Public opinion, the foolish opinion of the depraved, ignorant, and conceited mass, ought not to be the law; it ought not to be expressed in law; it ought not to be represented in government. representative government should represent the mind of a country, and that is not found in mass, nor is it to be expressed by universal suffrage. Mr. Wordsworth constantly protested against the example of America as not being in point. insisted that the state of society, the crowded population, the urgency of want, the tenures of property, in England, made a totally different case from ours. He seemed evidently to admit, though he did not say so in terms, that hereditary rank and an established priesthood are indefensible in the broadest views of human rights and interests; but the argument for them is, that they cannot be removed without opening the door to greater evils—to the unrestrained license of the multitude to incessant change, disorder, uncertainty; and, finally, to oppression and tyranny. He says the world is running mad with the notion that all its evils are to be relieved by political changes, political remedies, political nostrums-whereas the great evils, sin, bondage, misery, lie deep in the heart, and nothing but virtue and religion can remove them; and upon the value, and preciousness, and indispensableness of religion, indeed, he talked very sagely, earnestly, and devoutly.

The next evening, I went to tea to Mr. Wordsworth's, on a hospitable invitation to come to breakfast, dinner, or tea, as I liked. The conversation very soon again ran upon politics. He thought there could be no independence in legislators, who

were dependent for their places upon the ever-wavering breath of popular opinion, and he wanted my opinion about the fact in our country. I replied that, as a secluded man, and accustomed to look at the morale of these matters, I certainly had felt that there was likely to be, and probably was, a great want of independence—that I had often expressed the apprehension that our distinguished men were almost necessarily acting under biasses that did not permit them to sit down in their closets and examine great political questions and measures in a fair and philosophical spirit. 'Then,' he said, 'how can there be any safety?' I answered, as I had frequently said before, that our only safety lay in making the people wise : but I added that our practical politicians were accustomed to say that there was a principle of safety in our conflicts, in the necessarily conflicting opinions of the mass-that they neutralised and balanced each other. I admitted, however, that there was danger; that all popular institutions involved danger; that freedom was a trust, and a perilous trust. Still I insisted that this was only an instance of a general principle; that all probation was perilous; that the greatest opportunity was always the greatest peril. I maintained, also, that, think as we might of political liberty, there was no helping it; that, in the civilised world, the course of opinion was irresistibly setting towards universal education and popular forms of government; and nothing was to be done but to direct, modify, and control the tendency. He fully admitted this; said that, in other centuries, some glorious results might be brought out, but that he saw nothing but darkness, disorder, and misery in the immediate prospect, and that all he could do was to cast himself on Providence. I ventured to suggest that it seemed to me that all good and wise men had a work to do. I said that I admitted, friend to popular institutions as I was, that the world was full of errors about liberty; that there was a mistake and madness about popular freedom, as if it were the grand panacea

for all human ills, and that powerful pens were needed to guide the public mind; and that the pen of genius could scarcely be more nobly employed. But he has no confidence in the body of the people, in their willingness to read what is wholesome, or to do what is right; and this, I took the liberty to say, seemed to me the radical point on which he and I differed. I told him that there were large communities in America in whom I did confide, and that I believed other communities might be raised up to the same condition; and that it appeared to me that it should be the grand effort of the world now, to raise up this mass to knowledge, to comfort, and virtue—since the mass was evidently ere long to rule for us.

After this conversation, Mr. Wordsworth proposed a walk to Grasmere Lake, to see it after sunset; and in that loveliest of all the scenes I ever witnessed on earth were lost all thoughts but of religion and poetry. I could not help saying, with fervent sincerity, 'I thank you, sir, for bringing me here at this hour'; for he had evidently taken some pains, pushing aside some little interferences with his purpose, to accomplish it. He said, in reply, that so impressive was the scene to him, that he felt almost as if it were a sin not to come here every fair evening. We sat by the shore half an hour, and talked of themes far removed from the strife of politics. The village on the opposite side lay in deep shadow; from which the tower of the church rose like heaven's sentinel on the gates of evening. A single taper shot its solitary ray across the waters. The little lake lay hushed in deep and solemn repose. Not a sound was heard upon its shore. The fading light trembled upon the bosom of the waters, which were here slightly ruffled, and there lay, as a mirror, to reflect the serenity of heaven. dark mountains lay beyond, with every varying shade that varying distance could give them. The furthest ridges were sowed with light, as if it were resolved into separate particles and showered down into the darkness below, to make it visible.

The mountain-side had a softness of shadowing upon it, su as I never saw before, and such as no painting I ever sa approached in the remotest degree. It seemed, Mr. Word worth said, as if it were 'clothed with the air.' Above all, we the clear sky, looking almost cold, it looked so pure, along the horizon—but, warmed in the region a little higher, with the vermilion tint of the softest sunset. I am persuaded that the world might be travelled over without the sight of one suc spectacle as this—and all owing to the circumstances, the time, the hour. It was perhaps not the least of those circumstances influencing the scene, that it was an hour, passed if one of his holy retreats, with Wordsworth!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CORRESPONDENCE-RECORDS OF CONVERSATION-1835-1836.

THE Library at Rydal Mount—though never so large as the libraries of most literary men-was, by the accumulations and gifts of many years, now a very interesting and valuable one. In the Transactions of the Wordsworth Society, vol. vi. pp. 195-257, the Sale Catalogue of that portion of the library which was disposed of in July 1859—amounting to nearly 3000 volumes will be found. It contained some books of rare interest, which are now in the possession of Lord Coleridge, and others. But the most valuable part of the poet's library still exists at The Stepping Stones, Ambleside. The household at Rydal Mount were extremely liberal in lending books to all their neighbours and friends; and there is now in the possession of Mr. Dykes Campbell, London, a Ms. Library Book which was kept at the Mount, in which all the books lent out, and the names of the borrowers, were regularly entered. This was probably disposed of at the same auction sale at which many interesting relics of the poet were scattered. Amongst the borrowers occur the names of Hartley Coleridge, De Quincey, H. C. Robinson, Serjeant Talfourd, Mrs. S. T. Coleridge, the Cookson family, Mrs. and Miss Quillinan, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, Miss Southey, Mrs. Davy, Mrs. Fletcher, Lady Richardson, Miss Fenwick, and the families at Fox How and Fox Ghyll. Matthew Arnold's name is entered as having borrowed Sir Charles Grandison in 1834-5.

Amongst the books taken out by the borrowers are Tenny-

son's Poems, Miss Barrett's Prometheus, her Scraphim, Shelley's Letters, Modern Painters, Lamb's Letters. The entries range from 1824 onwards. They were apparently taken down at first with some care and regularity, and the dates of the returns of the books are at times mentioned; but, as I suspect occurs in the majority of such 'Library Books,' it was by degrees less accurately kept; and the Ms. is full of blots, erasures, and even other miscellaneous entries, such as the addresses of friends in London and elsewhere.

Still fearing a Revolution at hand, Wordsworth wrote to Mr. Moxon, while visiting at Lowther Castle in January 1835:—

"The Radicals and foolish Whigs are driving the nation rapidly to that point, and soon, alas! it is likely to be found that power will pass from the audacious and wicked to the more audacious and wicked, and so to the still more and more, till military despotism comes in as a quietus. And then, after a time, the struggle for liberty will re-commence; and you, young as you are, should your life be prolonged to the seventy years of the psalmist, will not live to see her cause crowned with success."

In January 1835, he wrote to Lord Lonsdale offering to "give up the office of Stamp Distributor, which he had held for nearly 22 years, if his son could be appointed to it in his place. He wrote on the same subject again; and, referring to the Duke of Wellington's objection to appoint sons as successors to their fathers, referred to himself as having "some claim upon his country" as one who had "devoted his life to the service of sound Literature," which, the law of copyright stepping in, declares that "the greater parts of my productions shall be public property the moment I cease to breathe."

To his friend Wrangham he wrote, February 2, 1835 :-

'MY DEAR WRANGHAM, . . . The mind of every thinking man who is attached to the Church of England must at this time be especially turned to reflections upon all points of ecclesiastical polity, government, and management, which may tend to strengthen the Establishment in the affections of the people, and enlarge the sphere of its efficiency. It cannot, then, I feel, be impertinent in me, though a layman, to express upon this occasion my satisfaction, qualified as it is by what has been said above, in finding from this instance that our Diocesan is unwilling to station clergymen in cures with which they are locally connected. Some years ago, when the present Bishop of London, then of Chester, was residing in this neighbourhood, I took the liberty of strenuously recommending to him not to ordain young men to curacies where they had been brought up, or in the midst of their own relatives. I had seen too much of the mischief of this, especially as affecting the functions and characters of ministers born and bred up in the lower classes of society. It has been painful to me to observe the false position, as the French would call it, in which men so placed are. Their habits, their manners, and their talk, their acquaintanceships, their friendships, and, let me say, their domestic affections, naturally and properly draw them one way, while their professional obligations point out another; and, accordingly, if they are sensible of both, they live in a perpetual conflict, and are liable to be taxed with pride and ingratitude, as seeming to neglect their old friends, when they only associate with them with that reserve, and under those restraints, which their sacred profession enjoins. If, on the other hand, they fall into unrestrained familiarity with the associates of their earlier life and boyish days, how injurious to their ministry such intercourse would be must flash upon every man's mind whose thoughts have turned for a moment to the subject. . . ."

Writing in the same month to James Montgomery, acknowledging a copy of his poems, he said :-

"I cannot conclude without one word of literary advice, which I hope you will deem my advanced age entitles me to give. Do not, my dear Sir, be anxious about any individual's opinion concerning your writings, however highly you may think of his genius, or rate his judgment. Be a severe critic to yourself; and, depend upon it, no person's decision upon the merit of your works will bear comparison in point of value with your own. . . . Above all, I would remind you, with a view to tranquillise and steady your mind, that no man takes the trouble of surveying and pondering another's writings with a hundredth part of the care which an author of sense and genius will have bestowed upon his own. Add to this reflection another, which I press upon you, as it has supported me through life, viz. that Posterity will settle all accounts justly, and that works which deserve to last will last; and if undeserving this fate, the sooner they perish the better."

Early in 1835, Wordsworth went up to London with his wife. In the *Journal* of Thomas Moore we find an entry referring to this visit to the following effect:—

"February 20th 1835.—After some hours' work, set off westward. . . . Found that Rogers, though engaged out himself, had asked Wordsworth and his wife, who are just arrived in town, to dinner. . . .

My companion, according to his usual fashion, very soliloquacious, but saying much, of course, that was interesting to hear. . . . This led to Wordsworth telling me, what certainly is no small disgrace to the taste of the English public, of the very limited sale of his works, and the very scanty sum, on the whole, which he had received for them, not more, I think, than about a thousand pounds in all. I dare say I must have made by my writings at least twenty times that sum; but then I have written twenty times as much, such as it is. In giving me an account of the sort of society he has in his neighbourhood in the country, and saying that he rarely went out to dinner, he gave a very intelligible picture of the sort of thing it must be, when he does go out. 'The conversation,' he said, 'may be called catechetical; for, as they do me the honour to wish to know my opinions on the different subjects, they ask me questions, and I am induced to answer them at great length, till I become quite tired.' And so he does, I'll warrant him: nor is it possible, indeed, to edge in a word, at least in a tête-à-tête, till he does get tired. I was, however, very well pleased to be a listener.

Spoke of the immense time it took him to write even the shortest copy of verses,-sometimes whole weeks employed in shaping two or three lines, before he can satisfy himself with their structure. Attributed much of this to the unmanageableness of the English as a poetical language; contrasted it with the Italian in this respect, and repeated a stanza of Tasso to show how naturally the words fell into music of themselves. It was one where the double rhymes 'ella,' 'nella,' 'quella' occurred, which he compared with the meagre and harsh English words, 'she,' 'that,' 'this,' etc. etc. Thought, however, that, on the whole, there were advantages in having a rugged language to deal with, as in struggling with words one was led to give birth to and dwell upon thoughts, while, on the contrary, an easy and mellifluous language was apt to tempt, by its felicity, into negligence, and to lead the poet to substitute music for thought. I do not give these as at all his words; but rather my deductions from his sayings, than what he actually said. Talked of Coleridge, and praised him, not merely as a poet, but as a man, to a degree which I could not listen to without putting in my protest. . . . Hinted something of this in reply to Wordsworth's praises, and adverted to Southey's opinion of him, as expressed in a letter to Bowles (saying, if I recollect right, that he was 'lamented by few, and regretted by none'), but Wordsworth continued his eulogium. Defended Coleridge's desertion of his family on the grounds of incompatibility, etc., between him and Mrs. Coleridge; said that Southey took a 'rigid view' of the whole matter. . . .

In remarking upon the causes of an author's popularity (with reference to his own failure, as he thought, in that respect), he mentioned, as one of them, the frequent occurrence of quotable passages,—of lines that dwelt in people's memories, and passed into general circulation. . . . On the subject of Coleridge as a writer, Wordsworth gave it as his opinion (strangely, I think) that his prose would live, and deserved to live; while of his poetry he thought by no means so highly. I had mentioned *Genevieve* as a beautiful thing, but to this he objected: there was too much of the sensual in it.* . . ."

Again :-

"28th to 30th March 1835.— . . . The day I met Wordsworth at dinner at Rogers's, the last time I was in town, he asked us all in the evening to write something in a little album of his daughter's, and Wilkie drew a slight sketch in it. One of the things Luttrell wrote was the following epitaph on a man who was run over by an omnibus:—

Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore, edited by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P., vol. vii. 69-73.

Killed by an omnibus—why not?
So quick a death a boon is.
Let not his friends lament his lot,—
Mors omnibus communis.

As an instance of very close translation, he gave me the Following of his own, from the well-known Greek epigram, Χρύσον ἄνηρ εὐρών, etc.:—

A thief found gold and left a rope, but he who could not find The gold he left tied on the rope the thief had left behind.*

An undated letter of Wordsworth to Crabb Robinson, belonging to the year 1835, and evidently written from Rydal Mount, tells of his having been in London, and taken three days to come down to Westmoreland. He speaks of Hampstead, Trentham, Coventry, and Birmingham, and adds:—

"The weather here is very sharp, and to-day we have a blustering wind, tearing off the blossoms and twigs from the trees with almost equal disregard. At breakfast, this morning, we received from some unknown friend the Examiner, containing a friendly notice of my late volume. Is it discreditable to say that these things interest me little but as they may tend to promote the sale, which, with the prospects of unavoidable expense before me, is a greater object to me, much greater, than it would otherwise have been? The private testimonies which I receive very frequently of the effect of my writings upon the hearts and minds of men are indeed very gratifying, because I am sure they must be written under pure influences; but it is not necessarily, or even probably so, with strictures intended for the public. The one are effusions, the other compositions, and liable in various degrees to inter-

^{*} Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore, vol. vii. p. 85. Compare S. T. Coleridge's translation of the same epigram in Omniana (1812), ii. 123:—

Jack finding gold, left a rope on the ground; Will missing his gold, used the rope which he found.

mixtures that take from their value. It is amusing to me to have proofs how critics and authors differ in judgment, both as to fundamentals and incidentals. As an instance of the latter, see the passage where I speak of Horace, quoted in the Examiner. The critic marks in italics for approbation certain passages, but he takes no notice of three words, in delicacy of feeling worth, in my estimation, all the rest-'he only listening.' Again, what he observes in praise of my mode of dealing with nature as opposed to my treatment of human life—which as he says, is not to be trusted—would be reversed, as it has been by many, who hear that I ran into excess in my pictures of the influence of natural objects, and assign to them an importance which they are not entitled to; while in my treatment of the intellectual instincts, affections, and passions of mankind, I am nobly distinguished by having drawn out into notice the points in which they resemble each other, in preference to dwelling (as dramatic authors must do) upon those in which they differ. If my writings are to last, it will, I myself believe, be mainly owing to this characteristic. They will please for the single cause, 'That we have all of us one human heart.' Farewell."

On his way north, at Cambridge, he heard of the death of his friend, Richard Sharp,—"Conversation Sharp," as he was called,—the man of whom Wordsworth used to say that he knew Italy better than any other person he had met with. From the Master's Lodge at Trinity he wrote to Rogers on this subject:—

" 15th April 1835.

MY DEAR ROGERS,—The papers record the death of your, and let me add, my long-known and long-valued friend, Richard Sharp. Sincerely do I condole with you, and with his nearest connections. How a thought of the presence of living

friends brightens particular spots! and what a shade falls over them when those friends have passed away! This I have felt strongly in the course of the last twelve months, in respect to London, vast as the place is. And even in regard to the Lakes, it makes me melancholy to think that Sharp will visit them no more. If you be in communication with Mrs. Sharp and Miss Kinnaird, pray assure them that Mrs. W. and I sympathise sincerely with them in their bereavement. . . . — I am, and ever shall be, firmly yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH."

As the spring of 1835 advanced, we hear of the dangerous illness of Miss Hutchinson, who transcribed *The Friend* for Coleridge, at Allan Bank. Anxiety, both as to her, and to his sister, detained Wordsworth in the north during June; and on the 23d of that month Sarah Hutchinson died.

On the 25th Wordsworth wrote to Southey, telling him of their loss:—

"My dear Southey,—My letter of yesterday must have prepared you. All was over before seven in the afternoon. She had no acute suffering whatever, and within a very short time of her departure—when Dora asked Mr. Carr if something could not be done to make her easier—she opened her eyes in strength, and with a strong and sweet voice, said, "I am quite, I am perfectly comfortable." Mr. Carr supposes that her debility produced a suffusion on the brain, which was the immediate cause of her death. O, my dear Southey, we have lost a precious friend; of the strength of her attachment to you and yours, you can but imperfectly judge. It was deep in her heart. I saw her within an hour after her decease, in the silence and peace of death, with as heavenly an expression on her countenance as ever human

creature had. Surely there is food for faith in these appearances; for myself, I can say that I have passed a wakeful night, more in joy than sorrow, with that blessed face before my eyes perpetually, as I lay in bed. We are all much better than our friends could think possible. God Almighty bless you and yours! Your dear girls have had a loss to which time will never make them insensible; but God is good, as they will feel in all their sorrow.—Farewell, ever most faithfully yours,

W. W."

In writing to his friend John May, in the autumn of this year, Southey referred to Miss Hutchinson, "who was to me like a sister," and to the shadow that had fallen on Wordsworth's home: his sister and daughter being both invalids, "so that at this time Wordsworth's is a more afflicted home than my own. They used to be two of the happiest in the country. But there is a time for all things, and we are supported by God's mercy."

Writing from the Observatory, at Dublin, to Aubrey de Vere, on March 26, 1835, Rowan Hamilton said:—

"I think I admire Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, and Wordsworth at least as much now as ever. But Wordsworth, more than any of the other three, requires a little previous tuning of the reader's mind, to be enjoyed and appreciated aright. After a longer interval than usual, I took up a volume of his works the other day, in a very lazy humour, and in a spirit of merely passing the time, in which one ought not to approach high poetry. I lit upon the first of the Poems founded on the Affections. I wish Wordsworth would let us find out for ourselves what his poems are founded upon; and so wished his daughter, in a conversation on that subject at Rydal Mount last September, and put him in a rage by hinting that her father was

sometimes at a loss whether to refer her to the *Poems of the Imagination* or *Poems of the Fancy* for some particular passage. . . ."

To this letter Aubrey de Vere replied :-

" April 4, 1835.

. . . I agree with you entirely in your strictures on Wordsworth's arrangement of his poems. Independent of its uselessness, it seems like a parade of system; and I cannot help thinking that, in it he mistakes Classification for Method, to a degree hardly excusable in a reader of The Friend. I wish, however, he would let us have his new volume on any condition, even though he should arrange the poems contained in it alphabetically! Have you yet perused the poems of Coleridge first published in the last edition? . . . His poems seem to me as if they were the products of the Pure Reason, Love, and Will. Now it is quite otherwise with Wordsworth. The charities of life have with him a distinct and profound worth in themselves; and the understanding finds a large though subordinate place in the construction of each poem. He generalises and abstracts his thoughts, and then arranges them in due order. You see at once the dependence of each part, and what goes before, and comes after; you have no difficulty in following the association of his ideas. worth always looks before and after, and the consequence is that each of his poems has a certain kind of unity and wholeness: not of course to the same degree as a poem of Keats and Sophocles, or of the same kind; but still a kind of its own, a unity which you discover on reflection; a wholeness which you meditate, as you contemplate that of Classical Art. In a word, as a poem of Keats or Milton is a plastic whole, so a poem of Wordsworth or Shakespeare is an organic whole. It germinates, branches, and blossoms, like a tree; and then stands before you, with the sort of completeness a tree possesses, not an All to One, but an All from One, and a One in All. Now in no poem of Coleridge will one find either the one, or the other kind of completeness. There is not only no mechanism in it, but no apparent organisation; his thoughts flow out of one another, rather than grow out of one another, following some law or association which we cannot analyse though we spontaneously reply to it. Nay, we cannot suppose the process to have passed above the plane of consciousness in Coleridge himself. It is this entire absence of space, time, cause and effect, theory, etc., which seems to distinguish Coleridge from all other poets, even those that seem most to resemble him."

On September 10th of the same year, Aubrey de Vere wrote from Curragh Chase to Rowan Hamilton:—

"... How do you like Wordsworth's new volume? It seems to me that the instrument has attained a greater perfection of sweetness, and mellowness, from age; and that too, without losing anything of its compass. I confess that at first I thought it rather less powerful than of old: but this defect is only imaginary—an illusion which proceeds from that very perfection of harmony which I have alluded to."

During the summer of 1835, Wordsworth occupied himself in getting his *Guide to the Lakes* reprinted at Kendal, with additions. Shortly after this he seems to have gone into Herefordshire, and to have spent some time at Brinsop Court, with the Hutchinsons. Returning to Rydal, after thirteen weeks' absence, he wrote to Mr. Moxon, in reply to a request that he would send him some of Lamb's letters for publication:—

"Rydal Mount, November 20, 1835.

My DEAR SIR,—In a few days I hope to have an opportunity of sending such a selection of Lamb's letters, to myself and my family, as appear to me not unfit for immediate publication. There are, however, in them some parts which had better be kept back. . . . I have also thought proper to suppress every word of criticism upon my own poems. . . . The suppressed letters shall not be destroyed. Those relating to my works are withheld, partly because I shrink from the thought of assisting in any way to spread my own praises, and still more as being convinced that the opinions or judgments of friends given in this way are of little value. . . .

On the other page you have the requested epitaph. It was composed yesterday; and, by sending it immediately, I have prepared the way, I believe, for a speedy repentance, as I do not know that I ever wrote so many lines without some retrenchment being afterwards necessary. If these verses should be wholly unsuitable for the end Miss L. had in view, I shall find no difficulty in reconciling myself to the thought of their not being made use of, though it would have given me great, very great, pleasure to fulfil her wishes in all points.

The first objection that will strike you, and every one, is its extreme length, especially compared with epitaphs as they are now written; but this objection might in part be obviated by engraving the lines in double column, and not in capitals.

Chiabrera has been my model—though I am aware that Italian churches,—both on account of their size, and the climate of Italy,—are more favourable to long inscriptions than ours—his epitaphs are characteristic and circumstantial. So have I endeavoured to make this of mine; but I have not ventured to touch upon the most striking feature of our departed friend's, character, and the most affecting circumstance of his life, namely, his faithful and intense love of his sister. Had I been framing an Elogy or Monody this would and must have been done; but for seeing and feeling the sanctity of that relation as it ought to be seen and felt, lights are required which could scarcely be furnished by an epitaph, unless it were to touch on little or nothing else. The omission, therefore, in my

view of the case, was unavoidable, and I regret it the less,—you yourself having already treated the subject in verse, with genuine tenderness and beauty. . . .

I cannot conclude without adding that the epitaph, if used at all, can only be placed in the church. It is much to long for an out-door stone, among our rains, damps, etc. . . . —Kindest regards, W. W.

After an absence of thirteen weeks, I only returned home last Wednesday."

Shortly afterwards, he wrote again to Mr. Moxon :-

"I have sent you the epitaph again revised. Yesterday I sent a few alterations.

I hope the changes will be approved of. At all events, they better answer my purpose. The lines, as they now stand, preserve better the balance of delicate delineation, the weaknesses are not so prominent, and the virtues placed in a stronger light; and I hope nothing is said that is not characteristic.—affectly, yours,

W. W.

If the length makes the above utterly unsuitable, it may be printed with his Works as an effusion by the side of his grave; in this case, in some favourable moment, I might be able to add a few lines upon the friendship of the brother and sister."

Writing again to Moxon, on the 4th of January 1836, about this inscription to Lamb, Wordsworth added—

"... At Mr. Southey's, two days ago, I had a peep at the two volumes about Coleridge.* The editor is a man without judgment, and therefore appears to be without feeling. His rule is to publish all the truth that he can scrape together about his departed friend, not perceiving the difference between the real truth and what appears to him to be true. The maxim de mortuis nil nisi verum was never meant to imply

^{*} Evidently Table-Talk of S. T. Coleridge. London, 1835.

that all truth is to be told, only nothing but what is true. The distinction also has escaped his sagacity, and ever will escape those of far superior talent to his, who care not what offence or pain they give to living persons, provided they have come to a conclusion, however inconsiderately, that they are doing justice to the dead. . . . —With kind regards, yours, W. W."

At Christmas 1835, Henry Crabb Robinson went down to Westmoreland to be near the Wordsworths. He lived for five weeks in the house of a Mrs. Atkins,—a cottage at the foot of Rydal Hill,—but spent most of his time with his friends, and kept a record of his visit as usual. The following are extracts from his Diary:—

"Dec. 26.—I spent this morning in looking over three of Charles Lamb's letters which Wordsworth did not choose to send to Talfourd. There are several most delightful letters, which we regret not to be able to print immediately.

Sunday 27.—. . . Wordsworth is somewhat less intolerant than he used to be; and we have had very little sparring yet in politics.

Jan. 3d, 1836.—In the evening W. read his verses on Charles Lamb, supplemental to the epitaph. I fear, though written with utmost delicacy, that they cannot be printed in Miss L's lifetime.

5th.—I have had much talk with Wordsworth on this sad question (the Irish Tithe Bill). He says, with the solemn earnestness of a Hebrew prophet, that he would die a thousand deaths rather than consent to the appropriation clause in the Irish Tithe Bill. I dined with W. at Dr. Arnold's; an agreeable afternoon, though the main subject of conversation was one in which I have no pleasure—in hearing W. talk of Goethe, whom he depreciates in utter ignorance.

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7th.—I walked partly, and partly drove, with W. to Ell the residence of Lady Farquhar and Mr. Hamilton, the perty of Professor Wilson. In our walk, W. was remark eloquent and felicitous in his praise of Milton. He spot the Paradise Regained as surpassing even the Paradise in perfection of execution, though the theme is far belo and demanding less power. He spoke of the description the storm in it, as the finest of all poetry, and he pointed some of the artifices of versification by which Milton had no so great an effect, as in passages like this—

Pining atrophy
Marasmus, and wide wasting pestilence
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums—

in which the power of the final rheums is heightened by atrophy and pestilence. But, said he, I would not print and similar observations, for it would enable admiring vermakers to imitate the practice. And what genius discover mere mechanics would copy. Hence, I said, I hold crit writings of very little use. They do rather harm. W. a praised, but not equally, the Samson Agonistes. He concurred he said, with Johnson in this, that this drama had no mide but the beginning and the end are equally sublime.

26.—Reading Housmann's collection of sonnets (from Shall speare to the present day), and containing more than fi from Wordsworth. He puts W. above all others. By the by wish I could here write down all W. has said about the som lately. He read here the first fourteen lines of Paradise L. which he says are a perfect sonnet without rhyme. . . . does not approve of closing the verse with a full stop, and

a turn to the thought in the terzines. This is t node. Milton lets the thought run over. He l h forms indifferently. I prefer the Italian for not approve of closing the sonnet with a coupl and he holds it to be absolutely a vice to have a sharp turning at the end, with an epigrammatic finish. He does not therefore quite approve of the termination of Cowper's sonnet to Romney:—

Nor could'st thou sorrow see While I was Hayley's guest, and sat to thee.

These lines in Milton are essentially a sonnet, a unity of thought.

Jan. 29.—W. speaks highly of the author of Corn Law Rhymes. He says none of us are better than he is at his best, though there is a great deal of stuff, arising from his hatred of subsisting things. Like Byron, Shelley, etc., he looks on all things with an evil eye. This arises naturally enough in the mind of a very poor man, who thinks the world has not treated him well. But W. says, though a very poor man, he has had the means of sending his son to college, who did not succeed there. Hence perhaps his hatred of Universities. He has laboured intensely; and, like the Glastonbury thorn, has flowered in winter. His latter writings are the best. W. says The Ranter contains some fine passages. E. has a fine eye for nature. He is a very extraordinary man.

31.—I have not noticed as I ought W.'s answer to the charge brought by Wilson against him, that he never quotes other poems than his own. In fact I can testify to the false-hood of the statement. But W. in addition remarked, 'You know how I love and quote not only Shakespeare and Milton, but Cowper, Burns, etc. As to the modern poets, Byron, Scott, etc., I do not quote them, because I do not love them. B. has great power and genius, but there is [in his poems] something so repugnant to my moral sense, that I abhor them. Besides, even as works of mere taste, there is this

material circumstance, they came too late. My taste was formed, for I was forty-five when they appeared: and we can not, after that age, love new things. New impressions a difficult to make. Had I been young, I could have enjoy most of them, I have no doubt,

Feby. 1st.—From all my friends I took leave, with feeling of great tenderness. My esteem for them has been great raised during this last most agreeable visit. For though the knowledge that Miss W. was suffering near us, and that Mis Dora was far from well, was painful to the healthful member of the family, yet this was become habitual to them; and the natural elasticity of the spirits happily enables persons—ever persons of strong sensibility like Wordsworth—to resist the effect of such impressions, and enjoy what is left of pleasure able emotions.

Before I quit Rydal I will add a note or two on W.'s con versation. Talking of dear C. L.'s very strange habit of quiz ing, and of Coleridge's far more equivocal inconsistencies talk, W. said he thought much of this was owing to a scho habit. Lamb's veracity was unquestionable in all matters a serious kind. He never uttered an untruth, either for profit, or through vanity, and certainly never to injure other Yet he loved a quizzing lie, a fiction that amused him like good joke, or an exercise of wit. There was in C. a sort dreaminess, which would not let him see things as they wer He would talk about his own feelings, and recollections, ar intentions, in a way that deceived others; but he was final deceived himself. 'I am sure,' said W., 'that he never forme a plan or knew what was to be the end of Christabel; and the he merely deceived himself when he thought, as he says, the he had the idea quite clear in his mind. But I believe that at his school the boys had a habit very unfavourable the practice of truth. . . . "

Mrs. Arnold of Fox How, writing to her friend Mrs. Fletcher, thus describes one of the evenings referred to by Robinson:—

"Fox How, Jan. 10, 1836.—You would, I am sure, have liked to join our fireside yesterday evening, when Mr. Wordsworth and his friend Mr. Robinson were with us, the former in one of his happiest moods, and conversing open-heartedly, if I may use the word, on subjects which he most loves and understands. It is very pleasant to see him with Mr. Robinson, who does not the least mind contradicting him, and is himself so good-humoured that Mr. W. takes it all well from him; and I should really think that this—together with his liking for him, and old acquaintanceship—may allow the liberal opinions he hears from him to make some little impression. Mr. R. is very entertaining, and full of recollections connected with his own varied life, and extensive knowledge of men and things. . . ."

On January 11th, we find Wordsworth writing thus from Rydal to Sir W. Rowan Hamilton:—

"... How should I like, old as I am, to visit those classic shores, and the Holy Land, with all its remembrances, so sweet and solemn!... The Protestant Established Church of Ireland, which I hold precious as my life, seems to cry out to me."

His interest in local county politics was unabated, and although he did not do any active service to his party in 1836, as he used to do in former years, his pen was not idle. On the 26th March, he sent this squib to Robinson, written, he tells him, immediately on reading Evans's "modest self-defence speech the other day":—

"Said red-ribboned Evans:
'My legions in Spain
Were at sixes and sevens;
Now they're famished or slain:

But no fault of mine. For, like brave Philip Sidney In compaigning I shine, A true knight of his kidney. Sound flogging and fighting No chief, on my troth, E'er took such delight in As I in them both. Fontarabbia can tell How my eyes watched the foe, Hernani knows well That our feet were not slow; Our hospitals, too, They are matchless in story; Where her thousands Fate slew, All panting for glory.' Alas for this Hero! His fame touched the skies. Then fell below zero, Never, never to rise! For him to Westminster Did Prudence convey, There safe as a Spinster The Patriot to play. But why be so glad on His feats or his fall? He's got his red ribbon, And laughs at us all."

Mrs. Wordsworth also sent the following to Robinson, in answer to the inquiry if her husband had ever written an epigram:—

"To show you that we can write an epigram, we do not say a good one.

On an Event in Col. Evans's Redoubted Performances in Spain.

The Ball whizzed by,—it grazed his ear,
And whispered as it flew,
'I only touch—not take—don't fear,
For both, my honest Buccaneer!
Are to the Pillory due.'

The producer thinks it not amiss, as being murmured between sleep and awake over the fire while thinking of you last night."

In April he interested himself about a scheme for building a new church in his native town of Cockermouth, and wrote thus to his old friend Thomas Poole of Nether Stowey:—

" Rydal Mount, April 19, [1836].

MY DEAR MR. POOLE, -If I had been a merry-maker instead of a verse-maker . . . I should not have come a-begging to you. . . . As far as concerns the Church of England, Cockermouth, my native place, is in a state of much spiritual destitution: nearly six thousand souls, with only 300 sittings for the poor, of which two-thirds are taken up by the children of two Sunday schools. The place is poor, but increasing. I have been the means of setting on foot the project of erecting a new church there, and the inhabitants look towards me for more, much more, assistance than I can possibly afford them through any influence which I possess. . . . [He therefore asked his friend to see if any of his wealthier acquaintances would help.] The time is not far distant when, unless great exertions are made, the same argument of disproportion between churchmen and non-churchmen, which has been so ruinously applied to the Protestant establishment in Ireland, will be brought to bear against the National Church of England. Heaven forbid they should be successful! A second church is now building at Keswick, one is just built at Kendal, another near Ambleside, and if we can succeed at Cockermouth, where there is a promising opening, we shall excite other towns to follow our example. . . . Your neighbourhood is very dear to me, the more so since poor Coleridge is gone. If my daughter were strong enough to travel, I certainly would visit you before the summer is flown. Farewell.—Ever yours, W. WORDSWORTH."

Again, on the same subject, to the same correspondent:—
"Rydal Mount, August 20, 1836

My DEAR FRIEND,—... Thanks for your exertions, and your contribution. [He asks him to keep the draft, however till the project takes a more substantial shape.'] The Earl Egremont is lord of the castle of Cockermouth, and has a lar property in the neighbourhood... He thought it better, which line he is quite mistaken, to enlarge the old church, a increase the endowment... He has just made an offer of the thousand pounds to the inhabitants, to be disposed of for the benefit of the place in any way which they may approve. They have chosen to have a new marketplace. This was wanted and therefore we can't complain... I shall shortly go over Cockermouth, and learn the state of things upon the spot.

Of dear Miss Hutchinson I shall say no more than that I memory is consecrated in our hearts. . . . Ever faithful yours,

W. Wordsworth."

The following fragment of undated letter to John Keny evidently belongs to the same year:—

"To-morrow we are to have a chapel consecrated within let than 3 miles of this place; there is no situation out of the Alps, nor among them, more beautiful than that where the building is placed. Mrs. W. and I walked thither this after noon. You know the River Brathay—the Chapel stands up a rocky knoll above it, and commands a view of the stream Langdale Pikes, which this afternoon were white with snow as was also nearly half the mountain-side below them. To meadows were as green as the after-grass could make the and the woods in the full foliage of many-coloured Autumn, wish you had been with us, and I am sure you would has subscribed for a peal of bells, that their harmony might wafted up and down the river."

Writing to Robinson, in April 1836, Wordsworth express

his hope of being in London in three weeks. He asks him to let Longman know of this, to thank Landor for his *Pericles and Aspasia*, and to tell him "to leave the church alone." In a *P.S.* to this letter Dora (or Dorina, as she signed herself, to mark the distinction from her aunt Dorothy) added, "Will you embark for the Continent with W., where travelling won't be too fatiguing?"

In May Wordsworth was in London. Robinson speaks of his being at Rogers' house on the evening of the 16th; and on the 26th May, Wordsworth, Landor, Robinson, and many others attended the first performance of Serjeant Talfourd's tragedy of *Ion* at Covent Garden Theatre,—Macready and Miss Ellen Tree being the chief actors.

The best account of this performance is that given in the gossipy book of John Dix (afterwards Ross), already referred to:—*

"In the next box to Joanna Baillie sat William Wordsworth, and the great poet of course was an object of not a little attention. As soon as he entered the house he was recognised, and loudly cheered. Whether he was ignorant that the compliment was intended for him or not, I cannot tell, but he did not notice it. He leaned over and shook hands with Joanna, and then sat down, removed his green spectacles, and leaning his thoughtful-looking head on his hand, gazed round the house, nodding to one and another as he recognised them. I always thought that Wordsworth's face had much of sadness in its expression, and this struck me very forcibly on the night in question. He looked more like a man borne down by some heavy grief than a profound thinker. His smile, whenever he chanced to greet any acquaintance, was really a solemn affair, and it speedily vanished, as if the effort to display it, if but for a moment, was too painful for long continuance. On my men-

^{*} Pen and Ink Sketches of Poets, Painters, and Politicians, pp. 201-3.

tioning this circumstance to Mrs. Sigourney, the American poetess, she said that she had remarked the same 'sad loa' even in his own house, and when surrounded by his family.

But despite this, who could look at the Bard of Rydd and not feel a flush of pride, and a glow of satisfaction, that he was in the presence of one of Nature's High Priests? During the whole of the tragedy, and on that first night it occupied nearly five hours in the performance, Wordsworth did not leave his seat, and frequently paid a tribute of admiration to his brother poet, by applauding portions of the piece. Indeed, he thumped with his stick most lustily, and if Talfourd saw him, he must have been not a little gratified by such approvals of his tragedy."

Wordsworth returned to Westmoreland in June, and wrote on the 24th to Robinson that, after two months' absence from home, he had not courage to prepare for a journey to the Continent. A good many negotiations went on about this journey, however, before it was finally rejected for that year. During the summer and autumn of 1836 he was much occupied in revising the text of his poems, for the stereotyped edition of that year, as he wished it to be finished before he started on any distant journey. This was the true reason of his delay in starting for the Continent. Robinson speaks of him as "cheerfully busy" with this work.

The following is his own account, in a letter to Moxon, of the new poems added in the edition of 1836-7:—

"In volume one the political sonnet beginning,

What if our numbers barely could defy,

the ecclesiastical sonnet beginning,

Coldly we spake, the Saxons overpowered.

In

O life without the checkered scene,

the second stanza is new; also a new stanza in The Three Cottage Girls. In the fifth volume, two poems from The Evening Voluntaries, one of seventy-two lines, the other of fifty; also the Bird of Paradise poem, and an Epitaph from Chiabrera, and the Lines to the Memory of Charles Lamb and Hogg.

The value of this edition, as hereafter will be universally admitted, lies in the pains which have been taken in the revisal of so many of the old poems, in the re-modelling and often re-writing whole paragraphs, which you know has cost me great labour, and I do not repent of it. In the poems lately written I have had comparatively little trouble."

He wrote to Moxon that he was "quite at ease in regard to the reception which writings that have cost me so much labour will in the end meet with. I can truly say that I have not the least anxiety regarding the fate of this edition. The labour I have bestowed in correcting the style of those poems, now revised for the last time according to the best of my judgment, no one can ever estimate. The consequence of this sort of work is that progress bears no proportion to pains, and that hours of labour are often entirely thrown away, ending in a passage being left as I found it. . . ."

Writing to Robinson, January 28th, 1837, he said: "In two or three days I hope the printing of my last volume will be begun; the whole of the verses are corrected for the press. But I must have another tug at the *Postscript* on the Poor Laws, and other things, in which I wish you were to help; Mary wishes it still more.

What do you think of an edition of 20,000 of my Poems being struck off at Boston, as I have been told on good authority? An author in the English Language is becoming a great power for good or evil, if he writes with spirit.

Now for our travels. I trust I shall be ready to start from home by the end of the third week in February." At the Lancaster Assizes, in September 1836, an im will case, involving the succession to the Hornby Castle turned on the genuineness of certain letters, said to hav written by the testator. To give evidence as to these many witnesses were subpænaed: Southey, Lingard the his Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, as well as Wordsworth.* Word was the only witness sworn. Southey—writing to Taylor, said: "Wordsworth is now a sworn critic, as praiser of compositions; and he has the whole honour t self—an honour of which I believe there is no other ex in literary history."

Dr. Shelton Mackenzie wrote down his recollections meeting with Wordsworth and Southey on this occasion.

"At our meeting on the preceding evening, Mr. Words gave his opinion of the letters to this effect, judging external as well as internal evidence, that though they from one hand, they did not emanate from one and the mind; that a man commencing to write letters might very badly, but as he advanced in life,-particularly is Marsden, he wrote many letters,—he would probably impre style; such improvement being constant, and not capri That is, if he gradually learned to spell, and write proper would not fall back at intervals into his original error composition and spelling; that if once he had got out ignorance, he could not fall back into it, except by de that the human mind advances, but cannot recede, warped by insanity or weakened by disease. The concl arrived at, which facts afterwards proved, was, that th equality in the letters arose from their being compose different persons, some ignorant and some well-informed, another person always copied them fairly for the post.

^{*} See Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, vol. vii. pp. 299-

This is the sum of what Mr. Wordsworth at great length and very elaborately declared as the result he had arrived at. It was thought piled on thought, clear investigation, careful analysis, and accumulative reasoning.

While Wordsworth was speaking, I noticed that Southey listened with great attention. Once or twice Wordsworth referred to him for his coincidence in an argument, and Southey very laconically assented. Dr. Lingard's opinion was already on record, and my friend and myself very briefly stated ours to be precisely the same as Wordsworth's. The next day Wordsworth was put into the witness-box, was sworn, and his examination had commenced, in fulfilment of Mr. Cresswell's promise to the jury that they should hear the opinion of eminent literary characters as to the compound authorship of Marsden's letters. But Sir F. Pollock, the leader on the other side, objected to such evidence, alleging that they might as well examine a batch of Edinburgh reviewers; and that it was substituting speculative opinion for actual fact, besides taking from the jury the power of judgment founded upon opinion. After a long argument, it was decided that this evidence was inadmissible; but, as the verdict eventually showed, the jury evidently thought that there was good reason why such evidence was set aside.

While a friend went for a magistrate's order for us to see the castle (which is used as the prison), Southey, Wordsworth and myself had a brisk conversation.

From the spot on which we stood (a sort of terrace) there was a fine view of the Irish Sea, the country around Lancaster, and to the north the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland; which last were eagerly pointed out by Wordsworth. I hazarded the remark, that an American had compared these mountains with some in the vicinity of his own Hudson River, and this led to a conversation about America. 'I always lamented,' said Southey, 'that Gifford's anti-American feeling

should be so prominent in the Quarterly; but he was obstime and the more I remonstrated, the more he persevered. We spoke of American reprints of English works, and Wordswatt said it was wonderful what an interest they took in our literature;—'It was the yearning of the child for the parent'; while Southey remarked, with a smile, 'Rather the yearning of the robber for his booty: they reprint English works because a pays them better than to buy native copyrights; and until me are paid, and paid well, for writing, depend on it that writing well must be an exception rather than the rule.'

We now went to visit Lancaster Castle, which need not here be described. After enjoying the fine view from the Keep. we went to see the Penitentiary, within the castle. Dr. Lingard had left us before this, and the ball of conversation was kert up between Wordsworth, Southey, and myself. The principal subject was American literature, with which, at that time, I was pretty well acquainted. Wordsworth could scarcely believe that of a three volume work, published here at a guinea and a half, the reprint was usually sold in New York for two shillings -in later days the price has been as low as sixpence, the great sale making a fraction of profit worth looking for. worth expressed a strong desire to obtain an American reprint of any of Southey's works; but Mr. Southey appeared quite indifferent. 'I should be glad to see them,' said he, 'if the rogues would only give me a tithe of what the work of my brains may yield to them.'

Returning to the terrace leading to the courts, Wordsworth and Mr. Quillinan went into the town; while Southey and myself walked up and down for about half an hour. 'I am glad,' said he, 'that they would not take our evidence. It was nothing but matter of opinion, and if twenty men of letters swore one way on one day, twenty more would swear the reverse on the next day, and with equal conscientiousness.' I said that I suspected the offering such evidence was enough,

as its rejection made the jury suspect there was a cause for not hearing it. 'Like enough,' said he, laughing heartily, 'that would be a true lawyer's trick!'...

We spoke of Wordsworth, and he said, 'A clear half of what he has written will remain. Who can say how much of the rest of us will survive? Scott, for example,—no one thinks of his poetry now.' I ventured to say that in Scott's case, as in his own, the excellence of their prose had thrown their poetry into the shade. 'That is a flattering apology,' said he, 'but our prose may, from its very quantity, if from no other cause, have crowded down our poetry. One thing I do know; to write poetry is the best preparation for writing prose.'"

tinually making. It is his society that will distinguish this from all other journeys, and it is to accommodate him that I have altered my usual mode of travelling. He cannot bear night-travelling, and in his sixty-ninth year needs rest. I therefore at once yielded to his suggestion to buy a carriage for the journey. It is a barouche, and Moxon offered to be our companion. He is, however, to return from Paris to England, when we leave for Italy. . . . W. only heard of Landor's satire from Quillinan in Portugal. He said he regretted Quillinan's indiscretion, and felt much obliged to all his London friends for their never mentioning the circumstance to him. He never saw nor means to see the satire : so that it will fall ineffectual, if it was intended to wound. He had heard that the pamphlet imputed to him a depreciation of Southey's genius, but he felt a warm affection for Southey, and an admiration of his genius. He could never have said that he would not give 5s. for all S. had ever written. He had in consequence written a few lines to Southey. Notwithstanding his sense of the extreme injustice of L. toward him, he willingly acknowledged his sense of Landor's genius. to the image of the seashell, he acknowledged no obligation to L's Gebir for it. From his childhood the shell was familiar to him; and the children of his native place always spoke of the humming sound as indicating the sea, and its greater or less loudness had a reference to the state of the sea at the time. The circumstance, however, gave him little annoyance.

27th.—W. is sleeping in an alcove, and in his sleep has been declaiming some unintelligible verses. He has been chatty to-day. He said Langhorne is one of the poets who has not had justice done him. His Country Justice has true feeling and poetry. He praised Béranger, and said all classes love him.

April 2, Avignon.—We set off to Vaucluse. W. was strongly excited, predetermined to find the charm of interest, and he did. There is no verdure. But perhaps, on looking

more closely, Petrarch may not have praised his retreated for shady groves or meadows, and the stream of the Sogn eminently beautiful. The rocks are almost sublime,—at is very romantic. W. made a long ramble among the robehind the fountain.

3d.—At Nismes, I took W. to see the exterior of both Maison Carrée and the Arena. He acknowledged the beauty, but experienced no great pleasure. He says, 'In unable, from ignorance, to enjoy these sights. I receive a impression, but that is all. I have no science, and can we nothing to principle.' He was, on the other hand, delight by two beautiful little girls near the Arena. 'I wish I coultake them to Rydal Mount.'

4th.—I took W. to the gardens, which pleased him mode more than the antiquities. The interior of the Arena did not seem strongly to affect him. Indeed he confessed that he anticipates no great pleasure from this class of objects in his tour.

12th, Mentone.—I would gladly have stayed here, but W. was rather anxious to get on.

this quiet and agreeable town. There is a fort, and before it a greensward, just at this season—which delighted W. more than objects more extraordinary and generally attractive. From the lower part of the fortress the views are fine. After rambling through the town, which is nicely paved with flagstones, and is agreeable to walk in, having a sort of college air about it, we ascended to a couple of monasteries—the one of Capuchins, with an extensive view of the sea, and then to a former Franciscan monastery, now desecrated. W. took a great fancy to this place, thought it a fit residence for such a poet as Chiabrera, who lived here, and whose epitaph is near to Savona. W. sauntered here a long time. In the same street no remarkable building, nor any person who looked as if he knew anything of the great Savona poet.

20th, Pisa.—Early in the morning we set out on a walk which W. found most interesting, being in a glen through which a stream flowed, and I soon found that it was in fact the glen in which runs the river Trizardo. We went on, and were so much delighted with the romantic beauties of this glen, terminating in mountains covered with snow, that, in spite of a violent rain, we went on to the wretched village of Torno, beyond which we saw a fall called the Sorgenté, and I at last came to a spot of wonderful sublimity, but still not the most famous spot visited by travellers. W. deems it one of the most remarkable spots he has seen on his journey, and he did not see the very finest point. At that point the mountain was very precipitous, and near, and awfully grand, and a path led to the ravine in which the stream had its origin, called the Sorgenté (?).

25th.—We proceeded to Aquapendente. W. has little pleasure in antiquities, but any form of natural beauty attracts him. W. took a look at the cascade which gives a name to this place, and took a walk to see it again, and he had a glimpse of it on the road.

26th, Rome.—We entered Rome under a brilliant sun. We took a walk before the sun went down on my favourite haunt, the Pincian Hill. W. seemed disposed to enjoy Rome, and felt quite as much as I expected at the sight of St. Peter's, and at the view from the Pincian.

27th.—This has been a very interesting day. To W. it must have been unparalleled, in the number and importance of new impressions. We entered the Campo Vaccino, noticing all the well-known objects in that sublimest of low fields; and having walked round the Coliseum, by which W. seemed sufficiently impressed, the Temples of Janus, Vesta, Fortuna Virilis; the porch of the Postern (?) Gate, and also the Pantheon, which W. seemed to think unworthy of notice compared with St. Peter's, we rode to St. Peter's, by which W. was more

impressed than I expected he would be. We the Church of St. Onofrio, where Tasso lies be hunter after sentimental relics. He professes of places that have merely a connection wit unless they had also an influence on his we cares nothing for the burial-place of Tasso, be interest in Vaucluse. The distinction is found and real, not affected, sympathy.

May 3.—W. drove to the baths of Caracal burial-place of Shelley and Keats,—"two fooli

I introduced W. to Bunsen. He talked his with great facility and felicity of expression to us monuments from the history of Rome window.

6th.—After breakfast we made call on Sevesubject to talk on with W. besides Art,—1 friend. He informs us that the foolish instomb is to be superseded by one worthy of hi that his death was hastened by the article in the

Planned to go to the Vatican; Gibson, Seve panying us.

8th.—I never saw the marble antiques to gre for Gibson pointed out to Wordsworth all the 1 the Minerva, Apollo, young Augustus, Laocoön,

10th.—We ascended the Coliseum. The view from above enhances greatly the effect, and W

12th.—(W., Carlyle, and Severn at the Vatican).
Burford, a craniologist, took the dimensions of W.'s head
on paper.

13th.—(To Tivoli). We drove to Adrian's Villa, which delighted W. for its scenery, and amused me by its ruins. . . . We took the guide of the house, and inspected the old rocks among which the cascade fell, and the new fall, which has been made by a tunnel. The change was necessary, but has not improved the scene. The new fall is made formal by the masonry above. It runs in one mass, as in a frame, nearly straight; and but for the mass of water, which is considerable, would produce no effect. The old fall had the disadvantage of being hidden by projecting rocks, so that we could only see it by means of paths cut out, and then but imperfectly. of itself would have been a great disappointment to Wordsworth; but he was amply compensated by the enjoyment the Cascadelle afforded him from the opposite side of the valley, from which you see two masses of what are called the Little Falls, and, at the same time, the heavy mass formed by the body of the river. (By-the-by, W. called the Cascadella " Nature's Waterworks.")

22d.—I had to prepare for our final departure. Nothing could exceed Miss Mackenzie's kindness to W. She seems to feel for him the affection of a daughter, and he is much pleased with her. Were it not for her house, his evenings would have been deplorably dull. W. wants the cheering society of women, and Miss M.'s house was open to him every evening. He has invited her to visit him at Rydal.

24th, Terni.—The finest waterfall I have ever seen, and W. declares it to be also the most sublime he ever beheld. The upper fall is sublime as seen from above, from the mass of water and the great extent of the fall. The rebound of the water is such as to resemble a cloud, so that the well-known proverb applied to a wood may be literally parodied, 'You

can't see the cascade for the water.' There is a point w succession of falls may be seen, which extend to mo 1000 feet.

27th.—At last we came in sight of the Arno, and we long afterwards, to the great joy of W.

W. mounted a horse, and I on foot accompanied his steep hill, through a dreary country, to the famous Fra convent of L'Averna. Our walk was about six or seven L'Averna is a lofty mountain, which is visible at a greatance, on account of a mass of grand rocks (a variety neighbourhood), on the top of which St. Francis be house. On entering, we were courteously received poor and humble monks. While our meal was prewe strolled through the distant forest to a promontory, we had a wild and interesting country at our feet. A we met in the forest told us some of the legendary tal abound in a region like this.

28th.—The monastery of Camaldoli. The monaste delightfully in a secluded valley of firs, chestnuts, et there is a mountain torrent, so that with the mor L'Averna it would be perfect. We were received by different kind of monks [from L'Averna], gentlemanly in white garments, shoes and stockings,-in fact, Bened -the gentlemen of the monastic orders, as I have writ their album. While our dinner was preparing, W. strolled up the forest. We entered the hermitage, wi few monks reside with greater severity of discipline. they grow old they come down to the monastery (more mile below). Here was six years ago a painter. I ci then with him. Now he is in the convent. They show a picture by him. I made inquiries, and expected to se in the evening. It was perhaps one of his silent days. tired, and left W. to go alone to the hermitage.

7th June, Bologna.-W. all day very uncomfortable. An

by the length of the streets. He is never thoroughly happy but in the country.

11th, Certosa.—It so surpassed our expectations that even W. did not regret the journey. It is the richest church I ever saw, not in its architecture, but in its sculpture. Its peculiar richness lies in the complete preservation of so many magnificent monuments, and all the enrichment which precious marble and the finest minute sculpture could give. W. was annoyed by the large parties who were seeing the church, and, to avoid them, left it, and we went up the town together. We saw everything quietly.

[From Milan to Como.]

12th.—This was one of the most agreeable days of the whole journey,—enjoyed by W. more than any other. Just before we reached Como the scenery became very grand. The view of this most interesting of lakes was in itself to me an unmixed pleasure. W. blended with it painfully pleasing recollections of his old friend Jones, with whom he made the same journey in the year 1794, and who died a few months ago. He also had a still more tender recollection of his journey here in 1820, with his wife and sister. Monkhouse and I were with him.

13th [Milan].—I accompanied W. up the Cathedral. A small sum is required of each person, and no one accompanies the traveller; an excellent arrangement, and, as W. truly observed, the cheapest of all sights for which anything is paid. The view of the surrounding country is not to be despised; but that is the least part of the sight. Its singularity consists in the effect produced by the numerous pinnacles on the roof of the church: three rows on each side surmounted by a figure, and all of marble. W. has thus described them:—

That aërial host Of Figures human and divine, White as the snows of Apennine. Indurated by frost. Concentric rings,
Each narrowing above each,—the wings,
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
The starry zone of sovereign height,—
All steeped in this portentous light!
All suffering dim eclipse!

14th.—This day was perhaps the very best of our jou W.; at least it partook most of that character which en his favourite taste. It was a day of adventure amid be scenery. [Bergamo].

16th, Brescia.—A long slip of land, which runs i water, divides the lake into halves, and ends in a knoll is the promontory of Sermione, where Catullus had W. had a strong desire to visit this point; but the sig hence will probably be sufficient to satisfy him.

18th, Riva.—We walked out before breakfast, and to road to Arco above the lake. W. soon left me, as annoyed by the stone walls on the road, and I sauntered a little town. I fancied I was in the Tyrol. I strolled W.'s non-return made me fear an accident had occurred this idea having seized me, I could not rest, but walked search of him. It was oppressively hot, but I went or guessing that he would be attracted by the appearance village and castles in the mountains, I went in that did The sound of a waterfall caught my ear. I knew it mus his. I pursued it, came to a mill, found he had been and had breakfasted there. He was gone higher up. higher, and found a man who had seen him near Riva. relieved my apprehensions. I returned. He was the we dined at three.

30th June.—W. overslept himself this morning, havi the first time on his journey, I believe, attempted compound and in the forenoon I wrote some twenty lines by die on the Cuckoo at Laverna.

2d July. . . . (Salzburg).-We came to see the f

salt-works, which W. had no curiosity about. And we then went on to see the grand lake, the Königsee. I took a walk alone, W. being engaged in composition, re-writing his verses on the Cuckoo at Laverna.

17th Aug. '37.—A very interesting chat with Wordsworth (at S. Rogers') about his poetry. He repeated emphatically that he did not expect, or desire, from posterity any other fame than that which would be given him from the way in which his poems exhibit Man, in his essentially human character and relations,—as child, parent, husband; the qualities which are common to all men, as opposed to those which distinguish one man from another. His sonnets are not therefore the works that he esteems the most. R. and I had both spoken of the sonnets as our favourites. He said, 'You are both wrong.' R., however, attacked the form of the sonnet with exaggeration, that he might be less offensive.

I regret my inability to record more of W.'s conversation. Empson related that Jeffrey had lately told E. that so many people had thought highly of W. that he was resolved to reperuse his poems, and see if he had anything to retract. W., on this, said that he had no wish now that J. would do anything of the kind. J. had done him all the injury he could. His violent attacks, and the silence of the Quarterly, had prevented the sale of his works. Otherwise he might have made his Italian journey twenty years ago. E., I believe, did not end his anecdote, as he had before said to me that J., having done so, found nothing to retract—except, perhaps, a contemptuous and flippant phrase or two. E. says he believes J.'s distaste for W. is honest, mere uncongeniality of mind. Talfourd says the same, who is now going to pay Jeffrey a visit. J. does acknowledge that he was wrong in his treatment of Lamb.

I felt dissatisfied with the journey, because I returned so early in the season, and therefore I resolved on making a short excursion by way of supplement to the Italian Tour Wordsworth was going to Hereford to visit his brolaw, near that city, I proposed to him to go to Heref accompany him on the Wye, etc., his daughter being party. Accordingly,

Friday, Sept. 8th, we set out in the Hereford coach.
9th.—Young Mr. Hutchinson came for the W.'s to tal
to Brinsop, and between eleven and twelve Mr. Mor
also came.

Wordsworth considers the quantity of wood in this as its defect. You cannot, he says, see any houses or The population is thin, and this gives a sense of s which is purely disagreeable in a cultivated country. tude in a waste is sublime."

The following are extracts from a series of thirteen written by Wordsworth and Robinson jointly to the members of the Rydal household during the course tour. It seems better to give them a place by them than to mingle extracts from them with Robinson's Diar quoted:—

"[London], Friday After

My Dear and Very Dear Sister,—Our passports are cured, our carriage bought, and we shall embark a Tower Stairs on Sunday morning for Calais. How I you could have gone with us; but I shall think of you where, and often shall we talk of you. I have see Marshalls, who made a thousand inquiries after you; and Sara Coleridge—who did the same. It is a week to since I arrived here, and I long to be gone, for I am worn off my feet with flying from one part of the town other. We shall write from abroad at length, and I hop will be amused. Farewell, my dearest sister.—Your affectionate brother.

W. Wordsword

" Paris, Friday, March 24.

My DEAR MISS FENWICK,-To spare your eyes, and to save your time, I shall write journal-wise. Arrived at Calais between nine and ten. . . . Snow fell so heavily that it obliged us to take, in one place, an additional horse. The landscapes, though often agreeable to look upon, are almost everywhere disfigured by long lines of thread-paper trees, placed so near each other that they cannot but spindle as they do; multitudes of lopped trees, in lines by the wayside, and the pollards, wherever seen, all so close together as to have no tops worth looking at. The peasantry appeared everywhere taller and stouter than those of England are, in a great number of counties: say Cambridgeshire, Herefordshire, all Wales, and many other parts. At the close of the long war they had become a dwindled race—the conscription having swept away the flower of the youth. They seem now greatly improved in strength and stature. Slept at Grandivilliers.

Wednesday. - Severe frost - not a sign of spring upon the trees; nevertheless small birds chirping among the bushes here and there, and one lark warbling aloft, and soaring, as if he wished to get out of the frosty region through which we were travelling. We were much struck with the appearance of Beauvois, and went into the Cathedral of Saint Denis, which has been undergoing extensive repairs. I am no critic in architecture of any age or country, but I was much gratified with what I saw there. In a recess of one of the side aisles some priests were engaged in some sort of service-one boy chanting, but none of the people present. Candles were arranged thus A, and one might almost have thought that they were objects of worship; and a book, a large one, was turned to and fro incessantly, with the stand upon which it was placed. All this is no doubt well understood by Roman Catholics, but, to an ignorant spectator, it has an air of mummery-form, without spirit. Walked on before the carriage, and almost reached Paris before

it overtook me. The variety of voitures on the road, shapes, and the pompous names of some of the public vel amused me much; while the rays of the setting sun mad clouds of dust glitter around those that took either side o pavement. The pace of some was furious; I observed se horses slip on the pavement, and then rear, but neither d nor passengers seemed to care a jot about the matter. . .

What shall I say of Paris? Many splendid edifices some fine streets have been added since I first saw it a close of the year '90. But I have had little feeling to a for novelties, my heart and mind having been awakened eventure to sad and strange recollections of what was passing, and of subsequent events, which have either occur in this vast city, or which have flowed from it as source.

Saturday Morning.—Yesterday, Friday, spent seven 1 nearly in rambling up and down on foot. The frost set the poor swans-in basins of water in the Tuileries gard hiding their bills and as much of their necks as they of among the pure white feathers of their wings; one part standing upon the ice, another couched upon the wo platform in front of their little huts or kennels. the fountains spouted out vigorously their glittering wate striking contrast with their long beards of icicles. Wer the Louvre. The old pictures removed to make room for annual exhibition of French art. We were sorry for thi the new things gave us but little pleasure, though not v teresting, as showing the present state of French Art, w really does not seem to have much to boast of. The impressive picture we noticed has for its subject Lord Stra kneeling down, on his way to his place of execution, to rec the benediction of Archbishop Laud. This is said to purchased by the Duke of Sutherland. He has done for the artist deserves encouragement. . . . We then wer the Luxemburg—a number of French artists copying pictures, which had better be buried. Here remembrances pressed upon me, some tragical; and some, my dear Mary and dear sister (for this letter is intended also for you), of very different Do you recollect how pleased we were in the gardens of this palace to see the boys rolling and sporting and hiding themselves among the heaps of withered leaves, as they do with us among hay-cocks? From the Luxemburg we went through a part of Paris that is very interesting to me-the Fauxburg St.-Germains, to the Elysian fields. . . . What pleased me most was to see the number of shabby vehicles, hackney coaches, cabriolets, etc.; several of them crowded with children, who seemed to enjoy themselves in spite of the severe cold. The triumphal arch, which terminates the alley of the Longchamps, is a grand structure; worthy of being the entry of this city, or rather of announcing your approach to it. But why does not modern Art dress her France, and her histories with their wrongs? Dined at a restaurateur's, after a walk of six hours without resting; and should have spent the evening in writing letters, but was afraid of hurting my eyes." . . .

H. C. R. to Mrs. Wordsworth.

"Marseilles, 6th April 1837.

MA CHÈRE MAMAN,—As I pass among the intelligent for the son of M. votre Mari, both of our characters require that you should not disclaim the revered title. Whether I owe mine to any strong personal resemblance, or to any filial assiduities, I cannot pretend to determine. Perhaps the latter. In fact M. le Père, not having the full possession of his eyesight, or entire use of his fingers, I have undertaken to relieve him of a portion of the labour of writing, by narrating the history of our journey, leaving him to put in the sense and the sentiment, which generally occupy but a minute space in a traveller's diary. We left Paris on Sunday the 26th, glad to

escape from the tumult of the gay city. . . . We set chilly and cheerless weather, which seems resolved to s us. We made but half a day's journey to Fontainebleau, and a half posts (a post is about five miles). Here I l my mind that we had, in this place seventeen years ago, the cannon announce the birth of a Son of France; I called the Child of Miracle. It will require a greater n to place him on the throne of his fathers. . . . O first of this month we first came to an object, both n us, and having an historical interest—a grand triumpha erected in honour of the victories of that arch Whig-R Marius, and a sadly-dilapidated Roman theatre. But the day presented a far more congenial object in the Vaucl Petrarch. We left our carriage in the venerable and de ex-papal city of Avignon and were driven to the poet's as and haunt. This famous spot is a naked valley at the e which, under a rock, like Malham cove, rushes out a stree great beauty; and lofty and wild rocks give an earnest even savage character to the scene. But it is treeless nearly grassless, and I therefore could not fancy it the residual by choice of the writer of the first perfect sonnets, so pre-eminently soft, and sweet even to effeminacy. St. the Baptist, on the contrary, might have dwelt there, by could not have found wild honey, for there can be no where there are no flowers. Next morning we rambled a Avignon, were amused by the display of national and pr sional character in the Invalides, where the Government allowed the veterans of the French army to erect a wo pyramidal monument in honour of Buonaparte. walls of the garden are covered with inscriptions triumpha recording the conquests and victories of the French. under this title is found the battle of Waterloo!!! On same day we proceeded to Nismes, seeing by the way the i beautiful aqueduct the Romans have left us, called the I du Gard. As the vicinity of N. has the very finest Roman aqueduct, so the city itself has a very fine temple, and ample remains of a noble amphitheatre. Few places in Italy combine so much to gratify the learned architect. And as far as antiquities are concerned, an unlearned traveller's curiosity might well be satisfied. As if, however, to try the superior power of nature over art, two little girls had cunningly placed themselves before one of the entrances into the Arènes, and were plucking the wings of a dead bird. Their beautiful eyes so fascinated the poet that had we been on our homeward not outward bound voyage, and could I have been bribed to assist in the atrocious theft, I believe he might have been wrought on to seize the little innocents, not indeed like an ogre, to feed on them, but with the more laudable purpose of improving the Westmoreland breed. Jesting apart, as far as the obtaining a distinct notion of Ancient Art in Architecture belongs to the motive and inducement for a tour into Italy, the journey may be considered to have attained its purpose."

Wordsworth to his Wife.

" Toulon, 8th April.

Vaucluse, where I was enchanted with the power and beauty of the stream, and the wildness and grandeur of the rocks, and several minor beauties which Mr. R. has not noticed, and which I should have particularised, but for this blinding cold. I was much pleased with Nismes, with Marseilles, but most of all, with the drive between Marseilles and Toulon, which is singularly romantic and varied. From a height above Toulon, as we approached, we had a noble view of the purple waters of the Mediterranean, purple no doubt from the state of the atmosphere; for at Marseilles, where we first saw it, the colour was not different from the sea of our own island. At Nismes the evening was calm, the atmosphere unusually clear, and the

air warm, not from its own temperature, but from the of the sun. I there first observed the stars, as appearing I and at a greater variety of depths, i.e. advancing one be other more than they do with us. . . . One of the few p of summer, which we have had, is the peach-blosson dantly scattered over some parts of the country, ar beautiful, especially when neighboured by the cypress, that is plentiful in this part of the south of France. . .

Wordsworth to his Sister.

"[NICE,] April

MY DEAREST SISTER, Thus far we have rather s to be flying from the spring than approaching it. Yester came from a place called Luc to Cannes. It snowed, it it rained, it blew, and lucky it is for you, notwithstanding beauty of the country, that you are not with us. . . . The groves, when they first made their appearance, looked no than pollard willows of bushy size; but they are now be trees, oftener a good deal larger than our largest hollies, the I have seen none so large as our best birch-trees. They s to give a sylvan character to the whole country, which was wanting. Orange-trees also now occur frequently, in a and on entering this town, we first saw them with the fru . . . At Cannes we saw the Villa which, with a taste suffici odd, the owner of Brougham Hall is building there. Bear and splendid as the situation is, I should much prefer Broug Hall, with its Lowther woods and two flowing streams, and never dry. Imagine to yourself a deeply indented W like that, on the right hand lofty mountains, and left horn, ground sinking down into a low point of land as almost to meet an island, upon which stands a fort famous as being the place where the Man of the Masqu fer was confined. Such is the general description of the be Cannes. The town lies behind the projection, under whi have placed a cross; that projection is of rock, and adorned with the ruins of a castle, with a church still in use, and also with some decayed buildings of a religious kind. . . . Lord B.'s villa stands upon olive and orange groves that slope down to the Mediterranean, distant about a quarter of a mile or less, a narrow beach of yellow and smooth sand being interposed. Broken ground runs behind the house, scattered over with olive and other fruit trees, also some pines; but the frost had sadly nipped the oranges, and their leaves were scattered pretty thick under the trees. If the dry channels of the ravines worn by the occasional floods were constantly filled with pure foaming water, and the rocks were of less crumbling material-they are a sort of sandstone-this situation would be enviable, and yet still it would want our oaks and birches, etc., as it does actually want the chestnut and walnut trees, that adorn, as you know well, many parts of the north of Italy and Switzerland. Do not think I say too much of Cannes, when I tell you, that beyond the left or eastern horn of this bay, and near the road leading to Antibes, which, as the map will show, is the next town on the road leading from Cannes to Nice, Buonaparte disembarked from the island of Elba. The postillion pointed out the spot. Antibes is the frontier town of France."

Wordsworth to his Sister.

"Rome, 27th April.

... Though I have seen the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and all the other boasted things, nothing has in the least approached the impressions I received from the inside of St. Peter's.

I have been enchanted with the beauty of the scenery in innumerable places, though almost in full as many there is a deplorable want of beauty in the surface, where the forms are fine. Speaking of the Apennines in contradistinction to the maritime Alps, for one scarcely can say where one begins and the other ends, I should say that as far as I have seen, they

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are both in beauty and grandeur immeasurably inferio lumpish in their forms, and oftener still, harsh, ar ugly on their surface. Besides, these mountains l ill habit of sending down torrents so rapidly that the are perpetually changing their beds; and in cons the valleys, which ought to be green and fertile, an spread with sand and gravel. But why find faul much that I have seen is so enchanting! We had been two hours in Rome, when we walked up to the hill, near our hotel. The sun was just set, but the sky glowed beautifully. A great part of the city of Rome lay below us, and St. Peter's rose on the o side; and, for dear Sir George Beaumont's sake, I will n that at no great distance from the dome of the Church line of the glowing horizon, was seen one of those topped pines, looking like a little cloud in the sky, slender stalk to connect it with its native earth. I m this because a friend of Mr. Robinson's whom we ha accidentally met, told us that this very tree which I ad so much had been paid for by our dear friend, that it stand as long as nature might allow. . . . "

Wordsworth to his Wife and Sister.

" Mo

... Several times I have been at St. Peter's, have Mass before the Pope in the Sistine Chapel, and after seen him pronounce the benediction upon the people a balcony in front of St. Peter's, and seen his Holiness so bits of paper from aloft upon the multitude, indulgence suppose. . . .

The Monte Mario commands the most magnificent of modern Rome, the Tiber, and the surrounding cou Upon this elevation I stood under the pine, redeemed by G. Beaumont, of which I spoke in my former letter. I tour

the bark of the magnificent tree, and I could almost have kissed it out of love for his memory. One of the most agreeable excursions we have made was with Miss Mackenzie and Mr. Collier to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and the other antiquities in its neighbourhood. This was on the first of May. The air was clear and bright, and the distant hills were beautifully clothed in air, and the meadows sparkling with rich wildflowers. In our ramble, after alighting from the carriage, we came to the spot which bears the name of the Fountain of Egeria, but this is all a fiction; nevertheless, the grotto and its trickling water, and pendant ivy, and vivid moss, have enough of poetry and painting about them to make the spot very interesting, independent of all adjuncts whether of fact or fiction. . . . The only very celebrated object which has fairly disappointed me, on account of my ignorance, I suppose, is the Pantheon. But after all it is not particular objects, with the exception perhaps of the inside of St. Peter's, that make the glory of this city; but it is the boundless variety of combinations of old and new, caught in ever-varying connection with the surrounding country, when you look down from some one or other of the seven hills, or from neighbouring eminences not included in the famous seven. To-morrow we are going into the Campagna to see a sheepshearing upon the farm of a wealthy peasant, who lives in that sad and solemn district,—as I believe it is, around his abode, -which lies about five miles along the Appian way. And there this hospitable man dwells among his herds and flocks with a vast household, like one of the Patriarchs of old. . . ."

Wordsworth to his Sister.

" Rome, May 9.

. . . The spot from which I write is surrounded by romantic beauty, and every part of it renowned in history or fable. The lake of Nemi is the celebrated Speculum Dianæ, and that of

Albano still more famous, as you may read in Livy t The window of the room from which I am has a full view of the Mediterranean in front. The ho formerly a palace of the King of Spain; in the court b a fountain, water spouting from the mouths of two lion basin, and a jet d'eau throwing up more, that falls ba the same basin, thence descends a flight of steps eig number, into a large Italian garden; below that the gra in a slope thickly set with olive, vine, and fruit tree comes a plain, or what looks like one, with plots of corn, that look like rich meadows, spreading and wind and wide; then succeeds a dusky marsh; and lastly, the terranean Sea. All this tract is part of the ancient L the supposed kingdom of Æneas, which he wrested alon the fair Lavinia from Turnus. On the right, a little belo hotel, is a stately grove of ilex belonging to the Pala Villa Doria. . . ."

Wordsworth to his Wife.

"Salzburg, Ju

made some years ago,—to regret that this journey was made some years ago,—to regret it, I mean, as a poethough we have had a great disappointment in not a Naples, etc., and more of the country among the Apen not far from Rome, Horace's country for instance, Cicero's Tusculum, my mind has been enriched by innume images, which I could have turned to account in verse vivified by feelings which earlier in my life would answered noble purposes, in a way now they are little I to do. But I do not repine; on the contrary, I am happy. . . . Absence, in a foreign country, and great distance, is a condition, for many minds, at leas mine, often pregnant with remorse.—Dearest Mary, wh have felt how harshly I often demeaned myself to you,

nestimable fellow-labourer, while correcting the last edition of my poems, I often pray to God that He would grant us to both life, that I may make some amends to you for that and all my unworthiness. But you know into what an irritable state this timed and overstrained labour often put my nerves. My impatience was ungovernable, as I then thought, but I now feel that it ought to have been governed. You have forgiven me, I know, as you did then, and perhaps that somehow troubles me the more. I say nothing of this to you, dear Dora, though you also have had some reason to complain. . . .

How sorry I am, dear Dora, for poor Mr. Hallam; he had just been touring in the beautiful country where now we are, before he lost his son so suddenly. Beautiful indeed this country is; in a picturesque and even poetic point of view more interesting than most of what we have seen. It is something between the finest part of Alpine Switzerland and the finest parts of Great Britain, I mean in North Wales, Scotland, and our own region. In many particulars it excels Italy; also, greatly indeed, the south of France. The mountains are finely formed, and the vales not choked up, nor the hill-sides disfigured by the sort of cultivation which the sunshine of Italy puts thereupon—vines, olives, citrons, lemons, and all kinds of fruit-trees. Yesterday we passed through a country of mountain, meadow, lawn, and the richest wood spread about with all the magnificence of an everlasting park. . . ."

H. C. R. to Mrs. Wordsworth.

"Salzburg, [July 11.]

... A certain degree of repose of mind must have been the cause, though you know it is not the effect, of the exercise of verse-making. You are to have the product from Munich, and will be well pleased with it, I promise you; and it is in the verse you think now best becomes him. We are now about to make our last journey of country sight-seeing. We have only one more town to see; and then the wheels may run a glib as they please. Only I must take care that you do make receive him as my brother was received by his wife, who scolded him for coming back too soon. We are nearly at the close of the interesting part of our journey. After Munich will be mere travelling. There I hope, and at Heidelberg also, I trust, letters will arrive. For I perceive that he make never so happy as when a letter comes. His spirits flag who any unusual delay takes place. We were lucky at Milan and Venice. I should say he was; for letters arrived at the one just as we were leaving, and at the other just before our arrival. . . .

P.S.—I know not what he has written about my friend Miss Mackenzie. You have no cause of jealousy, but Dora has. Miss M. seemed to feel towards him as towards a father, and will certainly pay you one day a visit. She has, however, reached an age at which maternal love is much more usual, and to be desired, than filial. We have heard of the death of the dear reforming king. We do not mean to be detained more than a week by the necessity of ordering a suit of travelling mourning. Long live Victoria I. and her Whig Ladies of Honour!!!!"

Wordsworth to his Wife.

" Munich, Monday, July 17.

thoughts are fixed upon home, where I am most impatient to be, . . . particularly as there are (as must be the case with all companions in travel) so many things in habit and inclination, where Mr. R. and I differ. Upon these I shall not dwell at present, as the only one I care about is this: he has no home to go to but chambers, and wishes to stay abroad, at least to linger abroad, which I, having the blessing of a home,

o not. Again, he takes delight in loitering about towns, ossiping, and attending reading-rooms, and going to coffeeiouses, and in table d'hôtes, etc., gabbling German or any other songue, all which places and practices are my abomination. In the evenings I cannot read, as the candlelight hurts my eyes; and I have therefore no resource but to go to bed, while I should like exceedingly, when upon our travels, if it were agreeable to him, to rise early; but though he will do this, he dislikes it much, so that I don't press it. He sleeps so much at odd times in the day that he does not like going to bed till midnight. In this, and a hundred other things, our tastes and habits are quite at variance, though nobody can be more obliging in giving up his own; but you must be aware it is very unpleasant in me to require this. In fact, I have very strong reasons for wishing this tour, which I have found so beneficial to my mind, at an end for the sake of my body. . . .

. . . A man must travel alone, I mean without one of his family, to feel what his family is to him! How often have I wished for James to assist me about the carriage, greasing the wheels, etc., a most tedious employment, fastening the baggage, etc., for nothing can exceed the stupidity of these foreigners. Tell him how I wish I had been rich enough to bring him along with me! . . . God bless you all!

Thursday Morning, 20th.

... I am quite tired of this place, the weather has been very bad, and after the Galleries close, which is at twelve o'clock and one, I have nothing to do; and, as I cannot speak German, time moves very heavily. The Ticknors are here, and I have passed a couple of hours every evening with them.

—God bless you again! . . ."

Another brief account of this Italian tour was given by

Robinson in a letter addressed by him to Barron Field. I letter he said of Wordsworth:—

"His eye for colour seems more cultivated than his see form: at least the picture galleries were more attractive to than the museums of sculpture. But, in general, he wallow the plastic artist of any kind to place himself by the of the poet as his equal; and in this he is, beyond all right. He felt the pathetic grandeur of the environs of and regretted that bad weather did not allow him to visit a spots of the adjacent mountains, in romantic interest the profoundly attractive of any place that has a name upon earth."

Writing to Moxon, his publisher, from Brussels, on of August, Wordsworth said he would arrive in a day and go to his house. On his return to England, he in London for about a month.

The following is from Lady Richardson's note-book, on the Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher, pp. 228-30:—

"We had a most agreeable surprise on the 19th of A 1837. Mrs. Smith, of the dockyard, appeared at Darland Wordsworth and Dora. We did not even know the poor returned from his Italian tour. He looks somewhat the and paler than when we left Lakeland, and, as he he expresses it, 'is too home-sick to be comfortable'; be admired the arrangements of our little garden, and en with his usual indulgence for Nature, into the merits of one large elm-tree. He confesses himself to have been to for a first visit to Italy, and that his visit with Crabb Rob was too hurried for enjoyment; that at Rome he had not to get over his disappointment at the old and new jumbled together; and he thought the effect of the Coli

I was lessened by the Popish ornaments being obtruded into it. He mentioned the beauty of the flowers and ferns that grew on its walls as its best attractions. He said he knew too little to make Rome so enjoyable as it might have been. He made the discovery, also, that he had no real taste for sculpture, as he fell asleep before the Venus de Medici at Florence. He was more impressed by the Apollo, because there is mind there, but without mind he cannot be much interested in mere form, torsos and other forms, which he allows may be very interesting to students of art. He spoke with most interest of the ruin at Nismes, and said he saw nothing in Italy equal to the combined effect of the situation and edifice of the Pont du Gard at Nismes. Of the maritime Alps route also, and of the Mediterranean generally, he spoke with much delight. In Vaucluse he had been in no degree disappointed; the colour of the stream and the beauty of the flowers delighted him much. He deplores the want of fine timber in Italy, and the entire absence of gentlemen's country houses and parks throughout the country of France. These observations chiefly took place on the Sunday evening which he spent with us.

He remarked that he thought the French peasant improved in a mere animal point of view; that he had formerly been much struck with the extreme feebleness of frame among the French, but this was not the case now. He mentioned a tree which he had reposed under forty-eight years ago at Liége, as one of great size and beauty, and while on this subject he branched off with interest on the comparative merits of trees. He admires the cypress of the south as a beautiful spiral accompaniment to a landscape, but he holds the yew higher as a fine creature. His conversation did not become truly Wordsworthian, however, till he entered on the Life of Scott, three volumes of which he had read. There was so much feeling, wisdom, and elevation in all he said on this subject, that, in his own words, we could truly say after he left us,

. So did he speak, The words he uttered shall not pass away, For they sank into me.

And yet to attempt to note them down seems hopeless. said that it gave him pain to discover what sufferings Sco gone through from his connection with printers, and unworthy shifts he had recourse to, to get rid of his qui unsold writings. 'It is cruel so to expose a great weaknesses.' 'Scott's sentiments (he said) sometimes me; and when I think of his free, frank manner, of wh open creature he was, and then find that he was involved all this load of concealment and evasion, it gives me pain,-it must do so to all his friends. The day befor parted he spoke to me much of his portion of happiness i which he considered great; but it appeared to me at the that he did not truly estimate his position as a man of g He appeared to think that the condition of an official Government, or that of a country gentleman, was a higher than that of a man of genius.' This, Wordsworth said, wa more extraordinary from Scott having been born in the of a gentleman, and, therefore, he ought more truly to estimated the real state of the case. Dr. Johnson had pe fully stated the truth on this subject, and Scott would been a wiser and a happier man had he rested on his ge rather than on his accumulating acres, and living beyon Wordsworth then launched forth on the star opinion pronounced by Scott on Johnson's poem on Vanity of Human Wishes being the finest poem in language. He repeated two or three lines, and dissected in the way he used to do some of Lord Byron's."

The following occurs in the Memoirs of Thomas Moore

"8th August 1837.— . . . Dined with Rogers. Part dinner: Wordsworth and Miss Rogers. A good deal Wordsworth about his Continental tour. In talking of travelling in England, said that he used always to travel on the top of the coach, and still prefers it. Has got at different times subjects for poems by travelling thus. A story he has told in verse (which I have never seen) of two brothers parting on the top of a hill (to go to different regions of the globe), and walking silently down the opposite sides of the hill,* was, he said, communicated to him by a fellow-traveller outside a coach. Also another story about a peat hill which had been preserved with great care by a fond father, after the death of the youth who had heaped it up.†

10th August 1837.— . . . In talking of letter-writing this evening, Taylor again mentioned the habits of Southey in this respect, and Wordsworth said that, for his own part, such was his horror of having his letters preserved, that in order to guard against it he always took pains to make them as bad and dull as possible." ‡

Wordsworth met his daughter Dora in London, and went down with her to Brinsop Court, Herefordshire, on September 13th; Mr. Markham accompanying H. C. Robinson to a place on the Wye. They spoke of revisiting Tintern, but no record survives of whether they did so or not.

The following occurs in the Journals of Caroline Fox: §-

"September 9, 1837.—A glorious morning with Hartley Coleridge, who gradually unfolded on many things in a tone well worthy of a poet's son. . . . He took us to the outside of his rosy cottage, also to that which had been occupied by Wordsworth and De Quincey. . . . He talked of the former.

^{*} See A Tradition of Oker Hall in Darley Dale, Derbyshire: Works, vol. vii. p. 221.

⁺ Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore, edited by Lord John Russell, vol. vii. pp. 196-7.

I Ibid. p. 198.

[§] Vol. i. pp. 34-8.

He thinks that his peculiar beauty consists in viewing t as amongst them, mixing himself up with everything th mentions, so that you admire the man in the thing, the volved man. He says he is a most unpleasant companion tour, from his terrible fear of being cheated; neither is he popular as a neighbour. He calls him more a man of than talent, for whilst the fit of inspiration lasts he is inch a poet. When he tries to write without, he is very ging. . . . We walked up to Rydal Mount, but Words is in Herefordshire, on his return from Italy. . . . W the last and, as Hartley Coleridge considers, the best pe taken of Wordsworth in Italy, also a very fine cast taken Chantrey's bust. . . . He much regrets the tendency present day to bestow more admiration on intellectual moral worth, and entered into an interesting disquisiti Wordsworth's theory that a man of genius must have a heart. To make facts tally with theory, Wordsworth deny genius right and left to Byron, Voltaire, and other cult cases. We asked about Wordsworth's daughter : ha inherited any of her father's genius? 'Would you hav disease of genius to descend like scrofula?' was his ar and added that he did consider it a disease which amaz interfered with the enjoyment of things as they are, and fitted the possessor for communion with common minds."

After this visit to Brinsop, Wordsworth returned to B and the following letters were written by him toward close of that year. To Robinson he wrote, December 15t

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—... To take the points of your lin order: Serjeant T. did forward me a petition, and I objuto sign it, not because I was misinformed, but because al tions were made in it of the truth of which I knew nothing wown knowledge, and because I thought it impolitic to s

of the American publishers, who had done what there was no law to prevent them doing, in such harsh and injurious terms. This, I thought, would exasperate them, and put some of them upon opposing a measure, who might otherwise have felt no objection to it. Soon after this I had the pleasure of seeing a very intelligent American gentleman at Rydal, whom you perhaps have seen, Mr. Duar, to whom I told my reasons for not signing the petition. He approved of them, and said that the proper way of proceeding would have been to lay the case before our Foreign Secretary, whose duty it would be to open a communication with the American Foreign Secretary, and through that channel the correspondence would regularly proceed to Congress. I am, however, glad to hear that the petition was received as you report, When I was last in London, I breakfasted at Miss Rogers' with the American minister, Mr. Stephenson, who reprobated in the strongest terms of indignation the injustice of the present system. Both gentlemen spoke also of its impolicy in respect to America, as it prevented publishers, through fear of immediate underselling, from reprinting valuable English works. You may be sure that a reciprocity in this case is by me much desired, though far less on my account-for I cannot encourage a hope that my family will be much benefited by it-than from a love of justice, and the pleasure it would give me to know that the families of successful men of letters might take such station as proprietors, which they who are amused or benefited by their writings in both Continents seem ready to allow them. . . . "

To Sir W. Rowan Hamilton he wrote from Rydal Mount, December 21, 1837:—*

"... As to patronage, you are right in supposing that I hold it in little esteem for helping genius forward in the Fine

^{*} See Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, vol. ii. pp. 225-9.

Arts; especially those whose medium is words. Sc and painting may be helped by it; but even in these ments there is much to be dreaded. The French have blished an academy at Rome upon an extensive scale; far from doing good, I was told by every one that it ha much harm. The plan is this; they select the most guished students from the school, or academy, at Pari send them to Rome with handsome stipends, by which are tempted into idleness, and of course into vice; s it looks like a contrivance for preventing the French and the world at large, from profiting by the genius Nature may have bestowed, and which, left to itself, wo most cases perhaps, have prospered. The principal, indeed told the only, condition imposed upon these str is that each of them send annually some work of his ha Paris. When at Rome I saw a great deal of English a they seemed to be living happily and doing well, thou you are aware, the public patronage any of them rece trifling.

Genius in poetry, or any department of what is calle Belles Lettres, is much more likely to be cramped than for by public support; better wait to reward those who have their work, though even here national rewards are not a sary, unless the labourers be, if not in poverty, at less narrow circumstances. Let the laws be but just to them they will be sure of attaining competence, if they have misguided their own talents, or misapplied them. The of Chatterton, Burns, and others might, it should seen urged against the conclusion that help beforehand is not quired; but I do think that in the temperament of the have mentioned there was something which, however far able had been their circumstances, however much they been encouraged and supported, would have brought on ruin. As to what patronage can do in science, discovering

physics, mechanic arts, etc., you know far better than I can pretend to do.

As to 'better canons of criticism, and general improvement of scholars,' I really, speaking without affectation, am so little of a critic or scholar, that it would be presumptuous in me to write upon the subject to you. . . . In attempting to comply with your wish, I should only lose myself in a wilderness. I have been applied to, to give lectures upon poetry in a public institution in London, but I was conscious that I was neither competent to the office, nor the public prepared to receive what I should have felt it my duty to say, however imperfectly.

I had a very pleasant, and not profitless, tour on the Continent, though with one great drawback—the being obliged, on account of the cholera, to return without seeing Naples and its neighbourhood."

The following is Rowan Hamilton's reply to the above letter of Wordsworth:—

" Observatory, December 30, 1837.

... I agree with you in thinking that direct patronage can do little for genius. . . . What I look to, then—and even that without any very sanguine hope of great and immediate good—is the drawing forth of critical essays, more philosophical and elaborate than would suit the taste of the mere ordinary reading public, by inviting and encouraging the presentation of such essays to its Transactions.*

May I dare to illustrate my meaning by applying it to your own case? Suppose that you could be induced to favour us with any critical reflections, detailed and particular, if you so chose—but I prefer to conceive them as general and abstractly philosophical—embodying or sketching out any views of yours, respecting the spirit and philosophy of criticism, or the nature and essential laws of poetry, or the objects and prospects of

^{*} Of the Royal Irish Academy.

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literature,—and illustrated by applications, or no sure;—suppose this done, with so little adaptatic popular tastes, that in whatever manner the published it must be as bread cast upon the water only after many days; yet not, like poetry, as universal heart of man, but rather to the calm of ment of the thoughtful student or philosopher no more appropriate mode of publishing such could easily be devised, than by presenting it to a like ours, whose published Transactions have men an increasing circulation, at home and alwould of course present you in return with separate copies (in our case fifty)."*

^{*} Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, vol. ii. pp. 2

CHAPTER XL.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH HENRY REED.

In December 1838 Wordsworth told Crabb Robinson that the University of Durham had conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L. "last summer." "It was the first time that the honour had been received there by any one in person." He added, that the matter was worth adverting to "only as a sign that Imaginative Literature, notwithstanding the homage now paid to Science, was not wholly without esteem."

Robinson went down to the Lakes in the end of December 1838. He tells us that he called with Wordsworth (January 3, '39), on Miss Fenwick, and adds:—

"Wordsworth spoke of poetry. At the head of the natural and sensual school was Chaucer, the greatest poet of his class. Next comes Burns: Crabbe, too, has great truth, but he is too far removed from beauty and refinement. This, however, is better than the opposite extreme. I told Wordsworth that in this he unconsciously sympathised with Goethe."

He records Miss Harriet Martineau's impression of Wordsworth's talk. "Sometimes he is annoying from the pertinacity with which he dwells on trifles: at other times he flows on in the utmost grandeur, leaving a strong impression of inspiration.

Southey came on from Keswick to visit Miss Fenwick, and meet the Wordsworths and Arnolds. He was depressed and dull. Wordsworth remarked on his having become completely dead to everything but books. When in Paris lately with

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Robinson, he never entered the town, cared only for bookshops. When Southey had gone, Dr. Arnold exp wonder if he should ever, like Southey, lose interest in retaining interest in books only; and Wordsworth as I must lose my interest in one of them, I would rather books than men."

Staying on at the Lakes till February, Robinson his impression of Wordsworth's political pamphlets wr 1818. He says they show that Wordsworth "would been a masterly political pamphleteer. There is nothing about his style," and he instances such a sentence as "Indence is the explosive energy of conceit making blind with expediency."

Although Wordsworth did not write much himself dur last decade of his life, he kept up an extensive correspondent with his friends, by the help of his ever willing amount at Rydal Mount. Much of his correspondence with two friends—Professor Henry Reed, Philadelphia, who edi poems in America, and Mr. Moxon, his London publication has an interest for posterity, as it referred to his own to literary questions, and contemporary politics. It may most convenient arrangement to print some of his let these two friends in chronological order, each series by Two of the former, but none of the latter, have been a published. The following were addressed to Professor Philadelphia:—

" London, August 19,

My DEAR SIR,—Upon returning from a tour of a months upon the Continent, I find two letters from awaiting my arrival, along with the edition of my poer have done me the honour of editing. . . . It is gratify one, whose aim as an author has been to reach the hearts fellow-creatures of all ranks and in all stations, to find the has succeeded in any quarter; and still more must be gratified to learn that he has pleased in a distant country men of simple habits and cultivated taste, who are at the same time widely acquainted with literature. Your second letter, accompanying the edition of the poems, I have read; but, unluckily, have it not before me. It was lent to Serjeant Talfourd, on account of the passage in it that alludes to the possible and desirable establishment of English copyright in America. I shall now hasten to notice the edition which you have superintended of my poems. . . . I have only to regret, in respect to this volume, that it should have been published before my last edition, in the correction of which I took great pains, as my last labour in that way, and which moreover contains several additional pieces. It may be allowed me also to express a hope that such a law will be passed ere long by the American legislature, as will place English authors in general upon a better footing in America than at present they have obtained, and that the protection of copyright between the two countries will be reciprocal. The vast circulation of English works in America offers a temptation for hasty and incorrect printing; and that same vast circulation would, without adding to the price of each copy of an English work in a degree that could be grudged or thought injurious by any purchaser, allow an American remuneration which might add considerably to the comforts of English authors who may be in narrow circumstances, yet who at the same time may have written solely from honourable motives. Besides, justice is the foundation on which both law and practice ought to rest. . . .

I cannot conclude, however, without assuring you that the acknowledgments which I receive from the vast continent of America are among the most grateful that reach me. What a vast field is there open to the English mind, acting through our noble language! . . . Believe me gratefully, your much obliged friend,

WM. WORDSWORTH."

" Rydal Mount, I

MY DEAR SIR,—The year is upon the point of and a letter of yours, dated May 7th, though not late in June (for I was moving about all last spring of the summer), remains unacknowledged. . . .

There is a difference of more than the length I believe, between our ages. I am standing on that vast ocean I must sail so soon; I must sight of the shore; and I could not once have could little I now am troubled by the thought of how a time they who remain on that shore may have s

The other day I chanced to be looking over belonging to the year 1803, though not actual till many years afterwards. It was suggested the neighbourhood of Dumfries, in which Burns and where he died; it concluded thus:—

> Sweet Mercy to the gates of heaven This minstrel led, his sins forgiven; The rueful conflict, the heart riven With vain endeavour, And memory of earth's bitter leaven Effaced for ever.

Here the verses closed; but I instantly added, the

But why to him confine the prayer,
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
On the frail heart the purest share
With all that live?
The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive!

The more I reflect upon this last exclamation, the and perhaps it may in some degree be the same justified in attaching comparatively small importa literary monument that I may be enabled to leave it is well, however, I am convinced, that men think of the earlier part of their lives; and why it is so, it need not touch upon in writing to you. Before I do

subject, let me thank you for the extract from your intelligent friend's letter; and allow me to tell you that I could not but smile at your Boston critic placing my name by the side of Cowley. I suppose he cannot be such a simpleton as to mean anything more than that the same measure of reputation or fame, if that be not too presumptuous a word, is due to us both. . . .

I should be truly glad to see you in the delightful spot where I have long dwelt; and I have more pleasure in saying this to you, because, in spite of my old infirmity, my strength exceeds that of most men of my years, and my general health continues to be, as it always has been, remarkably good. . . .

There is an opinion pretty current among discerning persons in England, that Republics are not to be trusted in money concerns,—I suppose because the sense of honour is more obtuse, the responsibility being divided among so many. For my own part, I have as little or less faith in absolute despotisms, except that they are more easily convinced that it is politic to keep up their credit by holding to their engagements. What power is maintained by this practice was shown by Great Britain in her struggle with Buonaparte. This lesson has not been lost on the leading monarchical states of Europe. . . . Believe me to remain, faithfully yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH."

" Rydal Mount, Jany. 13, 1841.

MY DEAR MR REED,— . . . Mr. Allston and I became acquainted many years ago, through our common friend Mr. Coleridge, who had seen much of Mr. Allston when they were both living at Rome. Mr. Allston, had he remained in London, would soon have made his way to public approbation; his genius and style of painting were too much above the standard of taste, at that time prevalent, to be duly acknowledged at once by the many; but so convinced am I that he

would have succeeded in obtaining general admirat have often regretted his speedy return to his nativ not so much that we have lost him (for that feel be more than counterbalanced by what America ha as because while living in Europe he would have to be more in the way of the works of the grea . . You mention the sonnet I wrote upon picture of the Duke of Wellington. I have known and Wilkie also, from their contemporaneous intro the world as artists. . . . Haydon is bent upon Rydal next summer, with a view to paint a likene not as a mere matter-of-fact portrait, but one of character, in which he will endeavour to place his some favourite scene of these mountains. I am rat I own, of any attempt of this kind, notwithstanding opinion of his ability; but if he keeps in his pres which I doubt, it would be in vain to oppose his i He is a great enthusiast, possessed also of a m intellect, but he wants that submission and steady which is absolutely necessary for the adequate de of power in that art to which he is attached.

As I am on the subject of painting, it may while to add that Pickersgill came down last supaint a portrait of me for Sir Rt. Peel's gallery at Manor. It was generally thought here that this more successful as a likeness than the one he pair years ago for St. John's College at the request of than Fellows.

There has recently been published in London a volum of Chaucer's tales and poems modernised; this little originated in what I attempted with *The Prioress*' if the book should find its way to America you will two further specimens from myself. I had no further specimens from the publication than by making a p

these to one of the contributors. Let me, however, recomnend to your notice The Prologue and The Franklin's Tale. They are both by Mr. Horne, a gentleman unknown to me, but are—the latter in particular—very well done. Mr. L. Hunt has not failed in The Manciple's Tale, which I myself modernised many years ago; but, though I much admire the genius of Chaucer, as displayed in this performance, I could not place my version at the disposal of the Editor, as I deemed the subject somewhat too indelicate for pure taste to be offered to the world at this time of day. Mr. Horne has much hurt this publication by not abstaining from The Reve's Tale. This, after making all allowance for the rude manners of Chaucer's age, is intolerable; and, by indispensable softening down the incidents, he has killed the spirit of that humour, gross and farcical, that pervades the original. When the work was first mentioned to me, I protested as strongly as possible against admitting any coarseness or indelicacy, so that my conscience is clear of countenancing aught of that kind. So great is my admiration of Chaucer's genius, and so profound my reverence for him . . . for spreading the light of Literature through his native land, that, notwithstanding the defects and faults in this publication, I am glad of it, as a means for making many acquainted with the original, who would otherwise be ignorant of everything about him but his name. . . . - Ever faithfully and gratefully yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH."

" May 15, 1841.

My DEAR Mr. REED,—I am now on a visit, along with Mrs. Wordsworth and our friend Miss Fenwick, to Miss F.'s brother-in-law, Mr. Popham, who lives in the rich and beautiful vale of Taunton, in Somersetshire. It is six weeks since we left home, and your letter of the 14th April was duly forwarded to me at Bath, where we have been residing for about a month. . . ."

" Bydel Mount, August 16,1

My DEAR MR REED,— . . . It appears to me me impossible that peace can long be preserved in your or Your government, I fear, is too feeble; mor will your to tuous democracy, I apprehend, be reconciled to suborin till war, either foreign or civil, or perhaps both, has them the necessity of it.

just sent me, with the highest eulogy, certain essays Emerson. Our Carlyle and he appear to be what the lused to call 'esprits forts,' though the French idols a their spirit after a somewhat different fashion. Our present philosophers, who have taken a language which suppose to be English for their vehicle, are verily nobile Fratrum. . . .—Ever faithfully yours,

WM. WORDSWOM

" Rydal Mount, March 1,

MY DEAR SIR,—. . . I have sent you three sonnets certain 'Aspects of Christianity in America,' having, will see, a reference to the subject upon which you were to write. I wish they had been more worthy of the ject; I hope, however, you will not disapprove of the nection, which I have thought myself warranted in the between the Puritan fugitives and Episcopacy. The seare already printed, and will be published, I hope, before an receive an answer to this letter, in a new volum poems which I am carrying through the press. The miscellaneous, but will contain the Tragedy of which have heard something. It was written so far back as 17

By the same packet I shall send a copy of those so to Bishop Doane. . . . —Your much obliged,

WM. WORDSWORT

" Rydal Mount, July 18, 1842.

My DEAR SIR,— . . . I have just resigned the office which to my own great convenience and advantage I have held for nearly 30 years, in favour of my younger son, who had acted under me for more than 11 years. By this step my small income has been reduced more than one-half, for there is no truth in what you may have seen in the newspapers that 'I had retired upon a pension.'

I lately received from Mr. Dickens a printed circular letter, in which he states that, having presented through M Clay a petition to Congress, signed by the whole body of American authors, praying for the establishment of an international law of Copyright—to counteract this petition, as the circular states, a meeting was held at Boston, at which a memorial against any change in the existing state of things was agreed to, with but one dissentient voice. This document, which was received, deliberately stated that if English authors were invested with any control over the republication of their own books, it would be no longer possible for American editors to alter and adapt them (as they do now) to the American taste.

Thus far the circular. And I ask you if it be possible that any person of the lowest degree of respectability in Boston could sign a document in its spirit so monstrous, and so injurious in its tendency?

... I returned to Rydal a month ago, after having been nearly six weeks in London. . . . The book trade is in a most depressed state—nothing but such books as have a connection with Theology, and the religious ferment that originated in Oxford, seeming to have the power of inducing people to part with their money for literature's sake. Nor is this much to be wondered at, for all ranks and classes are compelled by difficulties in the state of things to reduce their expenditure. . . —Your much obliged friend,

WM. WORDSWORTH."

" Rydal Mount, Sept. 14

MY DEAR MR. REED,—... A few days ago, after long interval, I returned to poetical composition; a first employment was to write a couple of sonnets up jects recommended by you to take place in the eccle series. They are upon the marriage ceremony. . . ."

" Rydal Mount, March 27

MY DEAR MR. REED, ... The account you give old friend Mr. Allston was very gratifying to n I believe you know, we were made acquainted Mr. Coleridge, who had lived in much intimac There is a most excellent Mr. Allston at Rome. of Coleridge by Allston, about which I am very not knowing what will become of it; the late own Wade, for whom it was painted, being dead. My w as I expressed to him a year and a half ago, that he bequeath the portrait to Mr. Coleridge's only daughter life; to go, after her day, to the Fitzwilliam Mus Cambridge, or the College in that University where educated. But I have no knowledge that he acted up advice. His own inclination was to send the picture painter. I suspected that inclination, and was wel that Mr. Allston would prize it much for his deceased sake. I knew also that Mr. Coleridge had many admirers in America. Nevertheless I could not sur wish that it should remain in England; it is so adm likeness of what that great and good man then was. to person, features, air, and character; and, moreover. there are several pictures of him in existence, and on artist eminent in his day-viz. Northcote-there is not the least to compare to that by Mr. Allston.

You give me pleasure by the interest you take various passages in which I speak of the poets, my

poraries who are no more. Dear Southey, one of the most eminent, is just added to the list a few days ago. I went over to Keswick to attend his remains to their last earthly abode. For upwards of a year and a half his powers of recognition-except very rarely, and but for a moment-have been all but extinct. His bodily health was grievously impaired, and his medical attendant says that he must have died long since, but for the very great strength of his natural constitution. As to his literary remains they must be very considerable, but, except his epistolary correspondence, more or less unfinished. His letters cannot but be very numerous; and, if carefully collected, and judiciously selected, will, I doubt not, add greatly to his reputation. He had a fine talent for that species of composition, and took much delight in throwing off his mind in that way. Mr. Taylor, the dramatic author, is his literary executor.

. . . I will add a few words upon the wish you express that I would pay a tribute to the English poets of past ages, who never had the fame they are entitled to, and have long been almost entirely neglected. Had this been suggested to me earlier in life, or had it come into my thoughts, the thing in all probability would have been done. At present I cannot hope it will, but it may afford you some satisfaction to be told that in the Ms. poem upon my poetic education there is a whole book of about 600 lines upon my obligation to writers of imagination, and chiefly the poets, though I have not expressly named those to whom you allude, and for whom and many others of their age I have a high respect. The character of the schoolmaster, about whom you inquire, had, like the Wanderer in The Excursion, a solid foundation in fact and reality, but, like him, it was also in some degree a composition. I will not, and need not, call it an invention-it was no such thing; but were I to enter into details I fear it would impair the effect of the whole upon

your mind, nor could I do it at all to my own I send you, according to your wish, the add ecclesiastical sonnets, and also the last poem from threw it off two or three weeks ago, being in a simpelled to it by the desire I felt to do justice to of a heroine, whose conduct presented some time ing contrast to the inhumanity with which our shipwrecked lately upon the French coast have—Ever most faithfully yours, WM. Wo

I must request that Grace Darling may not be

" Rydal Mount, A

My dear Mr. Reed,— . . . This spring I home for London or anywhere else, and during of it, and the summer, I have had much pleasure flowers and blossoms, as they appeared and discessively,—an occupation from which, at least v to my own grounds, a residence in town for the going spring seasons cut me off. Though my heat thank God, to be very good, and I am active as my age, my strength for very long walks among the is of course diminishing; but, weak or strong in ever remain in heart and mind your friend,

WM. Wo

P.S.—Mr. Southey's literary executors are n lection of his letters, which will prove highly in the public, they are so gracefully and feelingly will

" Rydal Mount, 1

MY DEAR MR. REED,— . . . Of the ability of Pennsylvania to discharge its obligation there doubt. As Mr. Webster has told them, theirs i richest countries in the world, so that the whole i into a question of morality. An immense may

and ucated inhabitants desire nothing more earnestly than that he debt should be provided for; but their opinion is overborne by the sordid mass, which will always have a considerable influence over a community whose institutions are so democratic as yours are. Were it not for this evil I should not have a shadow of doubt as to the issue; at present I own I have. Mr. Webster has spoken manfully, but why does he say so much about the great foreign capitalists, without giving a word to the very many who in humble life are stripped of their comforts, and even brought to want, by these defalcations. It is a sad return for the confidence they placed in the good faith of their transatlantic brethren. I do not mean to insinuate that the poor creditor should be paid at the expense of the rich, far from it; but it is for that portion of the sufferers that I chiefly grieve-and I mourn even still more for the disgrace brought upon, and the discouragement given to, the self-government of nations by the spread of the suffrage among the people. For I will not conceal from you that, as far as the people are capable of governing themselves, I am a Democrat.

. . . Immediately upon the receipt of yours I wrote to a friend at Bristol to do what could be done for the fulfilment of Mr. Allston's and my own wishes in respect to the portrait. To that letter I have not yet received an answer. The portrait belongs, I believe, to a nephew or niece of the late Mr. Wade, for whom it was painted.

Thanks for your criticism upon the sonnet; let it be altered as you suggest, "for rightly were they taught," etc. This is a dry letter. . . .—Believe me to remain, ever truly and faithfully yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH."

Wordsworth's own case was referred to by Serjeant Talfourd, when introducing his measure into the House of Commons on the 18th of May 1839, in the following words:—

"Let me suppose an author of true original genius, disgusted with the inane phraseology which had taken the place of poetry, and devoting himself from youth to its service, disclaining the superficial graces which attract the careless, and unskilled in the moving accidents of fortune, not sailing in the tempest of the passions, but in the serenity which lies above them; whose works shall be scoffed at by fools, whose name made a by-word, yet who shall persevere in his high and holy cause, gradually impressing thoughtful minds with the perception of truths made visible in the severest forms of beauty, until he shall gradually create the taste by which he shall be appreciated-influence one or other of the masterspirits of his age-be felt pervading every part of the national literature-softening, raising, and enriching it; and, when at last he shall find his confidence in his own aspirations justified, and the name which was the scorn admitted to be the glory of his age, he shall look forward to the close of his earthly career, as the event that shall lend the last consecration to his fame, and deprive his children of the harvest he was just beginning to reap. As soon as his copyright becomes valuable, it is gone.

This is no imaginary case. I refer to one who, 'in this setting part of time,' has opened a vein of sentiment and thought unknown before, who has supplied the noblest antidote to the freezing effects of the scientific spirit of the age, who, while he has detected that poetry which is the essence of the greatest things, has cast a glory round the lowliest conditions of humanity, and traced out the subtle links by which they are connected with the highest—one whose name will now find an echo, not only in the heart of

the secluded student, but in that of the busiest of are fevered by political controversy—William V (Loud cheers.)

Wordsworth's own petition on the subject, and a Thomas Carlyle, may precede a few specimens of the correspondence which he carried on at this time we temporaries:—

"The humble petition of William Wordsworth, of I county of Westmoreland,

Sheweth,-

That your petitioner is on the point of attaining tieth year; that since his first literary production to the press forty-six years have elapsed, during he has at intervals published various original work the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five

That the copyright in all these works is unassignation in a great part of them, under the existing law, that right is already contingent upon the duration of his the same would be the case in a very few years with larger portion of the remainder, including the most of these works, a poem entitled *The Excursion*, white event of his decease, would become public property it four years from the present time.

That the short term of copyright now allowed by a grievance common to all authors whose works are to be superseded; but your petitioner takes leave re to represent that this grievance falls still more hea hose who, like himself, have engaged and persevered in

our, less with the expectation of producing imm ly effect than with a view to interest and benef gh remotely, yet permanently.

hat it has happened to your petitioner, in consecutive written with this aim, that his works, though

of demand, have made their way slowly into general circulation; yet he may be permitted to state a fact bearing obviously upon the Bill for the extension of the term of copyright now before your honourable House; that within the last four years these works have brought the author a larger pecuniary emolument than during the whole of the preceding years in which they have been before the public. This advantage would have in a great measure been lost to his family had he died a few years since.

That your petitioner ventures to submit to your honourable House his conviction that the duration of copyright, as the law now stands, is far from being co-extensive with the claims of natural affection: a hardship which will be still more apparent when the condition of distinguished authors is viewed in contrast with that of men who rise to eminence in other professions or employments, whereby they not only acquire wealth, but have patronage at command, or obtain the means of forming family establishments in business, which enable them to provide at once for their descendants, or for others who have claims upon them. He also trusts that to the wisdom of the House it will appear that the law-while it fails to pay due regard to the reasonable claims of natural affection—is also at variance, in an unwarrantable degree, with the principles that govern the right of property in all other matters (mechanical inventions and chemical discoveries only excepted), between which, however, and works in several of the highest departments of literature, there is in quality, circumstance, mode of operation, and oftentimes in origin, a broad line of distinction, as was shown when the subject in the preceding session was under the consideration of Parliament.

That in answer to the objection that the proposed measure would check the circulation of books, it may be urged, first, that to a great majority of publications the measure would be indifferent, they being adequately protected by the law as it now is; that the works which it would affect, the paratively few, must be presumed to be of superior therefore to be those that most deserve or require which the Bill proposes; further, that from the dail of readers, through the spread of education, and the wealth of the community, it must become more and interest of the holders of the copyright to sell at a and to prepare editions suitable to the means of difference of society, and that consequently the apprehension longed privilege being injurious to the people is explicitly or no regard.

That it is highly desirable that the printing of work be under the control of their authors' representatives, long those works may have been before the public, in secure copies correctly printed, and to preclude the forth books without the author's recent or last edi emendations, by those publishers who are ready to se expiring copyrights.

[In a Ms. copy of this petition, transcribed by Mrs. worth, evidently at the dictation of her husband, the fives inserted at this place:—

'And not less important is this prolongation of conneedful for preventing the republication of such procas the mature judgment of their authors may have and which unconscientious publishers may push into advertising their own edition as the only complete or deceased author's writings.']

That finally (and to this, above all, your petitioner refully entreats the attention of your honourable Hou 3ill has for its main object to relieve men of letters from her hraldom of being forced to court the living generation hem in rising above degraded taste and slavish prejudice them to rely upon their own impulses.

less excuse if they should fail to do so.

That your petitioner, therefore, implores your honourable House that the Bill before it for extending the term of copyright may pass into a law; a prayer which he makes in full faith that in this, as in all other cases, justice is capable of working out its own expediency."*

The following was Carlyle's petition :-

"To the Honourable the Commons in England of Parliament assembled, the petition of Thomas Carlyle, a Writer of Books,

Humbly sheweth,

That your petitioner has written certain Books, being incited thereto by various innocent or laudable considerations, chiefly by the thought that said books might in the end be found to be worth something.

That your petitioner had not the happiness to receive from Mr. Thomas Tegg, or any Publisher, Republisher, Printer, Bookseller, Book-buyer, or other the like man or body of men, any encouragement or countenance in writing of said books, or to discern any chance of receiving such; but wrote them by effort of his own, and the favour of Heaven.

That all useful labour is worthy of recompense; that all honest labour is worthy of the chance of recompense; that the giving and assuring to each man what recompense his labour has actually merited may be said to be the business of all Legislation, Polity, Government, and Social Arrangement whatsoever among men; a business indispensable to attempt, impossible to accomplish accurately, difficult to accomplish without inaccuracies that become enormous, insupportable,

^{*} Three Speeches delivered in the House of Commons in favour of a Measure for an Extension of Copyright, by T. N. Talfourd, Serjeant-at-Law. To which are added the Petitions in favour of the Bill, and Remarks on the present state of the Copyright Question. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1840.

and the parent of Social Confusions which never alto end.

That your petitioner does not undertake to say what pense in money this labour of his may deserve; whe deserves any recompense in money, or whether money quantity could hire him to do the like.

That the law does at least protect all persons in sell production of their labour at what they can get for i market-places, to all lengths of time. Much more the law does to many, but so much it does to all, and I this to none.

That your petitioner cannot discover himself to he unlawfully in this his said labour of writing books, or become criminal, or have forfeited the law's protection Contrariwise, your petitioner believes firmly that he is in said labour; that if he be found in the long-run written a genuine enduring book, his merit therein, at towards England, and English and other men, will be able, not easily estimable in money; that, on the oth if his book proves false or ephemeral, he and it will be and forgotten, and no harm done.

That, in this manner, your petitioner plays no unfagainst the world; his stake being life itself, so to significantly is death by starvation), and the world nothing till it sees the dice thrown; so that in any world cannot lose.

That in the happy and long-doubtful event of the going in his favour, your petitioner submits that the winnings thereof do belong to him or his, and that a mortal has justly either part or lot in them at all, now forth, or forever.

May it therefore please your Honourable House to him in said happy and long-doubtful event; and (by your Copyright Bill) forbid all Thomas Teggs and extraneous persons, entirely unconcerned in this adventure of his, to steal from him his small winnings, for a space of sixty years at shortest. After sixty years, unless your Honourable House provide otherwise, they may begin to steal.

And your petitioner will ever pray,

THOMAS CARLYLE."

A letter from Serjeant Talfourd to Wordsworth, dated from the Temple, 22d November 1837, refers both to his own Bill on Copyright, and to a project for publishing his friend's Poems connected with the Continental Tour of 1820, along with Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal of that tour:—

"My DEAR SIR,—I am greatly obliged and honoured by your letter, which will be of great service to me in the event of a serious opposition to my Bill. I have given notice of a motion for leave to introduce it on 14th December, which I expect to be granted without the necessity of my exhausting my resources by making a speech, and without discussion. The second reading—on which I presume any opposition the followers of Mr. Tegg may design will be given—cannot take place till after Christmas. I think it will be very useful, if Mr. Southey will, when sufficiently recovered from his loss, use his influence with his Parliamentary friends to support it.

I am sure your admirers—now happily embracing all who love English poetry for its own sake—will see with unmingled pleasure the republication of your poems in the setting of Miss Wordsworth's work; and I trust no doubt on the subject will prevent us from seeing the pieces we have loved for themselves rendered more interesting by such an association.

Trusting we shall soon hear of your entire restoration to health, and receive the best and happiest proofs of your being in healthiest spirits,—I remain, my dear Sir, ever most truly yours,

T. N. Talfourd."

Writing to his friend Rowan Hamilton early in the ing year, Wordsworth referred to some matters of biog interest, and also to the subject of copyright:—

" Rydal Mount, January 14,

I now distinctly understand you; and as to one leading points, viz. availing myself of publication your Society, I may say that if there had been am papers anything of the kind you wish for, I shou gladly forwarded it to you. But it is not so: nor undertake to promise anything of the kind for the Though prevailed upon by Mr. Coleridge to write Preface to my Poems, which tempted, or rather forced add a Supplement to it, and induced by my friend him to write the Essay upon Epitaphs now appear The Excursion, but first composed for The Friend. never felt inclined to write criticism, though talked, and am daily talking, a great deal. several years younger, out of friendship to you mi would sit down to the task of giving a body to my upon the essentials of poetry-a subject which could properly treated without adverting to the other bran Fine Art; but at present, with so much before me that wish to do in verse, and the melancholy fact brought dai and more home to my conviction, that intellectual lal its action on the brain and nervous system, is injurious bodily powers, and especially to my eyesight, I should deceiving myself, and misleading you, were I to enco hope that, much as I could wish to be your fellow-la however humbly, I shall ever become so. . . .

There are obviously, even in criticism, two ways of at the minds of men: the one by treating the matter so

^{*} See Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, vol. ii. pp. 231-3.

carry it immediately to the sympathies of the many; and the other, by aiming at a few select and superior minds, that might each become a centre for illustrating it in a popular way. Mr. Coleridge, whom you allude to, acted upon the world to a great extent through [the latter of] these processes; and there cannot be a doubt that your Society might serve the cause of just thinking, and pure taste, should you, as President of it, hold up to view the desirableness of first conveying to a few, through that channel, reflections upon Literature and Art, which, if well meditated, would be sure of winning their way directly, or in their indirect results, to a gradually widening circle.

You are right in your recollection that I named to you the subject of foreign piracy as injurious to English authors, and I may add now that if it could be put a stop to, I believe that it would rarely happen that successful writers, in works of imagination and feeling at least, would stand in need of pensions from Government, or would feel themselves justified in accepting them. Upon this subject I have spoken a great deal to members of Parliament of all parties, and with several distinguished Americans. I have also been in correspondence with the present Chancellor of the Exchequer upon it, and dwelt upon the same topic in a letter which I had occasion to write to Sir Robert Peel. Mr. Lytton Bulwer, as perhaps you know, drew the attention of Parliament to it during the last session, and Lord Palmerston said, in answer to him, that the attention of Government had already been directed to the measure, and that it would not be lost sight of-or something to that purpose. I may claim some credit for my exertions in this business, and full as much or more for the pains which I have taken for many years to interest men in the House of Commons in the extension of the terms of copyright—a measure which I trust is about to be brought to a successful close by the exertions of my admirable friend Serjeant Talfourd. To him I have written upon the argument more than once. When this is effected, I trust the other part of the subject will be with spirit; and if the Foreign Secretary, in whose de the matter lies, should be remiss, I trust he will be st through Parliament, to which desirable end the servic tinguished Societies like yours, and the notice of the by men of letters, in reviews or otherwise, would gre tribute. Good authors, if justice were done to them own and foreign countries, now that reading is sp spreading so widely, would, very few of them, be except through their own fault."

The letters which follow are arranged in chroorder. Those of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Houghton, an are printed in this biography of Wordsworth, because numerous allusions to the poet—to his work, his opin his influence—which they contain.

T. N. Talfourd to Wordsworth.

" Shrewsbury, 21st March

MY DEAR SIR,—The second reading of the Copyr stands for Wednesday, 11th April, when I shall, if move it. The booksellers threaten me with a ver opposition—and the doctrinaire party are inclined to them;—so that we must muster all our strength. Th part of the measure has been taken up by the Board of and, therefore, now forms no part of my Bill. . . .

I propose boldly to meet the opposition on the questi extended period of copyright;—for if this should be a it will not be worth while to legislate for minor details Ever truly yours,

T. N. Talfo

Wordsworth to W. E. Gladstone.

"Rydal, Kendal, March 23, My DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—Most probably I am you to unnecessary trouble by this letter, which is written iolely to remind you that the second reading of Serjeant Falfourd's Bill stands for Wednesday, April 11. In a letter received this morning Serjeant Talfourd tells me that the booksellers (rapacious creatures as they are) are getting up a very strong opposition to his motion, and will be supported by the Doctrinaires (who are they ?-Warburton and Grote and id genus omne, I suppose). Upon the general merits of this question it would be presumptuous in me to enter in a letter to you. But as to my own interest in it, it may not be superfluous to say that within the last three years or so my poetical writings have produced for me nearly £1500, and that much the greatest part of them either would be public property tomorrow, if I should die, or would become so in a very few years. Is this just, or cannot a state of law which allows the possibility of such injustice be favourable to the production of solid literature, in any department of what is usually called Belles Lettres ?- Ever faithfully yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

I need not say how much I would rejoice to see you at Rydal Mount."

W. E. Gladstone to Wordsworth.

" London, March 26th, 1838.

MY DEAR MR. WORDSWORTH,—I have received this morning your note of the 23d, and beginning at the wrong end, I can, with better reason, reciprocate the wish you kindly express for my appearance at Rydal Mount. I am firm and staunch in support of Talfourd's Bill, and I confidently hope we shall be able to carry him through. It may not be able to save our literature permanently, but its tendency is that way, and this should be enough. A ground not less strong I certainly recognise in the anomaly now existing, and the extreme dis-

advantage at which literary property stands, as com other and meaner kinds.

At present, I am looking forward to a busy we House of Commons, particularly on account of the comes of the Negro apprenticeship; but before Serjeant Talfordomes on, I hope to be more at leisure. This more the pleasure of seeing Mr. Southey for the first time Fenwick's, which I owe to Taylor; I have not yet for obligation he imposed on me by making me known self.—Believe me, my dear Sir, most sincerely yours, W. E. Glad

Frederick Pollock to Wordsworth.

" 26th Marc

As I think the present law very defective and shall certainly support the second reading."

Travers Twiss to Wordsworth.

" London, March 28th

The worst of it is that in these times of party excit is very difficult to get the calmer and higher interest attended to, even though they come with such a recortion as yours."

Lt.-Gen. Sir William Gomm to Wordsworth.

"30th March

Would that my influence were a thousand time extensive and commanding than I feel it to be—for whe matter of high gratification to have such an appeal me, accompanied with expressions so flattering from quarter, I cannot but feel conscious at the same time to do me no more than justice in believing that I have the advancement of sound Literature the prospect to whom we owe its development.

although I feel assured that Burke's estimate of some services in which he had borne a part (and a very large one) in rendering to the State 'that between money and such services there is no common measure of comparison; they are quantities incommensurable 'applies with a ten-fold force in the case here adduced—inasmuch as the services here rendered are for all States, and for all Time—still, there has always appeared to me something monstrous in the existing relation between author, and bookseller, or publisher, as regards remuneration of this sort; a positive reversing of the natural order of things, as we find it obtains in all matters else; a subservience pro tanto of the spiritual to the material."

Richard M. Milnes to Wordsworth.

" 26 Pall Mall, March 30.

MY DEAR SIR,—If Talfourd's Bill comes on on Wednesday the 11th, I will take care to be in my place, and bring down any friends I can. I hear both booksellers and printers are sworn against it, and that there will not be wanting in the House supporters of an opposition to it, among those who in their ignorant assertions of individual independence dislike any reciprocal obligations between parent and posterity.

I hope to lay a small volume of poems at your feet before many weeks are over, and shall take your criticism as kinder than your praise.—Believe me, my dear Sir, your obedient and obliged,

RICHARD M. MILNES."

Francis Lloyd to Wordsworth.

"Birmingham, April 4th, 1838.

My DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your letter of 2d April.

The Bill of St Talfourd is undoubtedly a means of rendering tardy justice to authors.

Free Trade is all very plausible when Reciprocity is its basis. If booksellers cannot produce Excursions themselves, they must pay a proportionate duty.

You may depend upon me using any little n way to draw members' attention to the second re Bill. From a letter I had from John a day o expect he will be a candidate for the head-master Edward's Grammar School in this town, vacant advancement to the Deanery of Jersey. His I would afford us all much pleasure.—I am, my devery sincerely,

Henry Crabb Robinson to Wordsworth.

"This is a very short note to send so long a dinave no lighter matter to fill up with. I saw Mo: day. He is going on with the Sonnets. As a concur with me in the objection to a thick volum. I do not persist in mine. It will probably be a companion in every future journey I take. I with not six, but six-score, new ones. I wish it had me in time to draw up for your consideration arrangement of which something of this kind wou the rule:—

1. La bella natura.

> 2. Place.

3. The Church.

> 4. Political.

> > o. Moral.

I do not mean precisely thi way. Of the Copyright Bills I new. I have written a jocu Milnes, urging him to follow of Lord Grey, who said that a contest should arise between t and the plebeians, he would a order. So must he (Milnes), conflict between publishers and sume to take his station among

That otherwise the Muses look mainly to the Rads—not r I hope.

There is little Lord John, not only Ministerial leader, but rliamentary Musagetes, backed by Talfourd and Bulwer;*
d on the Conservative side only Ben—the defender of e impenitent thief on the Cross across Dan O'Connell's nealogy!!!

Seriously speaking, if you keep but Sir Robert Inglis and at Peel, your Bill is in no danger.

Of personalia none for the present.—Affectionate regards, tc., etc., etc.,

5th April 1838.

H. C. Robinson."

T. N. Talfourd to Wordsworth.

"Temple, 16th April 1838.

My DEAR SIR,—I am sorry you should have been annoyed about a thing so foreign to your habits as a petition. It was only a casual thought of mine; and I own on reflection I think it would be more dignified to rest the case on the simple grounds of justice—only referring to individual cases as illustrative of the principle. Do not, therefore, trouble yourself further on the subject.

The low selfishness of the Publishers, and their inducing the poor printers and their devils to fancy that their trade will be destroyed, provokes me almost to expose some of them. But I shall forbear. Only think of ——, who has swindled —— out of the life of ——, and is proposing to pay his creditors (poor authors among them) some 5d. in the pound, being one of the loudest in opposition to a measure which may give some possible benefit to the most meritorious of the class he has thus injured! There are —— and ——, again, who have made £16,000 by the ————, while the author has only received £2000—actually enriched by him—petitioning against it. It is too bad. And the Times setting

^{*} I should have added the new Greenwich Pensioner.

up a bookseller's hack named —— as the represent authors, when the editor knows that every author of empourself, Southey, Campbell, Moore, Bulwer, Herse family of poor Sir Walter, Miss Martineau, Miss Babbage: in short, every author of any repute—anxious that the bill should pass. I am afraid we beaten; but, for my own poor part, I shall be nobly by the recollection of having attempted to obtain some of justice for one to whom I owe as great a debt of as can be owed by one human being to another.—We remembrances to Mrs. Wordsworth, I remain, my ever faithfully yours,

T. N. Tale

Edward Horsman to Wordsworth.

"Newbury, A

... I have intended from the first to give that B support in my power; and if it went even further in the rights of authors, I should support it still more of If, by adopting this course, I am also promoting a in which you take an interest, I assure you it will as to the satisfaction with which I shall give my vote; for we do differ, as you remind me, in politics, yet on o more grateful subjects—

Sympathies there are
More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
That steal upon the meditative mind,
And grow with thought.

And on these there may be a sufficient community of and sentiment between us to allow of all minor discount for some sing forgotten, and ensure any communication you make me being received with the honour due to the thought his being remembered as a politician, or admit nger. I, at least, cannot be so ungrateful as to y

latter title to him with whose thoughts it was my delight to become familiar

> In days unruffled by the gale Of public news or private;

and to which, even now, when I have launched my bark on the distempered flood of public life, I am wont to recur with more constancy and pleasure than to those of any other author, and ever find in them 'a power to virtue friendly.'

If I have said more in answer to your letter than you may think it called for, I have only one excuse to make. As the representative of your native town, I might claim some privilege of speech; but more than that, when the author of The Excursion apologises as being unknown to one who has most of what he has given to the world by heart, he must not be surprised that the latter should in return avail himself of the only opportunity he may ever have of thanking him for all he has owed him, and more than he can ever repay.—Believe me to be, Sir, with much respect, your very obedient and faithful servant,

EDWARD HORSMAN."

Sir Robert H. Inglis to Wordsworth.

"Milton Bryan, April 23d, 1838.

MY DEAR MR. WORDSWORTH,— . . . I do not personally anticipate any unfavourable result to a measure brought into the House of Commons partly by Mr. Spring Rice, and partly by Lord Mahon and myself, as well as by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, inasmuch as, by the very force of names, it is proved to be no party measure; and yet it has a support on the Treasury Bench, which will make its rejection discreditable to the Government. Spring Rice ought not to put his name to any Bill which his colleagues are prepared to oppose. . . . The only danger, in fact, which I anticipate is from our security of success; but in consequence of your letter I have written a

private note to the Chancellor of the Exchequer side, and to Sir Thomas Fremantle on the other. . course, possible that a combination of Hume and and the three or four other doctrinaires in the Hoposey of Radicals under Mr. Wakley, may take us b but I think that the above letters, if received by ought to defend us from such a result; and in fair a full House, I do not think that we can be defeated me always, my dear Sir, most faithfully yours,

ROBERT H.

T. N. Talfourd to Wordsworth.

" Temple, 23d A

MY DEAR SIR.—Accept my warmest thanks for kind and encouraging letter, and for your permissio lish it. I have thought it so important to our cau crisis, not only as giving your high sanction to the but as explaining the grounds on which authors petition that I have, through Mr. Moxon, procured its in the Morning Post of to-day, and send you a copaper. I am most grateful for your delicious sonne you have many returns of the season which inspired

I preferred the Morning Post, both as having ste vocated the cause of authors in this question, and as a political opinions akin to your own. . . .—Believe dear Sir, ever faithfully yours, T. N. Tale

T. N. Talfourd to Wordsworth.

" House of Commons, April :

MY DEAR SIR,—I am greatly obliged and deligh your letter of to-day. . . . It did the cause great serv

Hark ! 'tis the thrush, undaunted, undeprest,

^{*} Probably the sonnet beginning—

Moxon has published my speech on the second reading of the Bill, and will be certain to send it to you. I feel Sir Robert Peel is not with us. He was in the House during my speech on Wednesday; but left it, and did not return for the division. If we do not succeed this year, we must try to simplify our measure—and I doubt not that we shall ultimately prevail—long (I hope very many years) before it would be too late to do you something like justice. With kind remembrances to Mrs. Wordsworth—I am, ever most truly yours,

T. N. TALFOURD."

T. N. Talfourd to Wordsworth.

" Court of Common Pleas, Westminster, 21st June 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—You will not be wholly unprepared to hear that our hopes of passing the Copyright Bill are over for this Session. It has not, however, been defeated, but withrdawn, to be introduced in its now complete state on the first day of next Session. You, I am sure, will believe that Sir Robert Inglis, Lord Mahon, and myself, did not adopt this painful course without the strongest conviction that it was the best with reference to the ultimate success of the measure. Last night was fixed for the re-committal of the Bill-which has been much altered in its details but is unchanged in principle, except that it does not now give any extension of term in cases where the author has assigned all possible interests in his work. It was the last night on which we could hope to get into committee, so as to give the Bill a chance even of passing through the House of Commons before the probable close of the Session, so that postponing it to another night would have been useless. Lord John played a wary and cunning part; he was not there, but the economists and other foes of the Bill mustered in great strength, while our friends, though they had

been urged by our excellent friend and most use Holmes, were thinly scattered over the Conservative b

The order of the day was not read till half-past nin during the evening we held several consultations-an not till the last moment, when, on comparing the r members in the House with those who had voted be found that we must be outvoted, that we determined to Mr. William Gladstone's recommendation, and with apparent possession of the field. He, therefore, as a the Bill, on my moving its re-committal, rose and si that, in the advanced state of the Session, the passing Bill was hopeless, and that the wiser course would be draw it till next Session. To this (as arranged) I Sir Robert Inglis concurred, and with a pledge to in the Bill on the first day of next Session I yielded. would have done us great mischief, a victory scarce good; and, therefore, with a very sad heart, I conse that course which postpones our hopes till the commer of the next session. As the publishers are now frie the measure, I cannot allow myself to doubt that if ne I introduce it as early as we propose, and take it thro stages before the business thickens, and the patience of the philosophic Radicals be exhausted, standing now majorities, we shall succeed.

I had great pleasure in reading the admirable and trius remarks of your long letter. I am almost ashamed to have enjoyed the honour of such communications as the have done so little to deserve them. I shall preserve if the fully, and reverently, against the time when its reasoning again be needed.

Assuring you that I can never forsake a cause whi been graced and (to my mind at least), consecrated by the port of your genius,—I remain, my dear Sir, ever fair and respectfully yours,

T. N. Talfour

W. E. Gladstone to Wordsworth.

" H. of C., June 21, 1838.

MY DEAR MR. WORDSWORTH .- I am most anxious that the suggestion tendered by me last night to Serjeant Talfourd, that he should postpone the Copyright Bill to the commencement of the next Session, should not create a misconception in your mind; and I will just state in a few words what reasons chiefly induced me to offer such advice, with the previous concurrence of Serjeant Talfourd, Lord Mahon, and Sir Robert Inglis. There were these three subjects taken jointly: that the House of Commons last evening was not in a favourable state, as the Radicals had mustered to support the New Zealand Bill, and oppose the Lord's Day and Copyright Bills: that you have at present, from the divisions which have taken place, an admirable Parliamentary position from which to commence operations when next we meet; and lastly, what is most important, that I believe it would have been near an impossibility to carry the Bill during the present Session. The Lords might have been expected to say, 'This is a measure which requires time for the adjustment of the several interests affected by it, and time we cannot give it amidst the crowd of measures which are pressed upon us at the fag end of the Session.' It was therefore simply upon a consideration of what was best for the Bill itself that it was postponed. Before next Easter I hope it will be law.

Thanks for your new sonnet in the Quarterly—the Haydon picture of Napoleon always reminds me of that fine stanza in Manzoni's Ode:—*

Oh! quante volte al tacito Morir d'un giorno inerte, Chinati i rai fulminei, Le braccia al sen conserte, Stette, e dei di che furono L'assalse il sovvenir;

^{*} Manzoni's Il cinque maggio. Ode in morte di Napoleone, Il. 78-84.

Ei ripensò le mobili
Tende, e i percossi valli,
E il lampo dei manipoli
E l'onda dei cavalli,
E il concitato imperio
E il celere obbedir.

It is, however, a very grave piece of impertinence is quote while writing to you;—a thought which struck before I had written all the lines, but half seemed a tionable as the whole, and less intelligible. It is a aspect of the subject from yours, but is also legit Believe me, with much regard, sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADS

Wordsworth to W. E. Gladstone.

" June

My DEAR MR. GLADSTONE, — Your decision we judicious; and I thank you sincerely and cordially your exertions on this occasion, and through the business, and for your kind letter. The cause is at just, and the measure so expedient, that I have not a contraction that I have not a contraction (which they cannot do without being sensible importance) support it with due zeal in, and out of, ment. If you can point out any way in which I useful, I should be happy to do my best. You are aware of the reasons why Sir R. Peel withholds his so he was so obliging as to state them in a letter to me. It would be as well, however, if I should briefly given this difficulties are three.

1st. If we grant extension of right to authors, says I can it be withheld from applicants for patents? How originality of a work be defined so as to discriminate a plagiarism? and lastly, how can we prevent works reprinted in countries over which we have no jurisdiction.

I answered these several objections as well as I could, and satisfactorily as I thought; but not, I fear, to Sir R.'s conviction. All these hesitations arise out of that want of due confidence in the principles of justice, which is the bane of all practised politicians.

Thanks for your animated stanzas from Manzoni. I have often heard of the ode, but it never fell in my way. You have puzzled me about a new sonnet of mine in the Quarterly; I presume the last number; what can it be? and how could it get there? I have lately written thirteen new ones, which will appear in the edition of the whole of my sonnets in one volume which Moxon is about to publish; but none of these were ever given by me to any writer in that review or any other."

T. N. Talfourd to Wordsworth.

"Glenarbach, 19th August 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having arrived at the place where I hope to enjoy some repose and some leisure to prepare for the renewal of the battle against the enemies of the great and the permanent in literature, I trouble you with a line just to tell you where any communication from you will find me, and what I intend to do, if you approve it, preparatory to the next session. I ought, however, first to inform you how I felt and acted with respect to a most insidious measure, most unhandsomely introduced by that prince of meddlers and mischief-makers, Lord Brougham. While I was on circuit—without any communication to me or any one connected with the Copyright question by previous exertions-after our Bill, not defeated, but triumphant, had been postponed in order that its details might receive full and calm examination next year-when many of the advocates and opponents of the measure, acting on this arrangement, had paired off and left town-this sneering pamphleteriat laid a Bill on the table of the House of Lords

after a speech of three or four sentences—to who
no one could object—which would meet all the exsure was intended to remedy—by simply vesting
cial Committee of the Privy Council a power to ext
of copyrights for a period not exceeding fourteen y

I knew nothing of this Bill, except what I read papers; and their report exceedingly vexed and d I saw the Bill passing through its stages without had no means of communicating, except at long in the parties interested. I had paired off myself for intending to leave town immediately on the clos cuit, and having taken this place from the end therefore being disqualified for voting if the Bill c House of Commons-and I felt that it was calcul doubt intended, to place the supporters of the Cop tion in a false position. On the one hand, I felt to be taking a great responsibility on myself to oppos which might produce some benefit to individuals at to Sir Walter's family-to Southey-and, above household; -on the other, I was convinced that i conceded it would be a bar to our obtaining more i and that it would be a most degrading position i place great poets or thinkers or novelists-that of to such men as Parke, Alderson, Lord Wynford Brougham himself, for a sort of alms rendered out o

When I reached home on Friday, 5th inst., my ment was not diminished; the Bill stood for a th on Monday;—Gladstone had left town, and I found decidedly for passing the Bill,—Lord Mahon and rather against it, and no one else knowing or caring matter. On Monday, Lord Lansdowne stopped the the newspapers, to my infinite relief, told wn—but on Tuesday I found that this

wn-but on Tuesday I found that this at Lord B. resolved to persevere. I re-

Robert Inglis to see him, and learn his intentions—(for I would not seek him myself after the terms in which he had spoken of another measure of mine)-when he declared he would persevere and carry the Bill. He postponed it from night to night all the week-till Monday last, when again it stood for a third reading. On Sunday I met Lord Lansdowne at Lord Holland's; and he assured me he should oppose the Bill; and that it could not pass the Lords, as the lateness of the session would, in itself, be a sufficient reason with all parties. Under these circumstances, I thought myself justified, after waiting a week, in fixing my departure with Mrs. Talfourd and all the children,-who are sadly pining for country air-for Tuesday, especially as, even if the Bill were read a third time on Monday, there would not be days enough remaining of the session, unless it were unexpectedly prolonged, for the Bill to be smuggled through the House of Commons. On Monday I was in the House of Lords at its sitting-and, having been obliged to leave, returned at eight, when I found the House up, and was told by the clerk who remained that the Bill was withdrawn. The newspapers have since informed me that it was read a "third time and passed" on Monday. If this be true it must have been by trickery-for no discussion is reported, and Lord Lansdowne was resolved to oppose it. It is not, however, now important-for the Parliament, being prorogued on Monday, rendered its being passed through the Lower House impossible.

As, however, this Bill will probably be renewed next session, I am very anxious to know your feeling respecting it. I believe it to be intended by Lord Brougham for three purposes—(1) To secure to himself any credit there may be in legislating upon the question; (2) To secure to himself a power of deciding on the claims of authors, as a member of the body he proposes to empower; (3) To disarm the advocates of the larger measure of their most efficient, though not their best, arguments—of those which are supplied by existing cases—by representing

that his proposition would meet them. I propose, a if not to forestall him, at least to be even with his ducing my measure on the first day of next session, ing it forward before the political business thicke should wish to know your feeling respecting this I may be driven to reject or adopt it.

I contemplate, subject to your judgment, to pr publish, and circulate among members of both Hou next session, a little book, comprising a history of th -my two speeches on it corrected-your letter to n do not object)-the Bill, as it will be introduced, with all the clauses, giving the reasons for them, and the which may arise on each—the grounds of the alteration undergone-an answer to the latest objections raised Sir Edward Sugden and Lord John Russell; and fina notice as it may be deemed expedient to take of Lord Br proceedings. I have mentioned this intention to Sir and Lord Mahon, and they approve it-so does Gla who has permitted me to inscribe the work to him. ceed, will you permit me to make some extracts from y and admirable letter to me of 17th June (that which you me to preserve), and also to introduce those two exqui nets which add such grace to a just cause?

We arrived here on Thursday evening. . . . The obeauty and repose of the place repay us already. We very commodious house, on a gentle slope from the embosomed in noble trees, and backed by huge rocks two can ascend with ease; and the course to which, beautiful wood-walks, affords openings of noble prosum afraid there is no chance of your 'stepping westwan orthward this autumn; else I need not say how prhappy we should be to receive you. We have taken to

lugust, September, and October—and do not in fill the middle of the last. Our address is Gle

st Kilpatrick, by Glasgow. With kindest remembrances to . Wordsworth and all your circle,—I remain, my dear Sir, r gratefully and faithfully yours, T. N. TALFOURD."

T. N. Talfourd to Wordsworth.

"3 Sergeant's Inn, Chancery Lane, London, 22d October 1838.

My DEAR SIR,-Your kind expression of a wish that I uld look in upon you on my way home caused many ostinate questionings' in my mind as to the possibility of loying so great a pleasure. I found, however, that I could t enjoy it without leaving my children to the care of servants a steam-packet, . . . and therefore I resigned the hope of eing you until the spring may bring you again to us in ondon, as I most earnestly hope it will. On further conderation and conversation with the supporters of the Copyght Bill in Scotland, I have almost resolved to forego the theme of publishing anything preparatory to the re-introducon of the Bill into the House of Commons, which, it being ow quite easy, I shall attempt at the opening of the session. has been urged on me that a previous publication would apply materials and excuse for the rallying and arming of the iverse forces; and I incline to think the apprehension just. n the other hand, it has been suggested that it will be well be prepared with petitions, either singly, from each author of putation, or jointly, to be quietly prepared, and produced on ie second reading of the Bill. We might certainly thus preent a formidable array of the greatest names which our age as produced, and if each author, in petitioning, would state is own individual case, the force of all combined would be the reater.

We might obtain, not merely the poets, headed by yourelf, and the novelists, but many men of science, like Babage, divines like Chalmers (whom I am glad to find a most earnest friend of the measure), and even some elishers, as Smith of Glasgow, Cadell of Edinbublelieve, all the lady writers, from Miss Martineau or upwards. Will you just consider it, and let me feelings, which, first of all, ought by me, and by all of the cause, to be regarded. If you choose to pe sume we might rely on Southey, and Moore, a others I could answer. As the prayer of the pet be, not for any individual benefit, but for a general justice for all Authors and for all Time, I do degradation in preferring them. All this, however for mature consideration; so we shall not make movement till Parliament meets, and then prepsimultaneously, if at all.

We have had a delightful holiday in Scotland.
you are enjoying that health so dear and so valua
—I remain, my dear Sir, ever most truly and grat
T. N. T

T. N. Talfourd to Wordsworth.

" Sergeant's Inn, London, 24th Ja

My dear Sir,—As the session of Parliament is approaching, and I propose as early as possible leave to bring in the Bill to amend the law of copy it right to trouble you with a statement of my plant a request that you will afford me the assistance a solation of your advice, and, if you should deem suggested proper, that you would lend it your plant propose, as I think I once before mentioned to you petitions from the higher class of authors, each stating his own case, or so much of it as he mustating whether his copyrights have been wholly assigned, and any peculiar circumstances which rendered the extension of the term of copyright

peculiarly desirable and just. I wrote a letter on the subject yesterday to Mr. Southey; and, as the shortest mode of acquainting you with its purport, enclose a copy.

If you should feel no objection to petition, I would suggest that you should state the works of which you are the author, what property in the copyright of each you retain, the long period during which the sale was limited to a small circle, by reason either of the high aim with which they were written, or the hostility of criticism, or such other ground as you may think fitting for statement on such an occasion, and the comparative recent extension of their sale, and the tardy commencement of the ordinary rewards of industrious genius. I should not use your petition, however much I should feel encouraged by it, unless I could back it by others not wholly unworthy to attend it; but these (so far as that character can be given to any contemporary authors) I have little doubt of obtaining. The petition should be written on parchment, should be headed 'To the Rt. Honble, the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled,' and should conclude with a prayer that the 'Hon. House will pass the Bill before it for the Amendment of the Law of Copyright.' If enclosed in a cover with 'Parliamentary Petition' inscribed on it, and addressed to me here, it will reach me in safety.

In the belief that Mr. Robinson is with you, I enclose a note to him, but have left it unsealed that Mrs. Wordsworth and you may read it, if he should have left you, as it relates to a subject on which you and he are still interested, poor Miss Lamb. Mr. Robinson was strongly desirous that, during her illness, she should be removed from her present residence at Edmonton, to the protection of a sister of Miss Jones, who was ready to receive her; and the note, which is equally fit for your perusal, or for his, relates to the course I adopted, and the reason why, for the present, that purpose was suspended. . . . —I remain, my dear Sir, ever truly and faithfully yours,

T. N. TALFOURD."

T. N. Talfourd to Wordsworth.

" Sergeant's Inn, 4th Fe

MY DEAR SIR,—I returned the draft of your pout feeling any inclination to make the slightest As, however, anything which comes from your pethe greatest weight, I should be happy to see in two paragraphs embodying the views you say you liked to touch on: that the measure would affect of few works, and those precisely the works which require its aid—and that the increasing number of necessarily prevent any advance in the price of bowith or without these additions, I shall be happy the Petition at your earliest convenience. . . .—I dear Sir, most truly and respectfully yours,

T. N. T

T. N. Talfourd to Wordsworth.

" Sergeant's Inn, 10t

My DEAR SIR,—You might well ask, in the few the pleasure to receive from you the other day, become of the poor Copyright Bill?' Then I replied, It is put down in the order book night after the assurance of the Government that they wi bringing it on. Now I have to inform you that the pense is over, and that it is postponed to next ses withstanding repeated promises from Lord John three Thursday evenings fixed when it was to haprecedence, it has never advanced a stage (not even since that disgraceful night when Warburton proved divisibility of matter on the body of the House of At last it became quite hopeless; and though I cheerfully sacrificed a portion of the circuit to any chance of carrying so great and good a measure,

afford to make the sacrifice without any such prospect; and we retired at two o'clock yesterday morning to renew our battle on the first day of the next session. I am now just starting for Oxford to begin my circuit. . .—I remain, my dear Sir, ever gratefully and affectionately yours,

T. N. TALFOURD."

T. N. Talfourd to Wordsworth.

" Russell Square, 18th August 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot despatch the enclosed letter, which Mr. Moxon has sent to be franked, without an expression of earnest hope that you are enjoying health among your Mountains, and adding to the stores of the true and beautiful, which, whether they greatly benefit your own descendants or not, will be the inheritance of man for all time. As our efforts to obtain some portion of justice for the class of which you are the head have failed for this year, I now propose to publish in a little volume, got up in Moxon's best style-more for presents than for sale -my own speeches on the three chief occasions of debate-all the petitions for the Bill, except those which are the copies of each other—the names of all the petitioners—a little history of the Bill connecting the debates together-a statement of the treatment of the Bill night after night during this session -and an essay showing the present state of the question, and replying to the objections recently suggested-closed by your two exquisite sonnets, which you gave me leave to publish, when I contemplated such a publication last year.

I shall send a copy of this little book to every member who has ever voted in favour of the Bill, shortly before the commencement of next session; give notice of moving for leave to introduce the Bill on the first day—move and bring it in the second—and (Warburton permitting) endeavour to get it through committee before Easter;—then I think we must succeed, unless Lord Brougham defeats us in the Lords.

The history of the Bill during the last session of and curious, but not very creditable either to the the House of Commons. It stood for discussion twenty nights, on all of which its principal property Mahon, Sir Robert Inglis, and myself, attended four of these nights (after you left) it was promisely Lord John Russell, who on every occasion be or shuffled out of keeping it;—and, as if to show of preventing it from being discussed on Wednesday when the infinite of members was tried by Warburton, came on to at all—until the further prosecution of the Bill of

I and my household hope to depart hence to-ing for North Wales—where we have a cottage in situation—the valley which runs from Dolgelly skirted by Cader Idris—whence Mrs. Talfourd a to glance at Ireland, after we have settled the possibly to cross to Scotland, and call on you to Wales. . . . With kind remembrances to M Wordsworth, your son and daughter,—I remain ever gratefully and truly yours,

T. N.

T. N. Talfourd to Wordsworth.

"Sergeant's Inn, "

My DEAR SIR,—You will be sorry to know very slender comfort in the prosecution of the C except the great one which arises from the ho association and sympathy, and the hope, however being able to serve writers who may imitate your. The second reading of the Bill was, as you no decarried before I went on circuit with a majority under a threat from Mr. Warburton that he wou committal by a motion to refer it to a Select Committal by a motion to refer it to a Select Committal services.

ixed it for Wednesday, 8th April, and left Gloucester and briefs, as the Assizes were not quite over, to be ready for combat; alas! in vain, for the adjourned debate on Sir mes Graham's motion intervened. I appealed to Lord John issell to give me a Monday or Friday in vain, and took the open Wednesday,—that was Wednesday, 29th April,—ie first day after the Easter recess.

We had a good muster of our friends, but a stupid Bill. which was not expected to occupy many minutes, lasted till the hungry hour of seven; our friends dropped off to their engagements, the House trembled on the verge of forty, Warburton saw his advantage, and walked out, followed by some half-dozen economists, and Wakley, left behind for the purpose. counted out the House, just as the Copyright Bill was coming The order was then dropped; there was 'no House' on Thursday; on Friday, finding that the next Wednesday (last) was occupied by Lord Stanley's Bill, and the next by the Beer Bill, I was forced to Wednesday, 20th, for which my poor Bill now stands. Never was anything so unlucky. Could I have surmised the possibility of Lord Stanley's Bill being postponed. and had fixed mine for yesterday, I should have had yesterday. to-day, and every day, for some days, as the murder of Lord William Russell has postponed all political business, while Copyright might have occupied the time, and been carried or lost! But you can never advance an Order once fixed unless by special grace,-if then; so that, having fixed the 20th, I cannot avail myself of any intervening accident. I regret to say that I see no possibility of carrying the Bill this year now, though I shall still persevere to the last. . . . The most distressing feature in the case is that many of our supporters are deluded by the specious promise of a Select Committee to take evidence. which I know means indefinite postponement, and actual ruin; and which is absurd, for the contest is altogether one of principle, founded on facts which are incapable of contranever have been denied on either side. I am surdone all that can be done to procure attendance successfully; we muster well; several members ca on purpose for the last day fixed, but to remain all night on the very day in all the week for dimuch to hope, except from such staunch friends Mahon, and Gladstone, who never fail. And then nents never dine. Warburton is 'in his place,'—

sedet æternumque sedebit

Infelix.

I only wonder they have never beaten us; and might have done so on Wednesday, if they had n the Fabian policy.

I am very sorry to find we have no hope of here this season. Should we travel northwards in it will go hard if we do not take one glance of Lake, with its Poet, and ours, and mankind's. At heart is very heavy, for I am going to take my de to Eton to-morrow, and having never parted with it very hard; and yet I am so busy I cannot induing, which frets me more than is right. I must resof The Excursion before I go to bed, and draw and support from the pure and the lasting.—remembrances to Mrs. Wordsworth, ever gratefull yours,

Wordsworth to Lord Mahon.

"My DEAR LORD MAHON,—Many thanks for y letter, and the extracts from Lord John Russell's to yo opinion having the power which it has at present, at to have, I think with you that there is no likeli attempt being made to hold back from republi

work whatever. Besides, Serjeant Talfourd's Bill vided against that, in a clause which, if there had been any lect in its construction, might without difficulty have been proved.

I replied briefly to the three objections which you will find
the enclosed extract from a letter Sir R. Peel was so obliging
to write to me, the only one I ever had from him on the
bject; but, in an interview with which he honoured me last
ummer, we had a pretty long conversation upon it, and it is
emarkable that then he did not revert to any of those objections, but dwelt in general terms upon the evils of monopoly,
and in particular he deprecated the mischief which might
arise from confining the circulation of improved processes in
science—he instanced arithmetic—to the books through which
they had been first made known. I must own I thought this
rather an out-of-the-way apprehension, for how would it be
done?

No combination of booksellers could now be so blind or perverse as not to be aware that, education and a taste for reading having spread so widely, and its being certain that they will spread more and more, their interest would be less promoted by selling at a low price to multitudes than at a high one to a few; and there is in this consideration a sufficient answer to all the vague things that have been dinned into our ears on monopoly.

The observation you have made upon your present aim not precluding future improvements reconciles me to what I cannot but think an imperfect, though a prudent, measure.

In regard to posthumous works, which are often kept back that the author may bestow more labour upon them, and are therefore, if they be good, entitled to especial regard, I may be allowed to say that a boon of two years (if that be granted) in addition to twenty-eight, which the present law secures, is not

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an acquisition worth thinking about. Let us, how thankful for what we can get, and be assured, my of Mahon, that I am duly sensible of the obligations Lit under to you for undertaking a Bill which is sure to vexatious opposition from many persons unworthy of they hold in the House of Commons, and but a lax supmany others, who may have no objections either to ciples or details of your measure.—I have the hon faithfully your Lordship's,

WM. Words

Rydal Mount, March 3d 1841."

Another correspondent, whose name has not been wrote thus to Wordsworth on the subject:—

"SIR,—It appears to me that the only persons really in the Copyright Act are the Authors and Publishers the gist of the question is, Are the latter still to be retain the lion's share? The statement made as to t prices at which various works have at different times (having in regard the correctness, the form, and the getting up) has in truth little relation to the exist copyright or not, but to the rule of all trade,—the different times

As well, and with as much justice, the public me plain of the relative exorbitant price paid for the tanks made for the use of the Navy, when the rivet-bored by hand. The tanks were found to answer the purpose of keeping the water sweet, and were then of for by the hundred. It now became worth while and construct machinery to bore the rivet-holes (some in each tank) by steam-power, and the expense was fortieth what it was by hand. A commensurate recording to the price took place, and what said the manufacturer? I profit on each tank, but that is more than compensate by the increased demand; I sell a greater number, same with books.

o the petitions presented to Parliament by the devils and positors I attach just the same importance as I should to itions from slaves begging to be allowed to remain in very. They have done but as their task-masters bid them.

assertion that the carrying of the Copyright Bill will minish the number, and increase the price of books, is similar that made during the debate on the abolition of the slave de, viz. that by doing away with slavery we should increase price of sugar to such an extent that we should very soon we no sugar at all.

I have not a doubt it will prove equally true in respect to looks as it has done to sugar.

'It is pretty,' as Pepys says, to see that the undisputed ossession of land for twenty years gives good title to it for ver. But the undisputed possession of a copyright for twentyight years only entitles the owner to have it taken from him.

If this principle be a just one, I should like to know how ou are to deny that the man who has held property for a onger period ought not to be deprived of it to-morrow."

I have thought it best not to break the continuity of these etters from eminent men on the question of copyright by any renarks, explanatory or critical; but as Mr. Gladstone, in kindly ending me Wordsworth's letters to him, after reperusing his own etters to the poet,—which by a happy accident I had found, and was able to forward to him,—has added some things, both as to his opinion of Wordsworth, and his present views on the question of copyright, extracts from these addenda may be give now.

Of the poet, Mr. Gladstone writes :-

"Hawarden, June 10/87.

Wordsworth used to come to me when I lived as a young man in the Albany, and my recollections of him are very pleasing. His simplicity, kindness, and freedom from the worldly type, mark their general character."

in Jun

As to copyright, looking to all the interests involved think the method of Talfourd and the present law for capable of being replaced by one better for all parties.

11.50

I was an eager supporter of Serjeant Talfourd, it long since altered my view, and am of opinion that free system of copyright than the present one is poss would be more advantageous to the authors, the trade public."

The following fragment found amongst Wordsworth referring to Time as the only infallible judge as to to f Literary works, may fitly close this chapter:—

It seems, therefore, only to remain for me, with of strengthening a cause so just, to point to and be a few facts which tend to show that of good and greature—which it is to be presumed we would all wis rise up among us—Time is the only infallible judg considered for the future, and not as a fresh and light stripling of a year, or a few lustrums, but with his accept locks, his wrinkled brow, his hour-glass in on his destructive scythe in the other. I would also these insignia a sort of Pilgrim's bottle attached to man's body, from which he might water in his progof the young plants about him as he knows are desimmortality. But printers, and publishers, and cold doctrinaires will think I am betraying the cause be this flight, and I must descend.

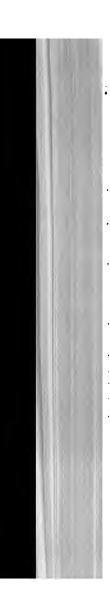
The fate and fortune of books is in many resperent remarkable. Some that on their first appearance has extolled in Courts and by Universities and Academic quickly forfeited that kind of favour without ever their way to the public, or deserving to do so. Oth

eagerly received by the middle and humbler ranks of the munity, while they were disregarded by the upper classes, have continued to be dear to the many, though centuries may have passed away without their obtaining the clion, except in rare instances, of those who value themses upon a cultivated taste. Take for example The Pilgrim's gress. Cowper, the poet, being prompted to speak his tought of that beautiful allegory, more than a hundred years its publication, says in the course of his panegyric:—

I named thee not, lest so despised a name Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame;

and who but must be struck with the clouds that darken for time the splendour of those productions whose merits were at first unacknowledged in the highest quarters. In Charles It's days ten plays of B. and F.* were acted for one of Shakespeare. Bysshe, in his Art of Poetry, published about the same period, writes thus of Chaucer and Spenser: "Their language has now become so antiquated and obsolete that most readers of our age have no ear for them, nor, I must confess, is the taste of Chaucer to be wondered at "; but Bysshe immediately adds, "and this is the reason that the good Shakespeare himself is not so frequently cited in this collection as he would otherwise deserve to be." In fact, he is rarely cited at all. Dryden, Cowley, Otway, Rowe, Blackmore, and Butler are the writers from which his extracts are almost exclusively taken, there being very few even from Milton. Again, books, the production of true genius sometimes, when they first appear, obtain general circulation for their faults. Such, as I have elsewhere noticed, was the case with Thomson's Seasons, which was admired for its sentimental flourishes and its foolish or ill-told tales-when the nobler movements of this poet's imagination were unfelt, as

^{*} Doubtless Beaumont and Fletcher.



they seemed not to have been till a c to them forty years afterwards. Rambler is not to be overlooked. In his thus expresses himself: "I am far fro cessation of my performances will rai have never been much a favourite with proceeds to give some high-minded rea complain of neglect, and to show that 1 mediate favour because he seldom desc which it is obtained. Yet I well rememb ago an intelligent bookseller, contrasting public notice made by the Rambler con periodical papers, the Adventurer and th editions of the Rambler were constantly other two lighter works, which were 1 appearance, could scarcely float at all collections. . . . When it was though sake of his (Johnson's) health-declining depressed spirits-he should travel abro have been spared the necessity of applyi his behalf, and escaped the mortificatic This, by-the-by. I have endeavoured to the only judge in Literature that can be upon. . . .

CHAPTER XLII.

REMINISCENCES—DOMESTIC INCIDENTS—AND LETTERS, 1838-1840.

the most distinguished literary men of his time—Walter age Landor—has been a good deal misunderstood. It as a chequered relationship—extremely cordial and appreciative at one time, and again overshadowed by cloud, and by a misunderstanding that was perhaps mutual. As in the case of other contemporaries, it may be as well to bring together some facts in reference to it extending over a series of years, rather than break up the narrative by referring each particular to its own year; and we must go back as far as the year 1817 in order to understand it.

In that year—two years after Landor had gone to reside in Italy—Southey sent out to him copies of The White Doe of Rylstone and The Excursion. In acknowledging receipt of them Landor said he would have given eighty pounds out of his pocket if Wordsworth had not written the line in his dedication of The Excursion—

Of high respect and gratitude sincere.

In writing home from Pisa to his old schoolfellow Birch, he told him of a Latin essay he was writing, and of the eulogy of Wordsworth which it would contain.

Southey kept sending him out his friend's poems (Peter Bell and the Duddon Sonnets in 1820). He replied, "In whatever Wordsworth writes there is admirable poetry;

but I wish he had omitted all that precede a time, in Peter Bell. The first poet tha was not a more original poet than he is, is hardly a greater." Mr. Forster (Landor tells us that the latter had "planned a Lat plementary to the treatise prefixed to his L and Landor told Southey, "I have finished of Wordsworth's criticisms, saying in the prefi taken whatever I wanted from him with the as a son eats and drinks in his father's hor worth wrote to Landor in September 1821. "The Excursion is proud of your approbation he said, "It could not but be grateful to be pra who has written verses of which I would rather author than of any produced in our time."

Landor's original intention was to dedicate Conversations to Wordsworth. The dedicate offered, and accepted; but, as Landor afterwards he had written in them conversations "with such contemptuousness of the people in power," the delicacy would not permit me to place Word before the volume. The book was published February 1824, and in December Wordsworth script to a letter from Southey to Landor—wl Italy—thanking him for the dialogues, which great acquisition to literature." Landor was a Everything that either Wordsworth or Southey to have been sent out by the latter to Florence sent "an overflowing return in kind" from Italy.

In the autumn of 1835 Landor came to En the following summer, when Wordsworth wen expressly to hear and see the performance

^{*} Life of Walter Savage Landor, p. 203.

Ion, they met, with many others, at Talfourd's house. Southey's absence, owing to home-sorrow at Keswick, was lamented by all; but Landor fancied Wordsworth's remarks on Southey to be ungenerous. Soon afterwards he published his Satire on Satirists, containing a bitter attack on Wordsworth for this imaginary disrespect to Southey. He never quite got over this feeling. In 1837 he amused himself by parodying We are Seven; and in a new series of Imaginary Conversations he introduced one between Porson and Southey, in which his satire of the author of the Lyrical Ballads was carried still further. His fondness for reciting his own poetry is referred to, and its "summer murmur of fostering modulation"; but at the close he speaks again with appreciative justice, and says that no man had "ever such a mastery over Nature in her profoundest relations to Humanity."

Passing from Landor to Bentley, Wordsworth's opinion of the Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris is noteworthy. Writing to his friend Alexander Dyce on the 23d December 1837, he said: "How much do I regret that I have neither learning nor eyesight thoroughly to enjoy Bentley's masterly Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris. Many years ago I read the work with infinite pleasure. As far as I know, or rather am able to judge, it is without a rival in that department of literature; a work of which the English nation may be proud, as long as acute intellect, and vigorous powers, and profound scholarship shall be esteemed in the world."

Writing to Moxon in February 1838, Wordsworth speaks of requests which had reached him for a collection of his sonnets in one volume. He alludes to the number of these sonnets, 415, and says, if each sonnet were in one page, it would be "a book of luxury," not for the multitude; and adds, "A day or two ago Dr. Arnold showed me a letter from a clergyman, an accomplished scholar besides, entreating me to publish my works in 'brown paper'—that was the word—

meaning, I suppose, the cheapest form, for the beareders in the humblest condition of life; being confrom his own experience, that my works were fitted their hearts, and purify and exalt their minds. The not his words exactly, but they were to this effect Martineau, I am told, has said that my poems are in the of the American people. That is the place I would occupy among the people of these islands; and I am a sure that the abstract character of a small portion of a poetry would at all stand in the way of that result, the would not of itself recommend them to the mass people. . . .

I leave the mode of publication entirely to your s judgment, being persuaded that whatever there may these or my other works fitted for general sympathy, the find its way, as education spreads, to the spirits of material ought to add, as a personal motive for preparing a printed as you recommend, that it will gratify my date whom I am always happy and proud to please; and you decide as to type and shape of page, would you tat trouble to communicate with her, and send a specim No. 3 Clarence Lane, Dover.—Very sincerely yours,

W.

The following are extracts from other letters to Mor 1838:—

... The extension of the term of copyright, who becomes of the principle during this session, being both and expedient, is sure of being carried sooner or later. I meanwhile, by being the single exception among published who have united to oppose it, you have done yourself honour, and acted to your advantage also, depend upon it. [He refers to Talfourd's speech on copyright, and adds, is an astonishing man for talents, genius, and energy of metalents.]

"July 28, 1838.

I have been wandering for more than a month in the counties of Durham and Northumberland, and am now fixed at home for, I trust, a long time. . . . The Examiner drolly enough says that a sonnet on the ballot, his favourite hobby, damns the volume."*

In 1838, Julius Charles Hare, the Archdeacon of Lewes, dedicated the second edition of his Guesses at Truth to Wordsworth. After expressing his personal debt to the poet, he says: "Many will join in my prayer that health of body and mind may be granted to you to complete the noble work which you have still in store, so that men may learn more worthily to understand and appreciate what a glorious gift God bestows on a nation, when He gives them a poet."

Hare was the editor of the *Philological Museum*, printed at Cambridge, to which, in 1832, Wordsworth contributed his translation of part of the First Book of the *Eneid*.

In volume I of this Memoir reference was made to John Thelwall, the democrat, and Wordsworth's knowledge of him in the Alfoxden days. In a letter addressed by the poet to his widow, dated November 16th (the year is not given, but it evidently belongs to 1838), the following occurs:—

"Madam,— . . . Circumstances were not favourable to much intercourse between your late husband and myself. I became acquainted with him during a visit which he made to Mr. Coleridge, who was then residing at Nether Stowey. . . . Your impression is correct that I, in company with my sister and Mr. Coleridge, visited him at his pleasant abode on the banks of the Wye. Mr. Southey was not of the party, as you suppose.

After the year 1798, I do not recollect having had any intercourse with Mr. Thelwall, till he called upon me at Gras-

^{*} The Eraminer said so high was the quality of the rest of the volume, that this "absurd" sonnet was a "profanation."

mere on his way to Edinburgh, whither give lectures upon elecution. This must he between 1801 and 1807, and I once ca London. After that time I think I never so

Whether Mr. Thelwall wrote much poe ignorant, but I possess a small printed volum ing specimens of an epic poem, and sever pieces. . . . Mr. Coleridge and I were of o modulations of his blank verse were superior writers in that metre. . . . - With best wi Madam, sincerely yours,

Some time ago I received from Mr. Browning written by Wordsworth to Mrs. Browning, when Barrett. They have no special interest, beyond they were written by him, and were addressed the remembrance of Browning's own poem Memore us to record the first meeting of original minds, as even of slightest contact between them. Mr. Bro of these letters thus :-

DEAR PROFESSOR KNIGHT.-Now that I have letters, of which all my knowledge was that they existed, they prove to be so unimportant and uncha of anything but the writer's good nature, that I c think you will care to make use of them.

This is, however, your affair, mine being simply to my promise of submitting them to you, which accordingly. . . . —Believe me, ever truly yours.

The first of the letters is addressed to Miss B cousin, John Kenyon, and the other two to herself. as follows :-

"My DEAR FRIEND, -I have been so much pleased

of poems which you were so kind as to send Mr. W. some time ago, that I am desirous to see her translation of Æschylus.*

Would you send me a copy through Mr. Moxon, and tell me also where it is to be bought, as two of my acquaintances wish to purchase it?

We hear of you through that kindest of creatures, H. Robinson, but not a word about your coming down, as you had given us leave to hope you might have done, but on the contrary that you are going off with your brother. A thousand good wishes attend you both, and pray remember us to him most kindly.—Ever affectionately yours,

WM. & M. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal, 17th Aug. 1838."

" Rydal Mount, Oct. 24th, '42.

DEAR MISS BARRETT,—Through our common friend, Mr. Haydon, I have received a sonnet which his portrait of me suggested. I should have thanked you sooner for this expression of feeling towards myself with which I am much gratified, but I have been absent from home and much occupied.

The conception of your sonnet is in full accordance with the painter's intended work, and the expression vigorous; yet the word 'ebb,' though I do not myself object to it, nor wish it altered, will I fear prove obscure to nine readers out of ten. 'A vision free and noble, Haydon, hath thine art achieved.' Owing to the want of inflections in our language the construction here is obscure. Would it not be better thus? . . . I was going to write a small change in the order of the words, but I find it would not remove the objection. The verse, as I take it, would be somewhat clearer thus, if you could tolerate the redundant syllable: 'By a vision free and noble, Haydon,

^{*} Mr. Dykes Campbell writes: "A copy was sent, for I have it. On the half-title Mrs. Wordsworth has written: 'From Ed. M. Barrett, father of Miss Barrett, to Mr. Wordsworth,' and W. W. has added his own name."

is thine art achieved.'* I had the gratification of regood while ago, two copies of a volume of your writin I have read with much pleasure, and beg that the than I charged a friend to offer may be repeated through ye

It grieved me much to hear from Mr. Kenyon, also from Mr. Haydon, that your health is so much de But for that cause I should have presumed to call up when I was in London last spring. With every good I remain, dear Miss Barrett, your much obliged,

W. Wordswo

" Rydal Mount, 16th A

Dear Miss Barrett,—Being exceedingly engaged season, as I always am, I think it best to acknowledge i ately my sense of your kindness in sending me the two v of your poems recently published; from the perusal of when I am at leisure, I promise myself great pleasure—Believe me, dear Miss Barrett, to remain, with high refaithfully yours,

W. Wordsword

In a letter to his publisher, written from Rydal Mo December 11, 1838, Wordsworth refers to a recent tour Moxon had made in Italy: "... You mention Lago de (I hope you went to the head of it. If not, you missed so the most striking scenery to be found anywhere amon Alps. ... As to the edition in one volume, I wait for proposals. So little is gained by having the lines wider that I would choose the thirty-six sheets in preference t forty, but on account of the overflowing lines I could m have no pleasure in looking at either the one page or the c In the American edition which you saw, not a single syllable verse overflows, whereas in the pages sent m

Mrs. Browning altered this line in her published sonnet—

. . . A noble vision free
Our Haydon's hand has flung out from the mist.

specimens there are nine in one, and eleven in the other; which both disfigures the book very much, and occupies too much space. The enclosed paper gives the length and width of the American page, within the marginal line, being within a hairsbreadth short. Could not the book be printed on paper sufficiently wide to allow of a ten-syllable verse being uniformly included in one line, as something very considerable would be saved in space? This would lessen the cost which wider paper would require. I repeat that I have an insurmountable aversion to overflowing lines, except when they cannot be avoided. On this subject, however, as a mere suggestion for the printer, I would ask whether the overflowing word would not be better placed, as formerly, near the end of the verse it belongs to, than so mar the beginning of that line and of the next.

I am in hopes that my nephew, John Wordsworth of Cambridge, will correct the proofs for me, but I grieve to say he has been very unwell, and may not be equal to the task.

... He is the most accurate [man] that I know, and if a revise of each sheet could be sent to him the edition would be immaculate... What do you, as a publisher, say to an edition of the whole of my poems being now sold in America for 1 franc 25 cents,* or something less than 13d. of our money? and in India, as I have just learned, a Calcutta edition is sold for six rupees; so that we are cut off from the Indian market, unless international copyright touches that quarter."

The John Wordsworth referred to in this letter to Moxon was the eldest son of the Master of Trinity, and brother of the poet's biographer, the Bishop of Lincoln, and of the Bishop of St. Andrews. He was a fellow of Trinity. The fear expressed above was too sadly realised. John Wordsworth died at the close of the year 1839, and his uncle wrote

^{*} Wordsworth probably mistook francs for dollars.

thus of the event to Lady Frederick Bentinck, own brother at Cambridge :-

" Rydal Mount, Ambleride, Jan.

MY DEAR LADY FREDERICK,—Yesterday brought choly news in a letter from my brother, Dr. Wordswo announced the death of his eldest son. He died las in Trinity College, of which he was a fellow, ha tenderly nursed by his father, during rather a lost He was a most amiable man, and I have reason to be one of the best scholars in Europe. We were a attached to him, and as his poor father writes, the him, and to his sorrowing sons, irreparable on this grave. . . .'

" Friday, Jan

My very dear Brother,—It is in times of taffliction that one feels most deeply the strength of family and nature. We all most affectionately convolved you, and those who are around you, at this melange The departed was beloved in this house as he deserbut our sorrow, great as it is for our own sakes, is a for yours and his brothers. He is a power gone family, and they will be perpetually reminded of it best of all consolations will be with you, with the and all his numerous friends, that his life had been less as man's could well be, and, through the goods he is gone to his reward. . . .—I remain your lovi WM. Words

Following closely on his recognition by the Un Durham, the University of Oxford honoured itself is conferring on Wordsworth the degree of D.C.L. It author of *The Christian Year*—a brother poet whom esteemed, and who was then Professor of Poetry present him to the Vice-Chancellor on this occasion. In oducing him Mr. Keble said:—

Possim etiam illud docere, Academiam, ipsasque adeo as non bene carere posse suavitate illà austera et solidà, solet alumnos suos imbuere sapienter et bene acta paumi juventus. Verum huic loco satis superque me fecisse itrabar, Academici, si semel vobis eum in memoriam revomen: cum præsertim is præsto sit nobis in nobili hac corona, unus omnium maximè poetarum, mores, studia, religiones unperum collocaverit non dicam bono verum etiam cælestimine. Ad ejus itaque viri carmina remittendos esse hoc impore putabam, si qui ex intimo animo sentire vellent canam illam necessitudinem honestæ Paupertatis cum Musis everioribus, cum excelsa Philosophia, immo cum sacrosancta religione."

The outburst of enthusiasm which greeted Wordsworth in the Sheldonian Theatre that day has been referred to by many as almost unexampled. His old friend, Pearce of Bristol, "had walked to Oxford," his nephew tells us, "with some such feelings as a Tuscan of the fourteenth century might have made a pilgrimage to Rome, to see Petrarch crowned in the capitol." Lord Coleridge says he "received in the theatre an enthusiastic welcome, a cordial, reverent homage which I at least have never seen equalled, and an honour the highest which the University can bestow. Frederick Robertson has recorded that the cheers in the theatre, and the acknowledgment of them by their object, seemed to him out of keeping with the austere simplicity of the poetsage, and the lofty and unworldly character of his writings. Most of us did not think so then, and on reflection it seems to me that we were right. Wordsworth was at that time at the very height of the fame which he ever achieved in his lifetime; he had got away even from the echoes of Lord Jeffrey's VOL. III. 2 A

shallow and silly mockery; his renown was fulfil many of us he was an object of worship, and of an this side idolatry' which, if it was but the due of paid to, ennobled also those who paid it:—

> We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured Lived in his mild and magnificent eye, Learned his great language caught his clear accents Made him our pattern to live and to die."

Mrs. Arnold wrote thus of the Oxford Ceremo Trevenen:—

Encouraged by the great inducement of seeing and Mr. Wordsworth receive their honorary degree my husband was tempted to go from Rugby to Commemoration, and Jane and I were delighted to him, though it could only be accomplished by gettin day, and returning at night after all the excitement of the theatre. But it was well worth while. . . . Mr. received exceedingly well, and was I should support ably well known for a foreigner; but the thundering from all quarters, when the name of Wordsworth and his venerable form was seen advancing in the p cannot at all describe. It was really delightful to tribute to such a man. It was the public voice for or niously joining to pay homage to goodness, and to sistently employed in promoting the real happiness of creatures. To us who know him so intimately, an humility and simplicity of his character, it was ver and delightful, and I shall always rejoice that I was

The fact of Keble's having presented him to Chancellor on this occasion recalls the fact that later, in 1844, the Professor of Poetry inscribed I tiones Academica—which he had delivered before versity of Oxford—to Wordsworth, with a dedicate

the bard of Rydal valued much more than the Degree of 1839. It was in the following words:—

Viro Vere Philosopho
Et Vati Sacro
GULIELMO WORDSWORTH
Cui Illud Munus Tribuit
Deus Opt. Max.

Ut, Sive Hominum Affectus Caneret,
Sive Terrarum Et Coeli Pulcritudinem,
Legentium Animos Semper Ad Sanctiora Erigeret,
Semper A Pauperum Et Simpliciorum Partibus Staret,
Atque Adeo, Labente Saeculo, Existeret,
Non Solum Dulcissimae Poeseos,
Verum Etiam Divinae Veritatis

Unus Multorum, qui Devinctos Se esse Sentiunt Assiduo Nobilium Ejus Carminum Beneficio, Hoc Qualecunque Grati Animi Testimonium D.D.D.

Antistes.

Reverentiae, Pietatis, Amicitiae Ergo.

The "ad sanctiora erigeret" was a phrase which specially delighted Wordsworth. It aptly anticipated the present poet-laureate's eulogy of his predecessor when dedicating his own poems to the Queen in 1851.

Another dedication addressed to the aged poet in 1848, by his friend Talfourd, may be quoted alongside of this by Keble. The Final Memorials of Charles Lamb was inscribed—

To

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Esq., D.C.L.,
Poet Laureate,
these Final Memorials
who cherished his friendship, as a comfort an

of one who cherished his friendship, as a comfort amidst griefs, and a glory amidst depressions, are, with affection and respect, inscribed

by one whose pride is to have been in old time his earnest admirer,

and one of whose fondest wishes is that he may be long spared to enjoy fame, rarely accorded to the living.

٦.

Miss Fenwick, whose name is imperishabl Wordsworth's, had come by this time to reside She lived at Gale Hou bourhood of Rydal. and was a great deal with the Wordsworths befo her residence at the Mount. What she did for recording the circumstances under which the composed—as dictated to her by Wordsword the most important contribution ever made to Two other ladies saw mentary upon them. Wordsworth household at this time, and p reminiscences-Mrs. Fletcher of Lancrigg, and Mary, afterwards Lady Richardson. Mary Fle Wordsworths both at Fox How, at their own Miss Fenwick's. The following are some of her Fox How:-

"Fox How,

Last evening I went to meet the Rydal M Miss Fenwick's. On consulting Mr. Wordswon beautiful little farm of Lancrigg (now for sale) he entered into the subject most kindly, and o out for us its real value. He described the tangle a natural terrace under the crag, as a very favour his and his sister's in bygone days, and said 'Rocky Well,' 'I know it by heart.' He there Wordsworth to look at his Miscellaneous Sonnathe one suggested to him there by the likeness of sepulchral stone in that hazel copse. This she diexpression. At this time he wore a green shade, was usually bent down, his eyes being weak. He two or three lines of the sonnet, not the whole.

Mark the concentred hazels that enclose You old grey stone protected from the ray Of noontide suns.

^{*} See the Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher (1876), pp.

On Sunday, as we were going to Rydal church, we met Wordsworth, with an Italian gentleman of the name of Miers, whom he was going to put on the way to Grasmere. We walked a little way with them; and as the poet, on Italian politics, is all we can desire, I asked him to inquire from Mr. Miers, who was going to dine at Rydal Mount, if he knew anything of Mazzini at Genoa. Last night Mrs. Arnold and I sat with Mr. Wordsworth for above an hour, and he gave us many interesting particulars which he had heard from this Italian gentleman, with whom he had been much pleased. He said he had asked him about Mazzini, and heard a very high character of him in every respect. Mr. Miers said that shortly before leaving Italy he had called on the mother of Mazzini to ask her commands for her son. She was not well, but she said, 'Don't tell Giuseppe that you found me ill, but tell him that not a day of my life passes that I do not thank God for having given me such a son.' Mr. Miers added that 'it was worthy of a Spartan mother; but what made it so valuable was that it was uttered by a Christian one.'

Wordsworth spoke with strong and deep feeling of the present state of Italy, and the crushing despotism of Austria, supported, as it is in secret, by Russia and Prussia. There is no law of copyright in Italy, so that the more excellent a book is the less chance an author has of making anything of the fruits of his mind. Wordsworth's discourse last night was varied, accurate, moral in its tone, and admirably descriptive of some scenes at Nismes especially,—not a trace of age or forgetfulness, not a link displaced in the chambers of imagery, or in the moral bearings of the subjects he was discussing. I cannot think that Milton himself could have talked more loftily against despotism, or more excellently on truth and justice."

After quoting her daughter's notes, Mrs. Fletcher adds :-

"We very soon entered on the possibility of the purchase of Lancrigg as a summer refreshment, as future home at my death, and as I cordially entered plan, we authorised Mr. Wordsworth to act as our the affair, which he was most kindly pleased to us and as few people have ever been so favoured as to such a poet as their man of business, or such a clebeloved daughter Dora, I here insert her letter to my on the final arrangements, received in October 1839:

'Rydal Mount, October 21

My father, who is gone down to Calgarth, w remains all night, requested me to inform you that th ing he had a long interview with old Rowlandson ended in his agreeing to purchase the property of Une crigg for £1,030, £70 less than Mr. R. at first asked; father particularly desired that I might say the privery handsome, and more than he was likely to get fi other person, and yet, duly weighing the interests o and seller, his conscience allowed him to take the that price." My father named to Mr. R. the time best suited Mrs. Fletcher to take possession. His rep "The custom of the country is to pay down the pu money on the 14th February, when the purchaser com possession of the ploughed land, of the pasture land April, of the houses 12th May; and it would not b venient for me, on account of my farmer, to depart fro custom;" and my father ventured to say that, under circumstances, doubtless Mrs. Fletcher would be will abide by the custom. My father desired me to expre great satisfaction at your becoming possessors of this property, which has for so many years been so dear to and his, and where so many happy hours have been pass them; and his earnest wish that many years of like 1 enjoyment may fall to your and Mrs. Fletcher's share, in which wish I most cordially unite, as would my mother and Miss Fenwick were they here, but they left Ambleside this morning for a three weeks' absence in the county of Durham—my mother to her relatives at Stockton-upon-Tees, Miss Fenwick to hers at Whitton, where she is to meet Mr. Henry Taylor* and his bride. "

The following is from Lady Richardson's note-book † of 1840:-

"... On Thursday we called at the Mount, and the following day, the 4th June, Wordsworth came to an early dinner here. He was in a very happy mood, and threw himself into the interests of our possession in a most engaging manner.

After dinner we all walked over the Intack part of Lancrigg to our boundary-wall, and to the point the poet specially admires, as commanding the wild mountain view into Far Easedale on one side, and the more cultivated peep into the Vale of Grasmere on the other, with the church-tower, the lake, and the end of Loughrigg as the boundary, which is a kind of sun-dial from that point of view. We went through the West Copse, which led us past Kitty Crag to Far Easedale, and back to Thorney How by the flat part of the valley, which goes by the name of Boothwaite, a favourite evening stroll of the poet.

After this we had many meetings of real business with several neighbours Wordsworth consulted, because, as he said, 'They understand these things much better than I do.' When we attempted to thank him for the trouble he was taking for us, he took leave, saying, 'I always feel that those who receive a benefit kindly also confer a favour.'

July 31st we spent at Rydal Mount, a bright evening. Mr.

^{*} Author of Philip van Artevelde.

⁺ See Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher (1876), pp. 248-9.

Henry Taylor and his lovely wife came with Miss He is still very handsome, with much of thought and his countenance. Mr. Wordsworth told us of a visit few days before from the Princes of Ashantee, and add were very good company, and the ladies spoke of the expression of the younger Prince. It is to be hoped escape being eaten by their subjects when they return a contrast a tea-party at Rydal Mount, perhaps the point in man's civilised life in all its bearings, and a carousal in the jungles of Ashantee! It would be vesting to trace the progress of these two Princes, if creally get near their minds. They are at present a care of a judicious tutor of the name of Pyne.

After tea the conversation turned on Crabbe and h Wordsworth considers him a dull man in conversation and he did not either give information, nor did he ensubject by discussion. He spoke highly of his wradmirable specimens of the kind, but he does not like anthropic vein which runs through them. He was surfact from my mother that Crabbe's prose style was so artificial in his letters. He said that generally good werse wrote good prose, especially good letters. letters are everything that letters can be, and many of are marvellous. His brother Gilbert, too, was an prose writer. I attribute this very much to the metisued by their father, and described by their tutor, Mr. Mayouth engaged to teach them. He details it in a Dr. Currie's Life of Burns."

In Lady Richardson's notes the author of Philip vertelde has been referred to. As Sir Henry Taylor was and one of the most appreciative critics of Wordswort special friend of Miss Fenwick, his account of her Rydal Mount at this time, has additional interest:—

"At this time [1840]* Miss Fenwick was brought into relations of the closest intimacy with Wordsworth. Her admiration for him as a poet, always supreme, allied itself with affection for him as a man, and her admiration and affection for him was equalled, if not exceeded, by his for her. She took a house within an easy walk of Rydal Mount, and when that house ceased to be at her disposal, she took up her abode for some time at Rydal Mount itself. Mrs. Wordsworth, who has been justly, as well as exquisitely, described in her husband's verse (and I may use that word, not only as it is commonly used, but also in its derivative sense, as it is used by Milton, for the verses are a real searching out of what was in her), attached herself to Miss Fenwick with a warmth and energy of nature which took no account of years; and it can seldom have happened that a friendship of three persons first formed in advanced life has been so fervent and so inward.

In the spring of 1840 she writes, dating from Rydal Mount, Before I arrived here I thought I would write you a very cross letter' (I had been dilatory in writing to her), 'but I must have been the very devil to retain my ill humour in the midst of all this beauty, and the love that so harmonises all the feelings as to make them sensible to it, and almost to it alone. The poor body also seems at ease here; the atmosphere is perfect, and I can almost walk about like other people, just with so much remembrance of my late oppression as gives a feeling of relief as well as of enjoyment, in a degree such as those blessed spirits must feel in Heaven who have "come out of great troubles." You are very happy, I trust, my dear cousins, but still in this atmosphere, moral, intellectual, and spiritual, I think you would be more blessedly happy; and so I wish. you were here. No season can be so delightful as this. It is a beauty giving the impression of progress, which makes the

^{*} Autobiography of Henry Taylor, vol. i. pp. 334-9.

spring the most precious of all seasons. I grieve the where you know nothing of it but chickens, and aspa dust, and dissipation. Though of the last you may partake, still you see 'the madness of the people.'

And shortly after she writes :-

'I have got this house to the end of October, but the It is likely that I shall then go to Rydal Mount. It is likely that I shall then go to Rydal Mount. It is likely that I shall then go to Rydal Mount. It is would be content to be a servant in the house to wisdom. Losing sight of all the intermediate steps while does in the hither, how wonderful does it seem to me that I take up my abode there almost as a matter of necess could I get another house I would not be there, though his wisdom quite as much as I could have done there love him ten thousand times more than I ever expessional.'

What Miss Fenwick greatly prized in the family we openness and sincerity with which all thoughts and for were expressed, and this she regarded as of infinite variation of Wordsworth's life and mind. There domestic altar in that house, she once said to me; and found none there, neither did she set up one. As the introduced became, her admiration for the personal qualities wife became, I think, more unmixed than her admiration the personal qualities of the husband; but even when she arrived at the knowledge of all his faults—and no man's less hidden—she retained a profound sense of what was in his personal character, as well as an undiminished apption of his genius and powers.

At this time her influence over him was invaluable family. His love for his only daughter was passion jealous, and the marriage which was indispensable to her and happiness was intolerable to his feelings. The eme I may say the throes and agonies of emotion, he underwent were such as an old man could not have endured without suffering in health, had he not been a very strong old man. But he was like nobody else, old or young. He would pass the night, or most part of it, in struggles and storms, to the moment of coming down to breakfast, and then, if strangers were present, be as easy and delightful in conversation as if nothing was the matter. But if his own health did not suffer, his daughter's did; and this consequence of his resistance, mainly aided, I believe, by the temperate but persistent pressure exercised by Miss Fenwick, brought him at length, though far too tardily, to consent to the marriage. On the 6th May 1841, Miss Fenwick writes from Bath: 'Our marriage still stands for the 11th, and I do sincerely trust nothing will interfere with its taking place on that day, for all parties seem prepared for it. Mr. Wordsworth behaves beautifully.'

It did take place accordingly, and Mrs. Quillinan was granted about six years of happiness in married life before her death in July 1847.

On leaving Bath, Wordsworth, Mrs. Wordsworth, and Miss Fenwick paid a visit to Miss Fenwick's brother-in-law and sister in Somersetshire.

'We had two perfect days,' Miss Fenwick writes on the 20th May 1841, 'for our visit to Wells, Alfoxden, etc. They were worthy of a page or two in the poet's life. Forty-two years, perhaps, never passed over any human head with more gain and less loss than over his. There he was again, after that long period, in the full vigour of his intellect, and with all the fervent feelings which have accompanied him through life; his bodily strength little impaired, but grey-headed, with an old wife and not a young daughter. The thought of what his sister, who had been his companion here, was then and now is, seemed the only painful feeling that moved in his

mind. He was delighted to see again those scenes (ar were beautiful in their kind) where he had been so he where he had felt and thought so much. He point the spots where he had written many of his early poet told us how they had been suggested. . . . Dear Do Mr. Quillinan parted with us at Bridgewater; they pro to Rydal Mount and we to Bagborough, where we have spending some very pleasant days. Mr. Wordsworth at Squire do very well together. The latter thinks the forvery sensible man, and the former thinks the latter a pleasant one. The people in Somersetshire know nothing the poet. They call him Wentworth and Wedgewood all sorts of names. But they are kind and hospitable, a likes to be met on the ground of his common humanity.

In the foregoing reminiscences Sir Henry Taylor to Dora Wordsworth and her marriage to Mr. Quillinan.

Edward Quillinan was born at Oporto in August Both his parents were of ancient Irish families. He educated in England, first in the Catholic School at Sec Park, Staffordshire (where he had a similar experience T. Coleridge's at Christ's Hospital), and afterwards at Dominican School of Carshalton, near London, where he happy and well educated; but, being a Catholic, he was sent to either of the English Universities, which (he tell in his short autobiography), "he ever since lamented." returned to Oporto and entered business, but was only months at the counting-house. He detested it, his "pas being for books very unlike ledgers." The French invaof Portugal drove all English families from it, and the Q linans went to London. When they had been there a and a half, his father asked him if he would like to enter army. He at once assented, and in 1808 was gazetted cornet in the 2d Dragoon Guards, and joined his regimen Hastings and Canterbury. He had time for reading, and even for authorship, and published a satirical poem-he wrote it in three days-which ran through two editions in a month. Another publication, jointly contributed to by himself and other officers, got him into trouble, and several duels followed. He served in the Walcheren expedition in 1809, and afterwards exchanged into the 3d Dragoon Guards, and was with this regiment in Spain in 1813, serving throughout the campaign which ended at Toulon in 1814. In 1816 he published another poem, The Sacrifice of Isabel, modelled on the style of Pope, which he dedicated to Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., of Denton Court, near Dover. In 1817 he married Jemima, the second daughter of Sir Egerton. Continuing in the army, he went with his regiment to Ireland and to Scotland. In 1820-1 he was at Penrith; and there, for the first time, he met the poet, whose works had delighted him during his years of army service. It is rather curious that, having got an introduction to Wordsworth from an Edinburgh friend, who had spoken of himself (Quillinan) rather highly, as he got near Rydal he felt ashamed of presenting it, and rode back to Penrith, the object of his journey unfulfilled. He returned, however, afterwards, without the letter, and introduced himself. In 1821 he left the army, and took up his abode near Rydal in a cottage secured for him by Wordsworth on the banks of the Rothay -Spring Cottage—his chief motive for settling in the district being the opportunity it would give him of intercourse with the poet. Soon after Quillinan's settlement at Rydal, they went together to the Craven district of Yorkshire, to trace imaginatively the footsteps of The White Doe, and to visit other localities, Malham Cove, Gordale Chasm, etc., memorialised in sundry sonnets composed two years previously. Mrs. Quillinan died at Ivy Cottage, below Rydal Mount, in 1822, the result of a terrible accident, her dressing-gown having accidentally caught fire. She left two daughters, one of them

only six months old. Dorothy Wordsworth, the poet attended constantly at the dying bed of her frien after her death a very close tie sprang up between the household and the two motherless children. Dora, the daughter, then eighteen years of age, became to them years advanced, a sort of second mother. After his death Quillinan went abroad, to seek relief from so change of scene, his children being taken to Kent. It these children are associated with Wordsworth's poeti A picture of the elder—who still lives, to the joy of he of friends at Loughrigg Holme—taken when she was a girl at Oporto, gave rise to the Lines suggested by a P written in 1834, beginning—

Beguiled into forgetfulness of care,

The younger, Rotha, was the poet's godchild, and to wrote the lines beginning—

Rotha! my spiritual child, this head was grey When at the sacred font for thee I stood.

After his bereavement, Mr. Quillinan removed from accepting an invitation from his brother-in-law, C Brydges Barrett, to occupy the family residence of Lee 1 near Canterbury, the Brydges family being on the Cont Here he received both the poet and his family more than When the Brydges returned, Quillinan went to Portusee his father; and on his return to England lived chie the Brydges' house in Bryanston Street, London, when received the Wordsworths as his guests. He also ret their visits, and came down to Rydal. In 1832 he left Lo and lived in Paris and Boulogne, returning to England in going back to Portugal with his eldest daughter in 1836 year, and afterwards taking up his residence for four yes Canterbury. Nineteen years intervened between the of his first wife and his second marriage. It will be seen Sir Henry Taylor's Autobiography that Wordsworth's op tion to the marriage of his daughter to Mr. Quillinan was intense. It was partly based, I have been told, on the fact of Quillinan's being a Roman Catholic;* but it was due, I fear, quite as much to his own "passionately jealous" affection—to use Sir Henry Taylor's phrase—for his daughter. He was not averse to her marriage, but he thought no one worthy of her. Sir Henry Taylor depicts the struggle that went on in the old man's nature, and it need not be repeated. At length he saw—thanks mainly to Miss Fenwick's wise appeals—that it was wrong to oppose a union which Dora herself wished, and that his opposition to it was injuring his daughter's health.

On the 11th of May 1841, they were married in St. James's Church at Bath, Wordsworth, his wife, and two of his sons being present, as well as Quillinan's brother John. They were all at that time on a visit to Miss Fenwick, whose home was now in Bath. After the ceremony, Wordsworth went with his wife and Miss Fenwick on a short tour in Somersetshire. The Quillinans joined them, and together they visited Alfoxden, and other places teeming with associations to the poet; his only sorrow being that Dorothy, the early partner of his joys in the Quantock country, was an invalid in Westmoreland. The Quillinans left the poet and his wife at Bridgewater, and proceeded thence to Rydal Mount, the Wordsworths prolonging their sojourn in the south of England. They were nearly four months away from Rydal. In writing to his friend John Peace after his return, Wordsworth said—

"Rydal Mount, Sept. 4, 1841.

MY DEAR PEACE,— . . . We made a very agreeable tour in Devonshire, going by Exeter to Plymouth, and returning along the coast by Salisbury and Winchester to London. In

^{*} Quillinan was born and educated a Roman Catholic, but he attended the Church of England, and used the Anglican service-book in his household. + See p. 379.

London and its neighbourhood we stayed not quite During this tour we visited my old haunts, at a Alfoxden and Netherstowey, and at Coleorton, where several days. These were farewell visits for life course, not a little interesting. . . .—Ever faithfully W. Wordsw

The Quillinans did not, however, remain long in W land, but proceeded to Lee Priory on a visit to the Brydg a few months at Canterbury they came up to Londo they seem to have spent a year; and in the winter of Dora's health suffering, they returned to Westmorel lived at Ambleside. The summers of 1843 and 18 spent by them in the "island" home of the Cur Windermere. Worthsworth's eldest son having man Curwen's daughter, this house was often lent to his which led the poet to make a pun upon the place, ar should be called the Borrow-me-an (Borromean) is was a pleasant home to Quillinan. He described in Fenwick (August 1843):—

"This island-home is the most delightful residence world. . . . With sunny days and serene moonlights, lived quite as much on the water as on the shore, about the islands as familiarly by night as by day."

While living in the Curwen's house at Belle 1 Quillinans seem to have rejoiced much in the friendly Professor Wilson from Elleray; and probably these days of 1843 and 1844 were the happiest in Dora worth's married life. In 1844 Quillinan wrote to Robinson from Ambleside: . . . "What a heavenly-season it is! It is enough to live and breathe su see such flowers, such stars, such moonlight, such va vegetation, and vapour and shadow on lakes and mo and to hear such joyous carolling from every bush."

he following winter was a trying one for Mrs. Quillinan, her delicacy increasing with the spring of 1845, it was ided that she should try what a change of air would do her, and accompany her husband to his native place, Jorto. While in the Peninsula, she was able to travel about good deal, visiting Lisbon, Seville, as well as other places, sich she described after her return to England in a couple volumes, entitled, A Journal of a few months' residence in ortugal, and Glimpses of the South of Spain. In July 1846 Ley came back to Westmoreland, and took up their residence Loughrigg Holme, where Mr. Carter-Wordsworth's clerk nd assistant-had lived. Carter vacated the house for the Quillinans, and superintended the enlargement of it for them. turing the time of their absence in Portugal. It was the pest possible place for them both to pass the brief remainder of their days—a lovely spot at the foot of one of the outlying buttress-points of Loughrigg Fall, close to Rydal Mount and Church, near to Fox How, and not far from Ambleside. There the two volumes of Dora's Journal were written (they were published in 1847), while Quillinan wrote articles for The Quarterly and for Tait's Magazine.

Shortly before Christmas 1846 Mrs. Quillinan went up from Rydal to Carlisle, to prepare her brother William's house for his marriage. On her way, or while living there, she caught a cold, from which she never recovered. On returning, she went to the Mount, her parents being absent at Westminster, with their nephew Christopher. They were summoned to the north by the serious nature of her illness. In April she was told she could not recover. She received the announcement with a calm and humble cheerfulness. "Willing to live, yet resigned to die," said her husband, she lingered on for many weeks in that house, once bright with her laughter and her gaiety; and at length, on the 9th of July, her release came, and she was laid to rest beside her infant

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brothers and sister in Grasmere churchyard. Quilling tense and almost passionate grief found utterance Suspiria, and other sonnets. He was stricken to the and yet went on his way, lonely, submissive, and still.

The loss of his daughter was a more terrible blow poet, and will be referred to in a later chapter. continued to live at Loughrigg Holme, which his still occupies. He wrote for Blackwood's Magazine, tr. part of The Lusiad-five cantos in ottava rima-and four volumes of the History of Portugal by Sen culano, the royal librarian at Lisbon. He was mus Wordsworth, when the now aged and grief-stricken p able to walk about. He survived him little more than Having caught a chill at some fishing expedition, cumbed to an attack of pleurisy in July 1851. A before he died, while almost unconscious, unable to re his daughter, he asked "James"—the Rydal Mount ser to bring him his pen and ink, and his Ms., that he m on with his History of Portugal, saying: "I want to or it will be of no use to them" (meaning his daughter 1853 a volume of Quillinan's poems was published Moxon.

Returning to the life at Rydal Mount in the year we find Wordsworth writing in January of that y Barron Field, who urged the publication of his a Memoir of the poet, which he had prepared with such cellaneous care.

" Rydal Mount, January 16,

MY DEAR MR. FIELD,—I have at last brought mys write to you. After maturely considering the subject, ever painful it may be to me, I must regret that I am dec against the publication of your critical memoir; your will know, to serve me, and I am grateful for the strength of

feeling in your excellent heart. I am also truly proud of the pains you have thought my writings worthy of; but I am sure that your intention to benefit me in this way would not be fulfilled. The hostility which you combat so ably is in a great measure passed away, but might in some degree be revived by your recurrence to it, so that in this respect your work would, if published, be either superfluous or injurious, as far as concerns this main portion of it. I shall endeavour, during the short remainder of my life, to profit by it, both as an author and a man, in a private way; but the notices of me by many others which you have thought it worth while to insert, are full of gross mistakes, both as to facts and opinions, and the sooner they are forgotten the better. Old as I am, I live in the hope of seeing you, and should in that event have no difficulty in reconciling you to the suppression of a great part of this work entirely-and of the whole of it in its present shape. . . . One last word in matter of authorship : it is far better not to admit people so much behind the scenes, as it has been lately fashionable to do. Believe me to be most faithfully your much obliged, WM. WORDSWORTH."

In the following month he wrote thus to the Rev. Henry Alford, afterwards Dean of Canterbury, and distinguished both as a poet and a critic:—

[Postmark-Ambleside, Feb. 21, 1840.]

"MY DEAR SIR,— . . . It cannot but be highly gratifying to me to learn that my writings are prized so highly by a poet and critic of your powers. The essay upon them which you have so kindly sent me seems well qualified to promote your views in writing it. I was particularly pleased with your distinction between religion in poetry, and versified religion. For my own part, I have been averse to frequent mention of the mysteries of Christian faith; not from a want of a due sense of their momentous nature, but the contrary. I felt it far too deeply to venture on handling the subject as familiarly as

many scruple not to do. I am far from blaming the them not blame me, nor turn from my companionship account. Besides general reasons for diffidence in subjects of Holy Writ, I have some special ones. I in points of faith, and I should not deem my mistake be deprecated because they were expressed in metr Milton, in my humble judgment, has erred, and grand what poet could hope to atone for misapprehensio way in which that mighty mind has done?

I am not at all desirous that any one should write a rate critique on my poetry. There is no call for it. be from above, they will do their own work in course if not, they will perish as they ought. But scarcely passes in which I do not receive grateful acknowledge the good they have done to the minds of the several They speak of the relief they have received from the affliction and in grief, and of the calmness and elev spirit which the poems either give or assist them in at As these benefits are not without a traceable bearing u good of the immortal soul, the sooner, perhaps, they are out and illustrated in a work like yours, the better."

A series of five letters to the artist Haydon, written the year 1840, may follow this to Dean Alford. But t the series intelligible without further comment, they be preceded by a letter from Haydon to Wordsworth. successive notes to his friend a specimen will be fo Wordsworth's careful elaboration—his poetic sculpture-

" March 3, 1

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,—At last I have accompone of the day-dreams of my earliest youth, viz. lectur the University.

^{*} Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Edited by Tom Taylor. Vol. 138-40.

I have been received with distinction by the Vice-Chancellor and the heads of Colleges, granted the Ashmolean Museum, and gave my first lecture yesterday, which was positively hailed.

There are four honours in my life—First, the sonnet of Wordsworth; second, the freedom of my native town for Solomon; third, the public dinner in Edinburgh; and fourth, my reception at Oxford.

The first and the last are the greatest. But the first is the first, and will ever remain so, whilst a vibration of my heart continues to quiver.

Who said, 'High is our calling,' when all the world was adverse to desert? There was the foresight—there the manliness—there the energy and affection which have marked the poet's career from beginning to conclusion.

You are a glorious creature, and is not our calling high? Would all the crowns, and kingdoms and jewels on earth have bribed you to say that of a man if you had not felt it? And why did you feel it? Because you saw it.

You have lived to your complete victory on earth; you have nothing now to expect but 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant!' May that hour, for the sake of your friends here, be long deferred! but it will not the less come.

After the distinction of yesterday my mind instinctively turned to you. Fancy my reception here, and fancy those fellows at the London University conceiving a man of my misfortunes would have injured the religious and moral purity of their character, if I had lectured there. 'An ounce and three-quarters of civet,'—or rather a couple of pounds.

If I was to die this moment, my dear friend, I would thank God with my last breath for this great opportunity of doing my duty. Hurrah! with all my soul. Your affectionate old friend, To this Wordsworth replied :-

" Rydal Mount, Ambleside, March 12

MY DEAR HAYDON,—Though I have nothing to merely words of congratulation, hearty congratulation forbear to thank you for your letter. You write in his and I am glad of it: it is only fair that, having had difficulties to encounter, you should have a large triumph. Nevertheless, though I partake most conyour pleasure, I should have been still more delighted that your pencil (for that, after all, is the tool you we for) met with the encouragement it so well deserves.

I should have liked to have been among your particularly so as I have seen, not long ago, so many pictures on the Continent, and to have heard you a would have added largely to my gratification. I honour that place for abundant reasons, nor can I exthe distinction bestowed upon myself last summer noble-minded University.

Allow me to mention one thing on which, if I were to lecture upon your art, I should dwell with more than, so far as I know, has been bestowed upon itperfection in each kind as far as it is attainable. widely different minds has been shown by the Italian Flemings, the Dutch, the Spaniards, the Germans, a should I exclude the English?

Now, as a masterly, a first-rate ode or elegy, or humour even, is better than a poorly or feebly execupoem, so is the picture, though in point of subhumblest that ever came from an easel, better than after Michael Angelo or Raffaele in choice of subjecof style, if moderately performed. All styles, down humblest, are good, if there be thrown into the choice that the subject is capable of, and this truth applies of well worth a lecturer's while, who sees the matter in this light, first to point out through the whole scale of art what stands highest, and then to show what constitutes the appropriate perfection of all, down to the lowest. Ever, my dear Haydon, faithfully yours,

W. Wordsworth."

On the 4th of September 1840, Haydon records in his Diary:—*

"Hard at work, and heard from dear Wordsworth, with a glorious sonnet on the Duke and Copenhagen. It is very fine, so I began a new journal directly, and put in the sonnet. God bless him!"

The following is Wordsworth's letter :-

"My dear Haydon,—We are all charmed with your etching. It is both poetically and pictorially conceived, and finely executed. I should have written immediately to thank you for it and for your letter and the enclosed one, which is interesting, but I wished to gratify you by writing a sonnet. I now send it, but with an earnest request that it may not be put into circulation for some little time, as it is warm from the brain, and may require, in consequence, some little retouching. It has this, at least, remarkable attached to it—which will add to its value in your eyes—that it was actually composed while I was climbing Helvellyn last Monday. My daughter and Mr. Quillinan were with me; and she, which I believe had scarcely ever been done before, rode every inch of the way to the summit, and a magnificent day we had.

^{*} See his Life, vol. iii. pp. 160-2.

Sonnet suggested by Haydon's picture of the Duke of V lington upon the Field of Waterloo twenty years of battle.

First reading :-

By art's bold privilege, warrior and war-horse stand On ground yet strewn with their last battle's wreck. Let the steed glory, while his master's hand Lies, fixed for ages, on his conscious neck.
But, by the chieftain's look, tho' at his side Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm a check Is given to triumph, and all human pride!
Yon trophied mound shrinks to a shadowy speck In his calm presence. Since the mighty deed Him years have brought far nearer the grave's rest, As shows that face time-worn. But he such seed Has sowed that bears, we trust, the fruit of fame In heaven; hence no one blushes for thy name, Conqueror! 'mid some sad thoughts divinely blest.

Composed while ascending Helvellyn, Monday, August 3: 1840. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

"MY DEAR MR. HAYDON,—Correct thus the two last li towards the close of the sonnet:—

> As shows that time-worn face. But he such seed Hath sown, as yields, we trust, the fruit of fame In heaven, etc.

You will see the reason of this alteration. It applies to his life in general, and not to that particular act as bed You may print the sonnet where and when you will, if think it will serve you; only it may be well that I she hear from you first, as you may have something to suggether as to the letter or the lines.—Yours in haste,

Friday, Sept. 4th."

WM. WORDSWORTH

"I am quite ashamed to trouble you again, but after of sidering and re-considering, changing and re-changing, it een resolved that the troublesome passage shall stand

In his calm presence. Him the mighty deed Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest, As shows that time-worn face. But * he such seed Hath sown as yields, we trust, etc.

-Faithfully yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, Monday, Sept. 7th, 1840."

" Rydal, Sept. 10th.

By is certainly a better word than through; but I fear it cannot be employed on account of the subsequent line:—

But by the chieftain's look.

To me the two 'bys' clash both to the ear and understanding, and it was on that account I changed the word. I have also a slight objection to the alliteration 'by bold' occurring so soon. I am glad you like 'elates not.' As the passage first stood—

Since the mighty deed,

there was a transfer of the thought from the picture to the living man, which divided the sonnet into two parts. The presence of the portrait is now carried through till the last line, when the man is taken up. To prevent the possibility of a mistake I will repeat the passage as last sent, and in which state I consider it finished; and you will do what you like with it:—

Him the mighty deed Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest, As shows that time-worn face. But he such seed Hath sown as yields, etc.

I hope you are right in thinking this the best of the three. I forget whether I thanked you for your sketch of the Slave-

^{* &}quot;For" in the printed version of the sonnet.

trade picture. Your friendship has misled you. I no account be introduced. I was not present at the as matter of fact; and, though from the first I took interest in the abolition of slavery, except joining wi who petitioned Parliament, I was too little of a man ness to have an active part in the work. Besides, my abode would have prevented it, had I been so incline only public act of mine connected with the event was forth that sonnet, which I addressed to Mr. Clarkson, u success of the undertaking. Thank you for your las I am this moment (while dictating this letter), sitting Pickersgill, who has kindly come down to paint me at for Sir Robert Peel, in whose gallery at Drayton the will probably be hung by that of my poor friend Soutlam, my dear Haydon, yours faithfully,

WM, WORDSWO

P.S.—Your suggestion about the engraver is very c but, the verses taking so high a flight, and particularly line 'Lies fixed for ages,' it would be injurious to put for the cold matter of fact, and the sense and spirit of the both demand that it should be suggested at the sight picture."

"MY DEAR HAYDON,—I could not otherwise get rid of prosaic declaration of the matter of fact that the hero would not older. You will recollect that it at first stood,

Since the mighty deed

Him years, etc.

I know not what to do with the passage, if it be no corrected as follows:—

Him the mighty deed Elates not: neither doth a cloud find rest Upon that time-worn face; for he such seed Hath sown, etc. I sent the sonnet, as it was before corrected, to Mr. Lowndes, as you desired. When you print it, if it be in course of next week, pray send a copy to this house, and another to me at Lowther Castle, whither I am going to-morrow.—Very faithfully yours,

W. Wordsworth.

Rydal Mount, September 11.

The space for alteration in this troublesome passage, you will observe, was very confined, as it was necessary to advert to the Duke being much older, which is yet done in the words "time-worn face," but not so strongly as before, W. W."

In July 1840 Wordsworth wrote to Lady Frederick Bentinck, daughter of Lord Lonsdale: "On Monday morning, a little before nine, a beautiful and bright day, the Queen Dowager and her sister appeared at Rydal. I met them at the lower waterfall, with which her Majesty seemed much pleased. Upon hearing that it was not more than half a mile to the higher fall, she said, briskly, she would go; I walked by the Queen's side up to the higher waterfall, and she seemed to be much struck with the beauty of the scenery.

Upon quitting the park of Rydal, nearly opposite our own gate, the Queen was saluted with a pretty rural spectacle; nearly fifty children, drawn up in avenue, with bright garlands in their hands, three large flags flying, and a band of music. They had come from Ambleside, and the garlands were such as are annually prepared at this season for a ceremony called 'The Rush-bearing'; and the parish-clerk of Ambleside hit upon this way of showing at Rydal the same respect to the Queen which had been previously shown at Ambleside. I led the Queen to the principal points of view in our little domain, particularly to that, through the summer-house, which shows the lake of Rydal to such advantage. The Queen talked more than once about having a cottage among the lakes,

which of course was nothing more than a natural way of girvent to the pleasure which she had in the country.—In affectionately yours,

W. Wordsworm'

Towards the close of this year, 1840, an accident count to Wordsworth, which might very easily have proved some It was in the month of November, as he was being drivent a gig from Keswick to Grasmere, and he himself describe the incident in a letter to Lady Frederick Bentinck.

"These were the particulars: About three miles beyond Kawick, on the Ambleside Road, is a small bridge, from the of which we got sight of the mail-coach coming towards " at above forty yards' distance, just before the road begins ! descend a narrow, steep, and winding slope. left for James, who drove the gig in which we were, but to come the bridge, and, as the road narrowed up the slope that was our front, to draw up as close to the wall on our left (our site of the road) as possible. The coachman drove furiously down the hill; and though, as we afterwards ascertained, by the track of his wheels, he had a yard width of road to spare, he made no use of it. The wheel of his coach struck our wheel most violently, drove back our horse and gig some vards, and then sent us all together through a small gap in the wall with the stones of the wall tumbling about us, into a plantatien, that lay a yard perpendicular below the level of the road from which the horse and gig, with us in it, had been driven. The shafts were broken off close to the carriage, and we were partly thrown and partly leaped out. After breaking the traces, the horse leaped back into the road and galloped off, the shafts and traces sticking to him; nor did the poor creature stop till he reached the turnpike at Grasmere, seven miles from the spot where the mischief was done."

The mail-coachman's account of this accident was given previously.

The following letter from Wordsworth to Mr. Benjamin Dockray, Lancaster, gives his views on the question of slavery. The year is uncertain:—

" Rydal Mount, April 25.

MY DEAR SIR,-Your Egeria * arrived on the morning when I was setting off to visit my son, with whom I stayed nearly three weeks. This must be my apology for not thanking you for the valuable present somewhat earlier. The strain of your thoughts is I think excellent, and the expression everywhere suitable to the thought. I have to thank you also for a most valuable paper on Colonial slavery. In your view of this important subject I entirely coincide. Fanaticism is the disease of these times as much or more than of any other; fanaticism is set, as it has always been, whether moral, religious, or political, upon attainment of its ends with disregard of the means. In this question there are three parties, -the slave, the slave-owner, and the British people. As to the first, it might be submitted to the consideration of the owner whether, in the present state of society, he can, as a matter of private conscience, retain his property in the slave, after he is convinced that it would be for the slave's benefit, civil, moral, and religious, that he should be emancipated. Whatever pecuniary loss might, under these circumstances, attend emancipation, it seems that a slave-owner, taking a right view of the case, ought to be prepared to undergo it. It is probable, however, that one of the best assurances which could be given of the slave being likely to make a good use of his liberty would be found in his ability and disposition to make a recompense for the sacrifice should the master, from the state of his affairs, feel himself justified in accepting a recompense. But by no means does it follow, from this view

Egeria was published in 1840, which gives (approximately) the date of this letter.

of individual cases, that the *third* party, the people land, who through their legislature have sanctioned are encouraged slavery, have a right to interfere for its of tion by a sweeping measure, of which an equivalent owner makes no part. This course appears to me up and unjust. . . .

What language, in the first place, would it hold out slave? that the property in him had been held by unquesurpation and injustice on the part of his master which would be as much as to say, We have delivered his to you, and as no other party was to blame, deal with yo oppressors as you like. Surely such a proceeding would be a wanton outrage upon the feelings of the master poverty, distress, and disorder could not but ensue.

They who are most active in promoting entire and diate Abolition do not seem sufficiently to have cons that slavery is not in itself, at all times, and under all ci stances, to be deplored. In many states of society it has a check upon worse evils; so much inhumanity has pre among men, that the best way of protecting the weak fro powerful has often been found in what seems at first si monstrous arrangement-viz. in one man having a pro in many of his fellows. Some time ago many persons anxious to have a Bill brought into Parliament to pr inferior animals from the cruelty of their masters. always appeared to me that such a law would not have effect intended, but would increase the evil. The best sa for an uneducated man behaving with care and kindne his beast lies in the sense of the uncontrolled property w he possesses in him. Hence a livelier interest, and a efficient responsibility to his own conscience, than could were he made accountable for his conduct to law. tion this simply by way of illustration, for no man can dep more than I do a state of slavery in itself. I do not

re, but I abhor it, if it could be got rid of without the luction of something worse, which I much fear would not e case with respect to the West Indies, if the question be with in the way many excellent men are so eagerly set I am, dear Sir, very sincerely your obliged,

WM. WORDSWORTH."

CHAPTER XLIIL

CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. MOXON-1840

Wordsworth's correspondence with his published was extensive, and much of it is extremely intensis sufficient continuity in his letters written du 1840 to 1845 to warrant the publication of contracts from them, rather than the breaking up of the introduction of other matter.

"Rydal, 1

MY DEAR MR. MOXON,— . . . Mr. W. has with us taking sketches with a view to the my poems. . . . He has done pretty well. In has made a very good drawing in perspective of our dining and sitting-room. It has a most pi pearance, and I cannot but think would be accept who take an interest in my writings. He has outside of the house and the surrounding landsce

I set my face entirely against the publication MSS. I ought to have written to him severa but feeling as I did—being truly sensible of the in in my character and writings, and grateful to hi bestowed so much time upon the subjects—I comyself to tell him what I have with all frankness Mr. Field has been very little in England, I above twenty years; and, consequently, is not

^{*} But compare Wordsworth's letter to Field, p. 4

ch the greater part of his labour would only answer the pose of reviving forgotten things and exploded opinions. sides, there are in his notions things that were personally agreeable—not to use a harsher term—to myself and those out me; and if such an objection did not lie against the blication, it is enough that the thing is superfluous. In present state of this country in general, how could this ind-natured friend then be deceived into the thought that iticism and particulars so minute could attract attention wen from a few? . . .

Hartley has positively asserted to my son and another sentleman that he considers his part of the work at an end. True, he said, I could go on for ever; but 60 pages—20 more than Jonson—are scarcely enough. I write this in consequence of your saying in your last: 'The introduction to Massinger is still unfinished.' Perhaps all is right by this time.

Murray used to say that advertising always paid. So it might with him, but with old books like mine, I should imagine that advertisements frequently repeated in the forthcoming of a new edition would not answer well; and therefore I am against it rather. I leave the decision to your friendly judgment.—Faithfully yours, WM. WORDSWORTH."

" February 24, 1840.

MY DEAR MR. MOXON,—Not being able to meet with H. C.*
immediately on receipt of your letter, I wrote him a note a
couple of days after, and told him its contents. I have
since seen him, and done all I could. And now let me give
you, in respect to him, a piece of advice, once for all, viz. that
you never engage with him for any unperformed work, when
either time or quantity is of importance. Poor fellow! he has
no resolve; in fact, nothing that can be called rational will or
command of himself, as to what he will do or not do; of course,

^{*} Hartley Coleridge.

I mean, setting aside the fundamental obligations of m Yesterday I learnt that he had disappeared from his loand that he had been seen at eight o'clock entering the of Kendal. He was at Ambleside the night before at o'clock; so he must have been out the greater of the night. I have lately begun to think that he has himself up to his own notions, fancies, reveries, abstract. I admire his genius and talents far more than find words to express, especially for writing prose, which inclined to think (as far as I have seen) is more master his verse. The workmanship of the latter seems to a unfrequently too hasty, has indeed too much the air Italian's improvisatore production.

Mr. Powell, my friend, has some thought of prepar publication some portions of Chaucer modernised, as .no further than is done in my treatment of The Priores That would, in fact, be his model. He will have coad among whom, I believe, will be Mr. Leigh Hunt, a man as c of doing the work well as any living writer. I have play my friend Mr. Powell's disposal, in addition to The P Tale, three other pieces, which I did long ago, but revis other day. They are The Manciple's Tale, The Cuckoo o Nightingale, and twenty-four stanzas of Troilus and Cr This I have done mainly out of my love and reverer Chaucer, in hopes that whatever may be the merits of Powell's attempt, the attention of other writers may be to the subject; and a work hereafter be produced by di persons, which will place the treasures of one of the grea poets within the reach of the multitude, which now I mention all this to you because, thou have not given Mr. Powell the least encourageme do so, he may sound you as to your disposition to take the publication. I have myself nothing furth do with it than I have stated. Had the thing been gested to me by any number of competent persons twenty years ago, I would have undertaken the editorship, and done much more myself, and endeavoured to improve the several contributions where they seemed to require it. But that is now out of the question.

I am glad to hear so favourable an account of the sale of this new edition. The penny postage has let in an inundation of complimentary letters upon me. Yesterday I had one that would amuse you by the language of awe, veneration, and gratitude, etc., in which it abounds; and two or three days ago I had one from a little boy of eight years old. . . .

In several of these letters there is one thing which gratified me, viz. the frequent mention of the consolation which my poems have afforded the writers under affliction, and the calmness and elevation of mind which they have produced.

My paper is quite full. I hope you will see my dear daughter from time to time. To-morrow she goes to 10 Chester Place, to her friends the Coleridges.

I am not inclined to go to London this spring. Visiting, talking, late dinners, etc., are too hard work for me."

"Rydal Mount, March 27, 1840.

My DEAR MR. MOXON,—... The sonnets upon Capital Punishment which I send you (of which I sent you no more, I believe, than four) are now eleven, I should not be sorry to put them into circulation, on account of the importance of the subject, if I knew how. I cannot print them in a magazine, for reasons you are aware of...—Ever yours,

W. WORDSWORTH."

" December 17, 1840.

DEAR MR. MOXON,—. . . You told me The Excursion was out of print. What do you say to reprinting it, in double column, stereotyped all but the pages, so that the same plates might serve hereafter, the paging being altered for the concluding part of the volume, when the whole shall be published in one?

I have two motives for this: the one a desire to mak acceptable to mechanics and others, who have little space, and next to show from as many instances, w this would concur, that books are as likely to be sole as they can be afforded, should the term of copextended; and that, in fact, they could in that cas thenper, since—there being no dread of competitionmight be larger, and would, of course, be sold at I Let me hear from you on this point at your early ence. . .—Sincerely yours. W. Wornsy

"March

to Mr. Curter, who is much more able than myself terrors. . . . He will have his papers ready to send couple of days, and then the printing may commence.

By way of secret, I must let you know that I have jo copying out about 2000 lines of miscellaneous poems fro some of which date so far back as 1793, and others fro time, at various periods, to the present day. If I could 1000 lines more, there would be enough for another volmatch pretty well in size with the rest; but, this not be case, I am rather averse to publication. You will he of this hereafter.† . . .—Ever faithfully yours,

W. WORDSWOR

" October 2.

... To gratify Haydon, I wrote lately a sonnet on hi ture of Wellington, etc., and placed it at his disposal, eit publish, when and where he liked, or to circulate in Ms was published accordingly, but with so many gross typogo cal blunders, that I am resolved nothing of mine shall its first appearance in that way again."

^{*} Of the edition of 1842.

[†] It became the volume of Poems, chiefly of Early and Late Years published in 1842.

" November 5, 1841.

erested in the publication of a selection from my poems, but terially different in the choice from Mr. Hine's. What do me say to that? Dare you venture upon it? He has furshed me with a list according to his own choice. . . .—Ever ithfully yours,

W. Wordsworth."

" Dec. 24, 1841.

MY DEAR MR. MOXON,—The few words I have to say must e an expression of indignation at hearing that you were sharged the enormous sum of £83 for corrections in carrying the six volumes through the press. I know not what check publishers have upon printers, and what is the course of practice as to charging for alterations. But sure I am that, in common justice, things ought not to go on in the way you have been treated; for I affirm upon the strength of my own memory, and upon a much better authority,-that of Mr. Carter's young clerk, through whose hands passed my sheets of the six volumes, excepting a very few of the first volume, that of the alterations very much the greatest part were caused by the inattention of the printers, to directions precisely given, or to their own gross blunders. It was, I own, a case that required particular attention, because the whole volume of the Yarrow Revisited was interwoven with the poems previously collected, and the arrangement was, for good reasons, in several instances, altered; but the directions given by Mr. Carter and myself were precise and distinct; and it is the first duty of a printer to attend to such directions. I am sorry to say there was a like carelessness shown in carrying the volume of Sonnets through the press. . . . I will here add, by-the-by, that being prompted to take leave of Italy in verse, I wrote lately six sonnets upon that suggestion, and have added eleven others, that partly rose out of the farewell. I should like

these thirty sonnets some time or other to be present class, as they were all composed during the —Yours faithfully,

41 75

My DEAR MR. MOXON,-Your account of the state of the book-trade makes me almost indi publishing the volume which I am preparing. I. continue making corrections, and getting it transkind friends and inmates. It is now quite re press; and I'll give you a slight sketch of First, a poem of 75 Spenserian stanzas, 23 of already been published, in the former editions, un of the 'Female Vagrant.' The whole poem wa the years 1793-94; but the yet unpublished par carefully revised. Next came three or four elegia of them upon visiting the grave of Burns. Nex of thirty-four lines addressed to Sir G. Beaumo then other miscellaneous poems, written about ar period. Several others of much more recent date present time (that is, since the Yarrow Revisited). sonnets of the Appendix to be reprinted, and th cellaneous ones, with the final fourteen,* nearly Memorials of my Italian tour. The two versions printed by Mr. Powell; and lastly, a Tragedy, tw 25th and 26th years, and which has lain by me til whole will-if printed-one sonnet in a page, ar Spenserian stanzas, make a volume fully as th as the thickest of the six.

And now for the mode of proceeding. I cannot once. I would not, on any account, print less thousand, and am extremely averse to striking off less thousand, because I do not think it advisable to s

^{*} The Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death.

these poems being designed to be interspersed in some future edition of the whole, perhaps in double columns.

Your allusion to the Yarrow Revisited—which, as you say, was only 1500 copies—does not bear upon the case, as you will instantly perceive, when you recollect how many thousand copies of my poems have been sold since that publication, and also turn your thoughts to the consequent probability that a proportionate number of those persons who possess the six volumes will complete their set by purchasing the intended volume. In future editions, The Female Vagrant will of course be omitted, as a separate piece; but the reprinting it here is indispensable. . . .—Ever yours, WM. WORDSWORTH."

On the 3d February 1842, he wrote to Moxon, saying that he knew that the sale of his works had been very unprofitable to him [Moxon], and that the labour he had bestowed on them was not likely to earn for himself the wages of 2s. a day. "Take that, ye men of the trade, and make the best of it."

" March 27, 1842.

DEAR MR. Moxon,—I write this merely to ask that you would give me an assurance that the four errors of the press pointed out in the three first pages of the poems upon Italy have been, or will be, corrected, according to the directions given in my former letter. A slip of errata would not answer, because such things when found in a book are scarcely ever attended to, . . . and I cannot bear the idea that these poems should start with four bits of nonsense, the worse, because not one in twenty would find it out; but the twenty-first, who did find it out, would say, 'What stuff does Mr. Wordsworth write!' You will perhaps have thought that I was splenetic in insisting upon this volume not being sent to the reviewers. It is a thing which I exceedingly dislike, as done seemingly to propitiate.

If any work comes from an author of distinction, they will

be sure to get hold of it, if they think it would s purpose to do so. If they be inclined to speak either from its own merits, or their good opinion of in general, sending the book is superfluous; and i hostile, it would only gratify the editor's or reviewe and set an edge upon his malice. There are secrets nature which my turn for dramatic writing (early taught me; or rather that turn took its rise from t ledge of this kind with which observation had furnis

Mrs. W. protests against all this, and says, if I am in such a strain, I had better take the pen into my of —Good-bye; ever faithfully yours, WM. Words

From the last sentence it will be seen that Mr worth was the poet's amanuensis, and most reade letters will probably think that on the point in que was wiser than her husband.

The next letter, also written to dictation by Mr. worth, discloses even more of the same attitude of mi

"Apri

[He hears that 'a very fair sale' of his book is but complains of this 'cold comfort' for one who h so much health and strength in minute correction nobody will either thank him for, nor care anythin and] which wasted health and strength (I now write dictation, observe, [adds Mrs. Wordsworth]) might part have been recovered, if the profits of this volum have left me free in conscience to take a recreative Paris or elsewhere. (Such stuff my good husband me to write. . . .)"

The letter betrays an impatience at the falling of sale of his books, and a semi-querulous state of mind of that was unworthy of Wordsworth. On the 3d of Ap he writes again:—

"My DEAR MR. MOXON,—I see no reason for changing my mind about sending to the Reviews. My friend, and present neighbour, Mr. Faber (who has just published a volume with Rivington), tells me that he has not sent his work to the Reviewers; nor is it his habit to do so; though well aware that a favourable review (in the Quarterly, for instance) helps sale very considerably. I cannot tolerate the idea of courting the favour, or seeming to do so, of any critical tribunal—in this country—the House of Commons not excepted. . . I suppose by this time my volume is out. You need not fear its being noticed enough, whether for praise or censure.—Ever sincerely yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH."

In November of this year Wordsworth was on a visit to his son John at Brigham, and the son writes for his father to Mr. Moxon thus:—

" Brigham, Cockermouth, Nov. 8th, 1842.

My DEAR MOXON,— . . . My father, who is here, wishes that the twelve sonnets, composed while the volume of sonnets was going through the press, should be added at the end of the fifth volume, together with a Latin translation of mine, of the two Odes to May, and The Somnambulist (Latin title 'Somnivaga'), to conclude with the enclosed Latin verses; all in small print (viz. Latin), and not stereotyped. . . . I sent my translations a fortnight ago to my cousin at Harrow, telling him you were in no immediate want of them, I thought, and asking him to correct both my blunders and those of your printers."

To this letter Wordsworth added, in his own hand-

"Yesterday I saw Mr. Southey. He is better, but . . . in my judgment it would be ruinous to Mr. Southey's health for him to undertake any task-work whatsoever, as nothing but absolute rest can bring him about. [He had dissuaded Southey from trying to finish a work which he had promised Moxon

to do.] Mrs. S. is convinced it would be very injuther husband, and proposed to him to put what he had done into other hands. I think the same; for he had confident hopes of being able soon to resume his labour what is the fact? He sits down to write a commo proceeds in the old way for a few lines, and then his fall into disorder, and his head becomes quite a Common humanity, therefore, requires that he should from work as much as possible. If Charles Lamb, de had been alive, how gladly would he have done the you! I would also have done it to the best of my pomy eyes will not allow it.—Ever faithfully and affect yours,

W. Wordswo

" March 23

DEAR MR. MOXON,—The task of correcting will instantly. To-morrow I expect the last of it, and glad am I to be done. If I had foreseen the minute which I have had to undergo in correcting these p never would have gone to press with them at all. I detest publication, and all that belongs to it; and poems do not benefit some minds here and there, reproach myself with playing the fool at my time of such a way.

I have had much to commend in the care and atter Messrs. Bradbury & Evans; * and pray tell them so f if you should happen to see them.

[He again suggests that no copies of the volume be reviewers or editors of magazines or periodicals what I shall send one myself to Lockhart as a token of friendship, but not to him as editor of the Quarterly I make no exception in this matter."

^{*} The printers of his new volume.

"4th December 1843.

election* mainly of subjects relating to this county, as it was rincipally intended for circulation among his own scholars. It was then master of St. Bees School, as he is now of the ree School of Carlisle. I consented without reluctance, ubject to your permission.

As there is not a word from The Excursion, nor The White Doe, nor Peter Bell, nor any of the Continental Poems, or the Sonnets, I hope the publication will not hurt our sale."

" December 1843.

I have written this morning to a lady † through whom Chambers applied to me for permission to make extracts from my poems for his 'sicky-paddy,' ‡ as Coleridge used to call that class of publication. I gave him leave."

"11th March 1844.

. . . Within the last week I have had three letters, one from an eminent High Churchman, and most popular poet, the other from a Quaker, and the third from a Scottish Free Churchman, that prove together how widely the Poems interest different classes of men."

" 20th April 1844.

... As to the 'Biographical Notices,' § they are grossly erroneous; in particular when it is asserted that I was one of the Pantisocratic Society, though it has been publicly declared by Mr. Southey that the project was given up years || before I was acquainted either with Mr. Coleridge, or any one belonging to the scheme. One-half, at least, of what is said of Coleridge, as to the facts of his life, is more or less erroneous; and, drolly enough, he marries me to one of my cousins! He also affirms that my parents were able to send me to college, though one died more than ten years before I went thither, and the other

^{*} From his poems.

[†] It was Mrs. Fletcher.

[‡] Chambers's Encyclopædia of English Literature.

[§] In the Encyclopædia.

^{||} Not one year really.

four: but these errors are trifles. The other, as to the cracy, is a piece of reprehensible negligence.—Ever fayours,

WM. Wordswo

" July 21

. . . To-day, as I rode up Ullswater side, while the were 'curling with unconfirmed content' on the massides, and the blue lake was streaked with silver light as if no country could be more beautiful than our certainly there is one point in which our scenery has ing advantage over that of the greatest parts of the Co Our forest trees are preserved from that horrible must which prevails almost everywhere in Italy, and disfigured the stream of the content of the conten

" April 15,

. . . I wished you and yours could have been with Tuesday when upwards of three hundred children, and half as many adults, were entertained in the grounds and of Rydal Mount. It went off delightfully with music, s dancing, etc., young and old, gentle and simple, ming everything."

N

". . . Yesterday we had two sons of the poet Buvisitors."

" 27th Jan.

. . . Mr. Robinson, who leaves us to-day, will rep you all I think about your proposal of printing my writings in a separate volume."

Speaking of Mr. Quillinan: "As to any literary work own, I am sure it would never sell, unless he condess—which he will never do—to traffic in the trade of with London authorlings, who write in newspapers, magiand reviews. . . ."

"10th April

... Having long wished that an edition of my I should be published without the Prefaces and Suppler

etc., I submit to you whether that would not be well; printing, however, the prose now attached to the volumes as a portion of the prose volume which you meditate. The Prefaces, etc., contain many important observations upon poetry; but they were written solely to gratify Coleridge; and for my own part, being quite against anything of the kind, and having always been of opinion that poetry should stand upon its own merits, I would not even attach to the Poems any explanation of the grounds of their arrangement.

... I can't muster courage to face the fatigue and late dinners of London, and therefore don't think it likely I shall leave home."

" 18th April 1845.

An invitation from the Lord Chamberlain to attend the Queen's ball on the 25th May left me without a choice as to visiting London. . . .

I have another favour to ask, which is that you would mention my errand to Mr. Rogers, and perhaps he could put me in the way of being properly introduced, and instructed how to behave in a situation I am sorry to say altogether new to me."

Wordsworth went to Court in Rogers' suit, and must have been a curious spectacle, as the men were of a very different height and size.

On his return from London, he wrote:-

" Rydal Mount, 12th May 1845.

I was enchanted when I came into the Lake District, a little above Bowness, that beautiful romance of Nature. Every object—fields, woods, lakes, mountains, sunshine and shade—seen all the way in the utmost perfection of spring beauty."

" June 1845.

I think I mentioned to you that I had an utter dislike to the print from Pickersgill prefixed to the Poems. It does me, and him also, great injustice. What would be the expense of an engraving of Chantrey's bust? That I should like better."

-14

We have had Mr. Bryant, the American poet, and here."

" November 5t

I have considered and reconsidered the title [to be the new volume of his Poems], and I cannot make up not to adhere to any but simply—

The Poems

of

William Wordsworth.

I hope that you won't object to this, bold as it is. There is a small poem, beginning—

If thou indeed desire thy light from Heaven,

which the printer has been directed to place before the I mean it to serve as a sort of Preface. All the prose p and, in fact, all the prose except a few brief notes (printhe bottom of the pages), will be printed at the end volume; it being now my wish that the Poems should to speak for themselves, though I did not think it prud suppress any considerable portion of the prose."

" 25th Nov.

Miss Martineau called here to-day. She is in exchealth and spirits, very busy with house-building and writing, by which latter I hope you will profit. Reme me most kindly to Mr. Rogers and his sister, and to dea Miss Lamb."

The drawing of Rydal Mount which appears in the double-column edition of the Poems was done by Fletcher; Chantrey's bust was engraved for the same editi Mr. Finden. In writing to Mr. Moxon on the 17th Nove 1845, Wordsworth comments on the print, and adds:—

The print of the house is faulty as to the porch, and this probably in consequence of a defect in the drawing, which not by a professional artist. The porch looks more like a tantial adjunct to the house than trellis-work (which it is), open in front. Could this effect be given by the engraver? vould be a great improvement,—only a few flowers and ts hanging against and upon the trellis-work. The drawwas taken from a distance, by which all the lower windows hidden. I should like one to be seen by taking away a of the boughs which hide it, but perhaps that is imsible. . . ."

" Rydal Mount, Dec. 20, 1845.

... Yesterday I had a letter from a gentleman of St.

Indrews, unknown to me, who says that he has already given eight copies among his relations and friends, and means to make presents of more in the same way. . . ."

On the 23d February 1846, he mentions the Queen's acknowledgment of a presentation copy of the Poems, and Her Majesty's expression of admiration of the verses on the fly-leaf, and her gift of the portraits of her children.

On October 12, of the same year, he refers to Miss Barrett (Elizabeth Barrett Browning).

"Miss Barrett, I am pleased to learn, is so far recovered as to have taken to herself a husband. He is a very able man. Doubtless they will speak more intelligibly to each other than they have yet done to the public."

" Nov. 13, 1846.

I have not alluded to the Lord Rectorship of the Glasgow University. I am glad I was not elected (I knew nothing of having been nominated), as I should have much disliked being compelled to go to Glasgow, and above all things being compelled to make a public exhibition of myself, and to stumble through a speech, a work in which I have had no experience whatever."

CHAPTER XLIV.

DOMESTIC LIFE AND INCIDENTS-1841-1843.

THERE was little to disturb the even tenor of Won life at Rydal Mount during the year 1841, except riage of his daughter, referred to in a previous chapter

On the 19th January, he wrote to his friend John P city librarian at Bristol, thus :---

"Though I can make but little use of my eyes in or reading, I have lately been reading Cowper's Task and in so doing was tempted to look over the paralleli which Mr. Southey, in his edition, was indebted Knowing how comprehensive your acquaintance with is, I was rather surprised that you did not notice the of the thought, and accompanying illustrations of it passage of Shenstone's Ode upon Rural Elegance, co with one in The Task,* where Cowper speaks of extinguishable love of the country as manifested inhabitants of cities in their culture of plants and where the want of air, cleanliness, and light is so unfavore to their growth and beauty. The germ of the main to so be found in Horace:—

It is a flame that dies not even there, compared with Shenstone's Ode to the Duchess of Somerset—

Her impulse nothing may restrain.

^{*} See The Task, Book IV .-

Nempe inter varias nutritur sylva columnas, Laudaturque domus longos quæ prospicit agros; Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.

Lib. i. epist. 10, v. 22.

-Ever, my dear friend, faithfully, your obliged,

WM. WORDSWORTH."

Reference has been made, in the previous chapter, to Wordsworth's visit to the south of England, and to London, after his daughter's marriage. He said to John Peace that he had been "three months and as many weeks absent" from Hydal. Here turned to the north in August. Mrs. Fletcher gives us the following reminiscences of his conversation at the close of that month at Rydal.

"Lancrigg, Easedale, August 26, 1841.

Wordsworth made some striking remarks on Goethe in a walk on the terrace yesterday. He thinks that the German poet is greatly overrated, both in this country and his own. He said, 'He does not seem to me to be a great poet in either of the classes of poets. At the head of the first class I would place Homer and Shakspeare, whose universal minds are able to reach every variety of thought and feeling without bringing their own individuality before the reader. They infuse, they breathe life into every object they approach, but you never find themselves. At the head of the second class, those whom you can trace individually in all they write, I would place Spenser and Milton. In all that Spenser writes you can trace the gentle affectionate spirit of the man; in all that Milton writes you find the exalted sustained being that he was. Now in what Goethe writes, who aims to be of the first class, the universal, you find the man himself, the artificial man, where he should not be found; so that I consider him a very artificial writer, aiming to be universal, and yet constantly exposing his individuality, which his character was not of a

kind to dignify. He had not sufficiently clear moral tions to make him anything but an artificial writer."

Mrs. Fletcher's daughter Lady Richardson's Men dated two days later, are as follows:—

"August 28th, 1841.—Mr. Wordsworth, Miss Fenwi Mr. Hill came to dine, and it rained on the whole dhappily the poet talked on from two to eight without weary, as we certainly were not. After dinner, which came to the drawing-room, the conversation turned treatment of Wordsworth by the reviews of the day. never heard him open out on it before, and was much with the manner in which he did it; from his present ellooking calmly back on the past, and at the same time that an irreparable injury had been done to him, at the when life and hope were young. As nearly as I can record his words as they were spoken. He said:—

'At the time I resolved to dedicate myself to poets separate myself from the ordinary lucrative professi would certainly have been a great object to me to have the profits I should have done from my writings, but stupidity of Mr. Gifford and the impertinence of Mr. J It would have enabled me to purchase many books wi could not obtain, and I should have gone to Italy earlier. I never could afford to do until I was sixty-five, when I gave me a thousand pounds for my writings. only kind of injury Mr. Jeffrey did me, for I immediatel ceived that his mind was of that kind that his indiopinion on poetry was of no consequence to me whatever it was only by the influence his periodical exercised a time, in preventing my poems being read and sold, the could injure me; for, feeling that my writings were found what was true and spiritual in human nature, I knew the would come when they must be known, and I never then felt his opinion of the slightest value, except in preventing the young of that generation from receiving impressions which might have been of use to them through life. I say this, I hope, not in a boasting spirit, but I am now daily surprised by receiving letters from various places at home and abroad expressive of gratitude to me, from persons I never saw or heard of. As this occurs now, I may fairly conclude that it might have been so when the poems appeared, but for the tyranny exercised over public opinion by the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews."

Another of Lady Richardson's Memoranda, of which only the date of the month is given, refers, I think, to the year 1842.

"Tuesday, the 2d of May, Wordsworth and Miss F. came early to walk about, and dine. He was in a very happy, kindly mood. We took a walk on the terrace, and he went as usual to his favourite points. On our return he was struck with the berries on the holly-tree, and said, 'Why should not you and I go and pull some berries from the other side of the tree, which is not seen from the window? and then we can go and plant them in the rocky ground behind the house.' We pulled the berries, and set forth with our tool. I made the holes, and the poet put in the berries. He was as earnest and eager about it as if it had been a matter of importance; and as he put the seeds in, he every now and then muttered, in his low solemn tone, that beautiful verse from Burns's Vision—

And wear thou this, she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head.
The polished leaves and berries red
Did rustling play;
And like a passing thought she fled
In light away.

He clambered to the highest rocks in the 'Tom Intak,'* and put in the berries in such situations as Nature sometimes does

^{* &}quot;Intak" is a north-country word for "enclosure."

with such true and beautiful effect. He said, 'I lik this for posterity. Some people are selfish enough What has posterity done for me? but the past does n us.'"

In 1842 Wordsworth's Sonnets on the Punishment of first appeared in Sir Henry Taylor's article in the Q Review.

Writing to John Peace, February 23d, Wordsworth "Your Descant amused me, but I must protest against system, which would discard punctuation to the exterpropose. It would, I think, destroy the harmony of verse when skilfully written. What would become pauses at the third syllable followed by an and, a such word, without the rest, which a comma, when sistent with the sense, calls upon the reader to make which being made, he starts with the weak syllable follows, as from the beginning of a verse? I am sure I would have supported me in this opinion. Thomson his blank verse before his ear was formed as it was when wrote the Castle of Indolence, and some of his short repoems. It was, therefore, rather hard in you to select as an instance of punctuation abused.

I am glad that you concur in my view on the pument of death. An outcry, as I expected, has been a against me by weak-minded humanitarians. What do think of one person having opened a battery of nine fourteen-pounders upon me, i.e. nineteen sonnets, in whice gives himself credit for having blown me and my system atoms? Another sonneteer has had a solitary shot at me Ireland.—Ever faithfully yours,

W. Wordsword

In the end of May 1842, we find the poet in Lon

visiting the Hoares at Hampstead. Haydon records in his Diary:—*

"May 22d, 1842.—Wordsworth called to-day, and we went to church together. There was no seat to be got at the chapel near us, belonging to the rectory of Paddington, and we sat among publicans and sinners. I determined to try him, so advised our staying, as we could hear more easily. He agreed like a Christian; and I was much interested in seeing his venerable white head close to a servant in livery, and on the same level. The servant in livery fell asleep, and so did Wordsworth."

More interesting is the record in the Journal of Caroline Fox:—

"Hampstead, June 4, 1842.†—Gurney Hoare brought us the good news that William Wordsworth was staying at old Mrs. Hoare's; so thither he took us. He is a man of middle height and not of very striking appearance, the lower part of the face retreating a little; his eye of a somewhat French diplomatic character, with heavy eyelids, and none of the flashing which one connects with poetic genius. When speaking earnestly, his manner and voice become extremely energetic; and the peculiar emphasis, and even accent, he throws into some of his words add considerably to their force. He evidently loves the monologue style of conversation, but shows great candour in giving due consideration to any remarks which others may make. His manner is simple, his general appearance that of the abstract thinker, whom his subject gradually warms into poetry. Now for some of these subjects:—

Mamma spoke of the beauty of Rydal, and asked whether it did not rather spoil him for common scenery. 'Oh no,' he said, 'it rather opens my eyes to see the beauty there is in all;

^{*} Vol. iii. p. 218.

⁺ Journals of Caroline Fox, vol. i. pp. 302-6.

God is everywhere, and thus nothi beauty. No, madam, it is the feeling Wherever there is a heart to feel, Even in a city you have light and views of the water and trees, and can you want for beauty with all th while residing in a city, but they n characteristic beauties as well as rhapsody on London might not the a spirit necessarily ironical. 'Oh Lamb's abuse of the country and his was all affected; he enjoyed it and besides, Lamb had too kindly and detest anything.' Barclay asked hi He thinks that there is much talent and calls him an eminently clever learnt: that poetry is no pastime, b demanding unspeakable study. whenever he attempts it, it is alto fond of quaintness and contrariety, ing with a true poet; and then he radicals who can never mention a B David downward, without some a Surely this is excessively narrow a yourself in opposition to the opini have so long existed with such ac must be something in them to hav of ages and generations. I hold poets dwell in sympathy with th degree of their poetical faculty.

around them,' he replied; 'and ill-humour is no spiritual condition which can turn to poetry. Shakspeare never declaimed against Kings or Bishops, but took the world as he found it.'

He spoke of S. T. Coleridge, and the want of will which characterised both him and Hartley; the amazing effort which it was to him to will anything was indescribable; but he acknowledged the great genius of his poetry. Talked of superstition, and its connection with a young state of society; 'Why, we are all children; how little we know! I feel myself more a child than ever, for I am now in bondage to habits and prejudices from which I used to be free.' Barclay quoted Emerson's advice to imitate the independence of the schoolboy, who is sure of his dinner, which greatly pleased him.

We got, I forget how, to the subject of the Divine permission of Evil, which he said he has always felt the hardest problem of man's being. When four years old he had quaked on his bed in sharp conflict of spirit on this subject. 'Nothing but Faith can keep you quiet with such awful problems pressing on you,-faith that what you know not now, you will know in God's good time. It is curious, in that verse of St. Paul's, about Faith, Hope, and Charity (or love), that Charity should be placed the highest of the three; it must be because it is so universal and limitless in its operations; but faith is the highest individual experience, because it conquers the pride of the understanding-man's greatest foe. Oh, how this mechanical age does battle against the faith: it is altogether calculated to puff up the pride of the understanding, while it contains no counteracting principle which can regulate the feelings. The love of the beautiful is lost in notions of shallow utility, and men little think that the thoughts which are embodied in form around them, and on which the peasant's shoon can trample, are worth more than all their steam-engines and railroads.' 'But this cannot last, there must be a reaction,' said I.

'No,' he said, 'it cannot last; God loves His eart cannot last. I have raised my voice loudly against it, larly in the poem* on the treaty of Cintra; and oth taken it up, and under many forms have given the know that there are thoughts in man by which he hol munion with his God, of far higher moment than any act or circumstance whatever.'"

Returning to Haydon's Diary we find the following randa:—

"June 14th, 1842.†—Out on business; saw dear Work who promised to sit at three. Wordsworth sat and venerable, but I was tired with the heat and very her he had an inflamed lid, and could only sit in one light I detest, for it hurts my eyes. I made a susketch. He comes again to-morrow.

We talked of our merry dinner with C. Lamb an Keats. He then fell asleep, and so did I nearly, it hot: but I suppose we are getting dozy.

16th.—Wordsworth breakfasted early with me, and a good sitting. He was remarkably well, and in better and we had a good set-to.

I had told him Canova said of Fuseli, 'Ve ne son arte due cose, il fuoco e la fiamma.' 'He forgot the said Wordsworth, 'and that is il fumo, of which plenty.'

His knowledge of Art is extraordinary. He detects in hands like a connoisseur or artist. We spent a very p morning. We talked again of our old friends, and to as his real height I measured him, and found him, to my veight heads high, or 5 ft. 9½ in., and of very fine, hero

^{*} See the two sonnets written in 1808, vol. iv. pp. 207-8.

[†] Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, vol. iii. p. 223.

ons. He made me write them down, in order, he said, ow Mrs. Wordsworth my opinion of his proportions. he time came, and he went wishing me prosperity, and sing me with all his honest heart."

July he received the following letter from the author of Christian Year, who had been travelling in the Lake strict, and had received some directions from Wordsworth at to see and to do.

" Lodore, July 18, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—I return the tract you lent me with many anks, and should hope that it might be of good use in directing en's attention to those old views at which they point, and helping to convince them that they are not the capricious eam of a modern party.

We cannot tell how to thank you enough for your great adness to us, and Mrs. Wordsworth's! Among other things, ur mention of Lodore has proved of the greatest use to us; we me on straight here from Keswick, and found everything very mfortable, and the masses of mountain around us have been tting on great variety of colours to entertain us. We went ice to church yesterday by water, and admired the new urch on the whole very much. To-day we have been to athwaite, and sitting under the four yew-trees, and my wife ced it so well, and feels so strong, that we are going to get nies, and try to pass into Wastdale to-morrow, if the weather ntinues fine. There is something of adventure in this, which conciles us to entering the dale at the wrong end. We halted Wytheburn on Saturday, and she made a little sketch for e Waggoner's sake. Indeed, you are our constant companion ere, both in prose and verse, and I only wish I had more eyes, id mind, and time to profit by your help. With our best mpliments and thanks to Mrs. Wordsworth, believe me, my J. KEBLE." ar sir, respectfully and gratefully yours,

One of the objects of Wordsworth's visit to London viseen from a letter he wrote on his return to Mr. Gladst June. For some time past the duties of the office of Distributor had been partly discharged by the poet's a his father's deputy at Carlisle. Wordsworth was now at that the office itself, with all its duties and emoluments, a be transferred to his son. This required some negot both with Lord Lonsdale and the Government officials in What Wordsworth did is best explained in his own words

"Rydal Mount, June 28, [1]

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE, -I left London for the nort Thursday week, and have been waiting for something defi before I could with propriety write to you. Upon quittin after our last interview I called upon Lord Lonsdale, an Lord Monteagle's paper into his hands; his Lordship was inclined to forward it to Sir Robert Peel as soon as he s receive from me certain notices, with which I wished it accompanied. These I could not accurately give till I home. When I was about to forward them to Lord L. informed from his Lordship that he had particular reason not moving in the matter for some little time, and expr a hope that I should be satisfied with this decision. I replied that I submitted willingly to his judgment repeated what I had said to him in conversation, that I wished Sir Robert Peel should be formally solicited to me a Government pension, but merely that he should ear made acquainted with the fact, that the annual sacrifice I had made, upon his kind compliance with my desire that office I held should be transferred to my son, amount upwards of £400, being more than half of my income. rather anxious that Sir Robert should know this as ear could be done with propriety, because the sum appropr for the recompense of persons thought deserving is [lim and might altogether be forestalled. Further, as I have reached my seventy-third year, there is not much time to lose if I am thought worthy of being benefited.

Under these circumstances, dear Sir, I leave it to your judgment how to proceed, being fully assured that nothing will be done by you without the most delicate well-weighed consideration of persons and circumstances.

Pray give me a moment to say whether you would wish to have Lord Monteagle's paper which has been returned to me by Lord Lonsdale. Pray present my compliments to Mrs. Gladstone, and believe me to be, my dear Sir, faithfully your much obliged,

WM. WORDSWORTH."

Again, on the 11th of July, he wrote to Mr. Gladstone as follows:-

"MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—With many thanks for your kind letter I now enclose Lord Monteagle's letter, which I deferred doing, in the hope,—a faint one, I confess,—that I might hear through Lord Lonsdale, or otherwise, something relative to the matter in which you have been so good as to take an interest.

It is apparent from the newspapers that the sum appropriated to that class of pensions has been exhausted during the course of last year, so that there is no surplus for the year ensuing; and this is, coupled with my advanced age, a strong reason why time should not be lost in reminding Sir Robert Peel of me. Nevertheless, after what has passed between Lord Lonsdale and myself, and which you are acquainted with, I do not like to resume the subject with his Lordship. If, therefore, an occasion should occur which you think favourable, I leave it to your judgment to do as you think best; trusting that I shall stand free of any charge of indelicacy to Lord L, if I wish also to profit by your friendly dispositions, as might

be more likely to fall in your way, from your relation present Government.

The movements of the Stamp Office have been at in respect to the transfer of the stamps under my of that I cannot yet regard my son as standing exactly in position; as soon as the Head Office has authorised this, I shall think it my duty to thank Sir Robert Pe compliance with my request—I having as yet only but his house when in town. . . .

Mrs. Wordsworth joins me in kind respects to and Mrs. Gladstone, and believe me, my dear Sir, your much obliged, WM. Words

On the 7th of August the Prime Minister, Sir Rewrote to Wordsworth from Whitehall :-

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is some compensation for the and anxiety of public life to have, occasionally, the of serving or gratifying those who are an hono country.

My son speaks with the greatest delight of the has had of recommending himself to your kind not

With cordial wishes that every blessing may remaining years, believe me, my dear Sir, most faith
Rober

On the 13th October Wordsworth wrote thus to stone:—

"MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE, . . . If I should not obtaining what you have so kindly endeavoured procuring for me, I must be content; and should come it would be welcome, both as a mark of publition, and preventing for the future the necessity of more nearly to my expenditure than I have been a to do. At all events I shall ever retain a grateful

pleasing remembrance of your exertions to serve me upon this occasion; nor can I fail to be much gratified by the recollection of Sir R. Peel's favourable opinion of my claims. . . .—

Believe me, my dear Mr. Gladstone, faithfully your much obliged,

WM. WORDSWORTH."

On the 15th October Sir Robert Peel wrote to Wordsworth from Whitehall:-

"MY DEAR SIR,—I trust you will permit me to exercise in your favour a privilege which office confers, and which will, so exercised, give to its possessor unalloyed satisfaction.

It is my duty to recommend to Her Majesty the appropriation of a limited fund which Parliament has placed at the disposal of the Crown, on the condition, that it shall be applied to the reward and encouragement of public service, or of eminent literary or scientific merit.

The total amount which I have free from absolute engagement does not exceed six hundred pounds per annum, and I feel convinced that I cannot apply a moiety of that sum in a manner more in accordance with the spirit and intentions with which the grant to the Crown has been made, than by placing (with your sanction) your honoured name on the Civil List, for an annual provision of three hundred pounds, to endure during your life.

I need scarcely add, that the acceptance by you, of this mark of favour from the Crown, considering the grounds on which it is proposed, will impose no restraint upon your perfect independence, and involve no obligation of a personal nature.—Believe me, my dear Sir, with true esteem, most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL."

On the 17th October Wordsworth wrote to Mr. Gladstone from Rydal:—

"MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—I do not lose a moment in letting you know that Sir Robert Peel has made me an offer of a pension of £300 per annum for my life, and in terms have above measure enhanced the satisfaction I feel up occasion. I will not run the risk of offending you renewal of thanks for your good offices in bringing this but will content myself with breathing sincere and good wishes for your welfare.—Believe me, my de Gladstone, faithfully yours,

WM. Wordswo

From the foregoing correspondence it is partly seen was to Mr. Gladstone that Wordsworth owed his pe £300 from the Civil List. A paper of " Memoranda Wordsworth's circumstances" by Mr. Gladstone, of date 11th and 12th, 1842, which he has kindly sent m it clear that it was to his kindness, and his influence, official recognition of the claim which the aged poor this money grant was entirely due. When we remer for years Wordsworth and his sister lived at Gra-£70 a year, and that his available income in 1842, the annuity of £100 from Sir George Beaumont, was than £300 a year, that his sister was a permanent in Rydal, and that the depression in the book trade w and the returns from the poet's works were scanty, it be thought an extravagant arrangement for the Pr propose, and to carry out, that this small fund at his should be divided, and that the one-half of it should to Wordsworth.

The following extract from the Reminiscences of by Dr. James Russell, tells us something of Words the autumn of 1842:—

"In September 1842, I was staying at the hotel at side; and before leaving, it occurred to me to take a the direction of Rydal Water. It was a lovely foreno lured by the beauty of the scenery, I sauntered on t

^{*} See Reminiscences of Yarrow, by James Russell, D.D., pp. 5

Close on Rydal Mount. A feeling of regret arose that I had not asked a letter of introduction to the poet from the widow of the Ettrick Shepherd, still resident in my parish, and at Whose request I had written an intimation of the Shepherd's death to Wordsworth. It was too late, however, for that; and thought-'Well, if I cannot see the bard himself, I should like to have a look at this "Poet's Corner," where he has so long taken up his abode.' I accordingly knocked at the lodge, and asked if there would be any objections to my taking a walk In the grounds. The keeper said very politely that if I would send in my name I would get permission at once; to which I replied that if that was necessary I would not disturb the family, as I was an entire stranger. By way of compensation, I wandered up the hill behind, where I had a charming view of the premises, as well as of the two valleys and sheets of water-Windermere and Rydal. On descending, I saw a party of three pacing slowly up and down the approach that led to the cottage. I recognised the venerable poet at oncethen, I think, in his seventy-second year-from his resemblance to a medallion I had often seen of him on a silver snuff-box of Professor Wilson's. The two others were his wife and one of his sons. I watched the garden parade till a servant appeared with a wheelbarrow and luggage, which was taken down to the public road, along which the mail-coach was soon expected to pass. The family party accompanied it, while I followed at a respectful distance. Mrs. Wordsworth and her son went to make a call at a cottage, while the old man stood guard over the luggage. Now or never, thought I; there is an opportunity of exchanging a few words with this great man.

Accordingly, plucking up courage, I stepped forward and said, 'Mr. Wordsworth, I have no right to intrude upon you, for I have no letter of introduction, but I come from a part of the country which you know something about.'

'Where is that, sir?'

'I come from Yarrow; or rather, I should say, I u minister of Yarrow.'

'To me, my dear sir, that is the best of all introduced was the hearty answer, while he warmly shook my 'Yarrow; a name that will be ever dear to me. I written some small things about that pastoral valley, who may have come across in the course of your reading.'

I instantly rejoined-

'Oh, Mr. Wordsworth, who has not read those expoems of yours, that have doubled the charm white gathered round our classic "Braes" before?'... He described his coming, in 1803, to Clovenfords and where he had a tryst with Scott, but had not time the aside to the tributary stream. His feelings of regres expression in Yarrow Unvisited. 'That,' I remarked, a long time ago—forty years, save one!'

'Yes,' he replied; 'just forty years, save one! ar changes since!'

He proceeded to speak of the time when his long-c dream, many years afterwards, was realised, and to tel the substance, if not the words, of his own stanza—

> When first, descending from the moorlands, I saw the stream of Yarrow glide Along a bare and open valley, The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

He spoke of Hogg's poetry, of the primitive cottage is he dwelt, his old father, who lived with him, of some of peculiarities Scott had told him. I was able to give return full particulars of Mrs. Hogg, and her family at Lake, in which he was greatly interested. Resuming the of his story, he proceeded, with much emotion, to por last visit: 'I had come down with my daughter to ford, to take farewell of Sir Walter, just before his set.

on his journey to the Continent, from which he returned to die. We spent two days with him; and, according to his wont with visitors for that period, the first day's excursion was to Melrose, the next to Newark. It was then and there the idea occurred to me of Yarrow Revisited. It was a most interesting but in many respects a melancholy visit. Sir Walter was sadly changed from the days of other years. When he got upon his old stories, he told them very much with his former humour and zest, but the story was no sooner over than the cloud closed in on that noble intellect. He gave my daughter, ere we parted, a book of poetry (Crabbe's, I think), and I said: "Now, Sir Walter, you must enhance the gift by writing your name on the volume." He did so; but the dear old man made a mistake in spelling his own name.'

We then talked of the various Lake poets; of Southey's great grief and domestic affliction; among the rest, of Professor Wilson. I mentioned that I had been one of his students; that I had just been reading his eloge on Burns in an essay introductory to an edition of his works; and that while it was most appreciative of the genius of the poet, I thought it was too apologetic of his errors. 'Yes, I love Wilson as a son, but his essay is too much of a whitewashing of Burns; and I regret it all the more for its influence on young men, coming as it does from your Professor of Moral Philosophy. When I was in the land of Burns, I heard, on the best authority, that his death was brought on by lying out all night exposed, after being at a drunken convivial party. I, too, in my time, have written two poems on Burns,* and spoken of him with the reverence due to the genius of a great man, but without attempting to conceal his faults.'

All the time of our wayside interview the poet stood in close juxtaposition to me, speaking, as it were, into my ear, which

The poems At the Grave of Burns and To the Sons of Burns.

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was fine I believe to his falling sight. After more tall their topics. I took leave of him by saying, 'I fear Woodsworth, now that your tuneful brethren all are flet Forest Sheriff gone.

And leads upon the Braes of Yarrow. His closed the sherderd poet's eyes.

there will be brile indimenent to visit these. Forest a again but if you do. I must you will make the man Tarriw your home, and take the minister of Yarrow as trade. It which he kindly replied. I do hope some tin take to renew my acquaintance with that classic ground, which I have so many hear associations; and I won't fatake advantage of your professed hospitality. He then, a hearty cross of the hand lade me alien.

Extracts from two letters written shortly after this vis Mr Eussell to Westmoreland by the widow of the Maste Engity and referring to the Wordsworth family in I cast light on the Eydal household and may recall the posonner to hady Fortgerald beginning—

Specially a beautiful?

o'n Tees aber ith 1841 Mrs. Armili wrote from Fox I to her friend Mrss. Trevenence The Wordsworths are word as delightful a posture of all age as you can image happy to domisalness and by their loving kindness and benewate ever contributing to the happiness of others. I was wount pleased the other day to make him and Archbis Whately acquainted with each other. They met here first, afterwards I called with the Archbishop at the Mount wathe poet had the pleasure of honising his favourite haunts the strangen.

Again on March 13, 1843. Our dear kind friends. Wordsworths, continue wonderfully well, and full of vigual are as delightful a specimen of the happy and peace and healthful approach of old are as I can imagine. How

contrast at Keswick, where poor Mr. Southey is reed to such a state of bodily infirmity, and the mental ck is so entire that many of those who love him best will thankful to hear the last painful scene is over."

On the 21st of March 1843, Southey died at Greta Hall, swick; and a few days later, "on a dark and stormy rning," Wordsworth crossed from Rydal to his funeral at osthwaite Parish Church. Few, except his own family, ordsworth, and Quillinan his son-in-law, were present.

On the 3d of March, Wordsworth received a letter from the Lord Chamberlain, Earl De la Warr, telling him that he had recommended the Queen to offer to him the post of Poet Laureate, which Southey had held, and that her Majesty had been graciously pleased to approve of the recommendation. To this Wordsworth replied that the recommendation by the Lord Chamberlain, and the approval of it by her Majesty, afforded him "high gratification," and he was very sensible of the honour, especially of succeeding his friend Southey; but that at his advanced age, the acceptance of this office would impose duties which he felt he could not adequately discharge, and that, therefore, he felt that he ought to decline the honour, which he would always remember with pride. Chamberlain replied that the duties of the office of Laureate had not recently exceeded the writing of an annual ode, and would in his (Wordsworth's) case be merely nominal. The Prime Minister also wrote him as follows :-

" Whitehall, April 3, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you may be induced to reconsider your decision with regard to the appointment of Poet Laureate.

The offer was made to you by the Lord Chamberlain, with my entire concurrence, not for the purpose of imposing on you any onerous or disagreeable duties, but in order to pay you that tribute of respect which is justly due to the first of living poets. The Queen entirely approved of the nomination, and is one unanimous feeling on the part of all who have he the proposal (and it is pretty generally known), that the not be a question about the selection.

Do not be deterred by the fear of any obligations when appointment may be supposed to imply. I will unthat you shall have nothing required from you.

But as the Queen can select for this honourable apperson one whose claims for respect and honour, on an eminence as a poet, can be placed in competition wit I trust you will not longer hesitate to accept it.—Be my dear Sir, with sincere esteem, most faithfully your Robert

I write this in haste, from my place in the Commons."

This letter led Wordsworth to accept the offer.
to Sir Robert Peel as follows:—

"Rydal Mount, Ambleside, Apri

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—Having since my first acq with Horace borne in mind the charge which he frequently thrilled his ear,

> Solve senescentem mature sanus equum, ne Peccet ad extremum,

I could not but be deterred from incurring responding which I might not prove equal to, at so late a period but as my mind has been entirely set at ease by the and most gratifying letter with which you have hone and by a second communication from the Lord Chato the same effect, and in a like spirit, I have access unqualified pleasure a distinction sanctioned by her and which expresses, upon authority entitled to the respect, a sense of the national importance of Poetiture; and so favourable an opinion of the success with

been cultivated by one, who, after this additional mark our esteem, cannot refrain from again assuring you how ply sensible he is of the many and great obligations he is to your goodness, and who has the honour to be, dear Sir bert, most faithfully, your humble servant,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH." *

Another letter belonging (probably) to 1843 may conclude is chapter. To whom it was addressed I know not:—

"April 1st, Rydal Mount.

DEAR SIR, . . . As I advance in life I feel myself more and more incapable of doing justice to the attempts of young authors. The taste and judgment of an old man have too little of aptitude and flexibility for new things; and I am thoroughly convinced that a young writer cannot do worse than lean upon a veteran. It was not my own habit to look out for such guidance. I trusted to myself, and to the principles of criticism which I drew from the practices of the great poets, and not from any observations made upon their works by professed censors. As you are so intimately acquainted with my poems, and as no change has taken place in my manner for the last forty-five years, you will not be at a loss to gather from them upon what principles I write, and what accordingly is likely to be my judgment of your own performances, either as to subject or style.—I remain, my dear Sir, faithfully your obliged, WM. WORDSWORTH."

Quillinan, writing to Crabb Robinson from Belle Isle, Windermere, 23d
 July 1843, and referring to the office of Poet Laureate, said:—

[&]quot;It has occurred to me that Mr. Wordsworth may, in his own grand way, compose a hymn to or on the King of kings, in rhymed verse or blank, invoking a blessing on the Queen and country, etc. This would be a new mode of dealing with the office of Laureate, and would come with dignity and propriety, I think, from a seer of Wordsworth's age and character. I told him so; and he made no observation. I therefore think it likely that he may consider the suggestion; but he certainly will not, if he hears that anything of that sort is expected from him."

CHAPTER XLV.

LATER YEARS AT BYDAL

Mas. Flerchere's reminiscences of the poet at Ryds of his visits to Lancrigg, with other notes taken a daughters, Lady Richardson and Mrs. Davy (particula former), are by far the most interesting which we possible later years of his life. They range from Novemb to January 1849, and include, amongst other thing Richardson's account of an excursion with the poet Duddon Valley in the autumn of 1844. It will be best their reminiscences in full by themselves, and to return to the year 1844.

"November 1843.—Wordsworth holds the critical very low, infinitely lower than the inventive; and he day that if the quantity of time consumed in writing on the works of others were given to original compose whatever kind it might be, it would be much better emit would make a man find out sooner his own level, would do infinitely less mischief. A false or malicio cism may do much injury to the minds of others; a invention, either in prose or verse, is quite harmless.

December 22d, 1843.—The shortest day is past, and a very pleasant one to us, for Wordsworth and Miss offered to spend it with us. They came early, and, at was misty and dingy, he proposed to walk up Easeda ent by the terrace, and through the little gate on

round by Brimmer Head, having diverged a little up from Easedale, nearly as far as the ruined cottage. He said, when he and his sister wandered there so much, that cottage was inhabited by a man of the name of Benson, a waller, its last inhabitant. He said on the terrace, 'This is a striking anni-Versary to me; for this day forty-four years ago, my sister and I took up our abode at Grasmere, and three days after we found out this walk, which long remained our favourite haunt.' There is always something very touching in his way of speaking of his sister; the tones of his voice become more gentle and solemn, and he ceases to have that flow of expression which is so remarkable in him on all other subjects. It is as if the sadness connected with her present condition was too much for him to dwell upon in connection with the past, though habit and the 'omnipotence of circumstance' have made its daily presence less oppressive to his spirits. He said that his sister spoke constantly of their early days, but more of the years they spent together in other parts of England than those at Grasmere. As we proceeded on our walk he happened to speak of the frequent unhappiness of married persons, and the low and wretched principles on which the greater number of marriages were formed. He said that unless there was a strong foundation of love and respect, the * unavoidable breaks and cataracts ' of domestic life must soon . end in mutual aversion, for that married life ought not to be in theory, and assuredly it never was in practice, a system of mere submission on either side, but it should be a system of mutual co-operation for the good of each. If the wife is always expected to conceal her difference of opinion from her husband, she ceases to be an equal, and the man loses the advantage which the marriage tie is intended to provide for him in a civilised and Christian country. He then went on to say, that, although he never saw an amiable single woman without wishing that she were married, from his strong feeling of

the happiness of a well assorted marriage, yet he was thinking that marriage always improved people. It did not, unless it was a congenial marriage. Duri talked with great animation of the unfortunate serfeeling between the rich and the poor in this cour reason of this, he thinks, is our greater freedom; the of demarcation not being so clearly laid down in the by the law as in others, people fancy they must me themselves. He considers Christian education the for this state of things. He spoke of his own desir out the feeling of brotherhood, with regard to servathe had always endeavoured to do."

Lady Richardson's notes contain a different bu interesting account of the same day.

"December 1843.—Wordsworth and Miss Fenwick shortest day of the year with us; he brought with epitaph on Southey,* and as we sat round the fire aft my mother asked him to read it to us, which he d usual impressive manner. He asked our impression or mother ventured to tell him of one word, or rather tw she thought might be altered with advantage. These:—

Wide was his range, but ne'er in human breast Did private feeling find a holier nest.

'Holier nest' were the words she objected to, as not correct union of ideas. He took the suggestion most and said it had been much discussed in his own mind at family circle, but that he saw the force of what she that he was aware many others would see it also. He start was yet time to change it, and that he should consult Coleridge whether the line, as he once had it,

Did private feeling meet in holier rest,

^{*} See vol. viii. of this edition, pp. 141-6.

where you con every word, and where every word is expected to bear an exact meaning. We all thought this was an improvement. . . ."

A month later, Mrs. Davy, Lady Richardson's sister, wrote:-

"The Oaks, Ambleside, Monday, Jan. 22, 1844.

While Mrs. Quillinan was sitting with us to-day, Henry Fletcher ran in to say that he had received his summons for Oxford (he had been in suspense about rooms as an exhibitioner at Baliol), and must be off within an hour. His young cousins and I went down with him to wait for the mail in the marketplace. We found Mr. Wordsworth walking about before the post-office door, in very charming mood. His spirits were excited by the bright morning sunshine, and he entered at once on a full flow of discourse. He looked very benevolently on Henry, as he mounted on the top of the coach, and seemed quite disposed to give an old man's blessing to the young man entering on an untried field, and then (nowise interrupted by the hurrying to and fro of ostlers with their smoking horses, or passengers with their carpet bags) he launched into a dissertation, in which there was I thought a remarkable union of his powerful diction and his practical thoughtful good sense, on the subject of college habits, and of his utter distrust of all attempts to nurse virtue by an avoidance of temptation. He expressed also his entire want of confidence (from experience, he said) of highly-wrought religious expression in youth. The safest training for the mind in religion he considered to be a contemplating of the character and personal history of Christ. 'Work it,' he said, 'into your thoughts, into your imagination, make it a real presence in the mind.' I was rejoiced to hear this plain, loving confession of a Christian faith from Wordsworth. I never heard one more earnest, more as if it came out of a devoutly believing heart. . . ."

" The Oaks, March 5,

On our way to Lancrigg to-day we called at Foxhow met Mr. Wordsworth there, and asked him to go with was a beautiful day, one of his very own 'mild days' month. He kindly consented, and walked with us the carriage at Pelter Bridge. On our drive, he me with marked pleasure, a dedication written by Mr. Ke sent to him for his approval, and for his permission it prefixed to Mr. Keble's new volumes of Latin Lec Poetry delivered at Oxford. Mr. Wordsworth said had never seen any estimate of his poetical powers especially of his aims in poetry, that appeared to hi criminating and so satisfactory. He considers prair ous and a difficult thing. On this subject he often lamented friend, Sir George Beaumont, whom, in course with men of genius, literary aspirants, he de admirable in the modesty which he inculcated and on this head."

Returning to Lady Richardson's notes,—in the month she gives an interesting account of the cele the poet's seventy-fourth birthday:—

"On Tuesday, April the 9th, 1844, my mother Lancrigg to begin our Yorkshire journey. We arrive Mount about three o'clock, and found the tables all decorated on the esplanade in front of the house, was standing looking at them with a very pleased of face; he received us very kindly, and very soon dren began to arrive. The Grasmere boys and girls and took their places on the benches placed round the part of the esplanade, their eyes fixed with wonder ration on the tables covered with oranges, ginger painted eggs, ornamented with daffodils, laurels, gracefully intermixed. The plot soon began to the

scene soon became very animated. Neighbours, old and oung, of all degrees, ascended to the Mount to keep the Poet's enty-fourth birthday, and every face looked friendly and Ppy. Each child brought its own mug, and held it out to filled with tea, in which ceremony all assisted. Large kets of currant cakes were handed round, and liberally disensed; and as each detachment of children had satisfied mselves with tea and cake, they were moved off, to play at e-and-seek among the evergreens on the grassy part of the Ount. The day was not bright, but it was soft, and not cold, d the scene, viewed from the upper windows of the house, was quite beautiful, and one I should have been very sorry not to have witnessed. It was innocent and gay, and per-Tectly natural. Miss Fenwick, the donor of the fête, looked very happy, and so did all the Poet's household. The children, who amounted altogether to above 300, gave three cheers to Mr. Wordsworth and Miss Fenwick. After some singing and dancing, and after the division of eggs, gingerbread, and oranges had taken place, we all began to disperse. We spent the night at The Oaks, and set off on our journey the following morning. The gay scene at the Mount often comes before me as a pleasant dream. It is perhaps the only part of the island where such a reunion of all classes could have taken place without any connection of landlord and tenant, or any clerical relation or school direction. Wordsworth, while looking at the gambols on the Mount, expressed his conviction that if such meetings could oftener take place between people of different condition, a much more friendly feeling would be created than now exists in this country between the rich and poor."

In the account which Mrs. Davy gives of a family gathering at The Oaks in July, we have a record of Wordsworth's judgment, in his old age, both of Coleridge and of Scott:—

" The Oaks, Ambleside, July 11, 1

Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth at dinner, along with family party. Mr. and Mrs. Price (from Rugby), two of Mrs. P.'s, and her brother, Mr. Rose, a young clergyn devout admirer of Wordsworth) joined us at tea. A circl made as large as our little parlour could hold. Mr. Price next to Mr. Wordsworth, and, by design or fortunate acci introduced some remark on the powers and the discom-Coleridge. Mr. Wordsworth entered heartily and large the subject. He said that the liveliest and truest imag could give of Coleridge's talk was 'that of a majestic river sound or sight of whose course you caught at intervals, w was sometimes concealed by forests, sometimes lost in then came flashing out broad and distinct, then again to turn which your eye could not follow, yet you knew and that it was the same river: so,' he said, 'there was alwa train, a stream, in Coleridge's discourse, always a connect between its parts in his own mind, though one not always ceptible to the minds of others.' Mr. Wordsworth went of say that in his opinion Coleridge had been spoilt as a poet going to Germany. The bent of his mind, which was at times very much to metaphysical theology, had there been fi in that direction. 'If it had not been so,' said Wordswo 'he would have been the greatest, the most abiding poet of age. His very faults would have made him popular (mean his sententiousness and laboured strain), while he had eno of the essentials of a poet to make him deservedly popular a higher sense."

Mr. Price soon after mentioned a statement of Colerid respecting himself, recorded in his *Table Talk*, namely, the visit to the battle-field of Marathon would raise in him kindling emotion, and asked Mr. Wordsworth whether this

as a token of his mind. At first Mr. Wordsworth said, h! that was a mere bravado for the sake of astonishing hearers!' but then, correcting himself, he added, 'And yet Inight in some sense be true, for Coleridge was not under influence of external objects. He had extraordinary wers of summoning up an image or series of images in his m mind, and he might mean that his idea of Marathon was vivid, that no visible observation could make it more so.' remarkable instance of this, added Mr. Wordsworth, is his Doem, said to be "composed in the Vale of Chamouni." Now he never was at Chamouni, or near it, in his life.' Mr. Wordsworth next gave a somewhat humorous account of the rise and progress of the Ancient Marinere. . . . From Coleridge, the discourse then turned to Scotland. Mr. Wordsworth, in his best manner, with earnest thoughts given out in noble diction, gave his reasons for thinking that, as a poet, Scott would not live. 'I don't like,' he said, 'to say all this, or to take to pieces some of the best reputed passages of Scott's verse, especially in presence of my wife, because she thinks me too fastidious; but as a poet Scott cannot live, for he has never in verse written anything addressed to the immortal part of man.' As a prose writer, Mr. Wordsworth admitted that Scott had touched a higher vein, because there he had really dealt with feeling and passion. As historical novels, professing to give the manners of a past time, he did not attach much value to those works of Scott's because he held that to be an attempt in which success was impossible. This led to some remarks on historical writing, from which it appeared that Mr. Wordsworth attaches small value to anything but contemporary history. He laments that Dr. Arnold should have spent so much of his time and powers in gathering up, and putting into imaginary shape, the scattered fragments of the history of Rome.

These scraps of Wordsworth's large, thoughtful, earnest dis-

course seem very meagre as I note them down, and in perhaps hardly worth preserving; and yet this is which those who spent it in his company will long His venerable head, his simple natural and gracef in his arm-chair, his respectful attention to the remarks or suggestions of others in relation to what of, his kindly benevolence of expression as he loo now and then on the circle in our little parlour and enlarged the meaning which is but ill-conve words as they are now set down."

Lady Richardson's note, evidently of the same though the date she gives is different, is characterist

"July 12th, 1844.—Wordsworth spoke much of evening of his early intercourse with Coleridge, on observing that it was difficult to carry away a distinguished from Coleridge's conversation, delightful as even his outpourings to be. Wordsworth agreed, but sa occasionally very happy in clothing an idea in word mentioned one which was recorded in his sister's journatour they all made together in Scotland. They steam-engine, and Wordsworth made some observate effect that it was scarcely possible to divest one's-simpression on seeing it that it had life and volition replied Coleridge, 'it is a giant with one idea.'

He discoursed at great length on Scott's wor poetry he considered of that kind which will alway demand, and that the supply will always meet it, the age. He does not consider that it in any way g the surface of things; it does not reach to any intel spiritual emotion; it is altogether superficial, and himself to be so. His descriptions are not true to they are addressed to the ear, not to the mind. He was a master of bodily movements in his battle-scenes; but very little productive power was exerted in popular creations."

Two months later, Lady Richardson accompanied Wordsworth, and other friends, to the Duddon Valley. She thus recorded her impressions of the visit:—

"On Friday, the 6th September 1844, I set off to breakfast at Rydal Mount, it being the day fixed by Mr. Wordsworth for our long-projected excursion to the Valley of the Duddon.

The rain fell in torrents, and it became doubtful whether we should set off or not; but as it was a thunder-shower we waited till it was over, and then Wordsworth, Mr. Quillinan, Miss Hutchinson, and I set forth in our carriage to Coniston, where we were to find the Rydal Mount carriage awaiting us with Mr. Hutchinson. Wordsworth talked very agreeably on the way to Coniston, and repeated several verses of his own, which he seemed pleased that Serjeant Talfourd had repeated to him the day before. He mentioned a singular instance of T. Campbell's inaccuracy of memory in having actually printed as his own a poem of Wordsworth's, The Complaint; he repeated it beautifully as we were going up the hill to Coniston. On reaching the inn in the village of Coniston, the rain again fell in torrents. At length the carriages were ordered to the door with the intention of our returning home; but just as they were ready the sun broke out, and we turned the horse's head towards Ulpha Kirk. The right bank of Coniston was all new to me after we passed the village and Old Man of Coniston. The scenery ceases to be bold and rugged, but is very pleasing, the road passing through hazel copses, the openings showing nice little corn-fields and comfortable detached farms, with old uncropped trees standing near them; some very fine specimens of old ash-trees, which I longed transport to Easedale, where they have been so cruelly lops The opening towards the sea, as we went on, was very ple ing, but the first striking view of the Duddon was look down upon it soon after we passed Broughton, where you to to the right, and very soon after perceive the peculiar bear of the valley, although it does not take its wild and dreaml beauty till you pass Ulpha Kirk. We reversed the order the sonnets, and saw the river first, 'in radiant progr toward the deep,' instead of tracing this 'child of the cloud from its cradle in the lofty waste. We reached the Kirk Ulpha between five and six. The appearance of the lit farm-house inn at once made anything approaching to a dim an impossibility had we wished it ever so much; but in d time we had tea and boiled ham, with two eggs apiece, a were much invigorated by this our first Duddonian meal. T hostess was evidently surprised that we thought of remaini all night, so humbly did she think of the accommodation s had to offer. She remembered Mr. Wordsworth sleeping the fifteen years ago, because it was just after the birth of h daughter, a nice comely girl, who attended us at tea. M Quillinan showed great good nature and unselfishness in t arrangements he made, and the care he took of the hors which I saw him feeding out of a tub, a manger being to great a refinement for Ulpha.

After tea, although it was getting dark, we went to the churchyard, which commands a beautiful view towards Sea thwaite, and we then walked in that direction, through a lan where the walls were more richly covered by moss and feathan any I ever saw before. A beautiful dark-coloured tributary to the Duddon comes down from the moors on the let hand, about a mile from Ulpha; and soon after we had passed the small bridge over the stream, Mr. Wordsworth recollected

well which he had discovered thirty or forty years before.

went off the road in search of it, through a shadowy emwered path; and, as it was almost dark, we should probably
we failed in finding it, had we not met a very tiny boy, with a
of water in his hand, who looked at us in speechless amazeent, when the Poet said, 'Is there a well here, my little lad?'
e found the well, joined the road again by another path,
air.

Saturday morning was cloudy but soft, and lovely in its hazy effects. When I went out about seven, I saw Wordsworth going a few steps, and then moving on, and stopping again in a very abstracted manner; so I kept back. But when he saw me, he advanced, and took me again to the churchyard to see the morning effects, which were very lovely. He said he had not slept well, that the recollection of former days and people had crowded upon him, and, most of all, 'my dear sister; and when I thought of her state, and of those who had passed away, Coleridge, and Southey, and many others, while I am left with all my many infirmities, if not sins, in full consciousness, how could I sleep? and then I took to the alteration of sonnets, and that made the matter worse still.' Then suddenly stopping before a little bunch of harebell, which, along with some parsley fern, grew out of the wall near us, he exclaimed, 'How perfectly beautiful that is!

> Would that the little flowers that grow could live, Conscious of half the pleasure that they give.'

He then expatiated on the inexhaustible beauty of the arrangements of nature, its power of combining in the most secret recesses, and that it must be for some purpose of beneficence that such operations existed. After breakfast we got into the cart of the inn, which had a seat swung into it, upon which a bolster was put, in honour, I presume, of the Poet Laureate.

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In this we jogged on to Seathwaite, getting out to ascend craggy eminence on the right, which Mrs. Wordsworth admire the view from it is very striking. You see from it all peculiarities of the vale, the ravine where the Duddon 'dese the haunts of men,' 'the spots of stationary sunshine,' and t homesteads which are scattered here and there, both on t heights and in the lower ground near protecting rocks a craggy steeps. Seathwaite I had a perfect recollection of; a the way we approached it twenty years ago, from Conist over Walna Scar, is the way Mr. Wordsworth still recommen as the most beautiful. We went on some distance beyond to chapel, and every new turning and opening among the hil allured us on, till at last the Poet was obliged to exercise the word of command, that we should proceed no further. The return is always a flat thing, so I shall not detail it except that we reached our respective homes in good time; and I hop I shall never cease to think with gratitude and pleasure of the kindness of my honoured guide through the lovely scenes h has rescued from obscurity, although it happily still remain an unvitiated region, 'which stands in no need of the veil twilight to soften or disguise its features: as it glistens in th morning's sun, it fills the spectator's heart with gladsomeness.

Passages from Lady Richardson's notes of her subsequen interviews with Wordsworth, from 1844 to 1846, and of he sister's (Mrs. Davy's) notes from 1845 to 1849, will be more appreciated in sequence than broken up under the years to which they respectively refer. They are as follows:—

"November 16.—My mother and I called at Rydal to see the Wordsworths after their autumnal excursion. We found him only at home, looking in great vigour, and much the better for this little change of scene and circumstance. He spoke with much interest of a communication he had had from a

benevolent surgeon* at Manchester, an admirer of his, who thinks that a great proportion of the blindness in this country might be prevented by attention to the diseases of the eye in childhood. He spoke of two very interesting blind ladies he had seen at Leamington, one of whom had been at Rydal Mount a short time before her 'total eclipse,' and now derived the greatest comfort from the recollection of these beautiful scenes, almost the last she looked on. He spoke of his own pleasure in returning to them, and of the effect of the first view

" Rydal Mount, Nov. 14, 1844.

DEAR SIR,-On returning home yesterday, I found your letter. The facts are most important, and ought to be circulated all the world over, and highly satisfactory would it be to me to assist in making them known. . . . An edition of my poems in double column or some other cheap form is indeed likely to be published at no distant period, and I might attach to the description of the blind man in The Excursion a note such as you desire. Your conjecture concerning that passage is remarkable; Mr. Gough, of Kendal, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, was the person from whom I drew the picture, which is in no respect exaggerated. He was an extraordinary person, highly gifted; and how painful is it to think that in all probability his sight was lost to him by want of the knowledge which you are anxious to circulate. The sadness which the contemplation of blindness always produces was in Mr. Gough's case tempered by admiration and wonder in the most affecting manner. During my late absence I stayed some time at Leamington, and there became acquainted with two blind ladies, the one named Buchannan, and the other Williams; both of them interested me greatly. Mrs. B.'s case was, I apprehend, inflammation of the optic nerve; she suffered from violent pains in the head. Her husband took the round of the German baths, and placed her under the most eminent physicians of the country; but without any benefit. The particulars of Miss W.'s case I could learn, and would transmit them to you if you desire it. She became blind young, as appears from the verses written by her father, which I send you, and is now past middle age-a most intelligent woman.-I remain, dear Sir, with great respect sincerely yours, WM. WORDSWORTH."

"My DEAR SIR,—... You mention an American review of my poems. There is nothing that I am less disposed to read than things of that kind—in fact, I never look at them, for if fault be found justly, I am too old to mend, and praise I care nothing about.—I remain, my dear Sir, your much obliged,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, 3d Jan. 1845."

^{*} The surgeon was Samuel Crompton. The following are extracted from Wordsworth's letters to him:—

from Orrest Head, the point mentioned in his 'unfortur sonnet, which has,' he said, 'you are aware, exposed to the most unlooked - for accusations. accuse me of desiring to interfere with the innocent enj ments of the poor, by preventing this district becom accessible to them by a railway. Now I deny that it is to t class that this kind of scenery is either the most improv or the most attractive. For the very poor the great God nature has mercifully spread out His Bible everywhere; common sunshine, green fields, the blue sky, the shining riv are everywhere to be met with in this country; and it is or an individual here and there, among the uneducated class who feels very deeply the poetry of lakes and mountains; a such persons would rather wander about where they like th rush through the country in a railway. It is not, therefor the poor, as a class, that would benefit morally or mentally a railway conveyance; while to the educated classes, to who such scenes as these give enjoyment of the purest kind, the effect would be almost entirely destroyed.'

Wednesday, 20th Nov.—A most remarkable halo was see round the moon soon after five o'clock to-day; the colours the rainbow were most brilliant, and the circle was entire for about five minutes.

Thursday.—Mr. Wordsworth dined here with the Ball Davys, and Mr. Jeffries. Mr. W. spoke with much delight of the moon the day before, and said his servant, whom he calle 'dear James,' called his attention to it.

Wednesday, December 18th.—The Wordsworths and Quil linans sat two hours with us. He said he thought—was mistaken in his view of the danger of Milton's Satar being represented without horns and hoofs; that Milton's conception was as true as it was grand; that making sinugly was a commonplace notion, compared with making it

beautiful outwardly, and inwardly a hell. It assumed every form of ambition and worldliness, the form in which sin attacks the highest natures.

This day, Sunday, the 9th of February, the snow is again falling fast, but very gently. Yesterday, the 8th, was a beautiful day. We had a very pleasant visit of above an hour from Wordsworth and his wife. He was in excellent spirits, and repeated with a solemn beauty, quite peculiar to himself, a sonnet he had lately composed on 'Young England'; and his indignant burst 'Where then is old, our dear old England?' was one of the finest bursts of nature and art combined I have ever heard. My dear mother's face, too, while he was repeating it, was a fine addition to the picture; and I could not help feeling they were both noble specimens of 'dear old England.' Mrs. Wordsworth, too, is a goodly type of another class of old England, more thoroughly English, perhaps, than either of the others, but they made an admirable trio; and Mrs. Wordsworth's face expressed more admiration of her husband in his bardic mood than I ever saw before. He discussed mesmerism very agreeably, stating strongly his detestation of clairvoyance; not only on the presumption of its being altogether false, but supposing it, for argument sake, to be true, then he thinks it would be an engine of enormous evil, putting it in the power of any malicious person to blast the character of another, and shaking to the very foundations the belief in individual responsibility. He is not disposed to reject without examination the assertions with regard to the curative powers of mesmerism. He spoke to-day with pleasure of having heard that Mr. Lockhart had been struck by his lines from a Ms. poem, printed in his Railway-Sonnet pamphlet.*

^{*} Wordsworth's two letters addressed to The Morning Post, on the introduction of a railway into the Lake District, from Kendal to Windermere, were printed in a small pamphlet at Kendal in 1844.

February 24th.—Snow still on the ground. It is been quite clear of snow since the 27th January, thaws have allowed us to peep out into the world of side and Rydal; and last Saturday we drank tea at Formet the Wordsworths and Miss Fenwick. He is we to have his friend home again, and was in a very mood. He repeated his sonnet on the 'Pennsylva again that on 'Young England,' which I admire so the state of th

March 6th .- Wordsworth, whom we met yesterda at The Oaks, expressed his dislike to monuments in partly from the absurdity and falsehood of the epit sometimes belonged to them, and partly from the the architectural beauties of the edifice, as they gri in Westminster Abbey and many other cathedrals. an exception in favour of those old knightly monum he admitted added to the solemnity of the scene, a keeping with the buildings; and he added, 'I must another monument, which once made a deep impres mind. It was in a small church near St. Alban's; left London in the afternoon, so as to sleep at St first night, and have a few hours of evening light t church. It was before the invention of railways, ar mined that I would always do the same; but, the railways existed, and I have never been able to car project again: all wandering is now over. Well, this small country church; and just opposite the doc you enter, the figure of the great Lord Bacon, in was the first thing that presented itself. I went the his tomb, but I did not expect to see himself; and it me deeply. There he was, a man whose fame ex the whole civilised world, sitting calmly, age af white robes of pure alabaster, in this small coun seldom visited except by some stray traveller, and he having desired to be interred in this spot, to lie near his mother.'

On referring to Mallet's Life of Bacon, I see he mentions that he was privately buried at St. Michael's Church, near St. Alban's; and it adds, 'The spot that contains his remains lay obscure and undistinguished, till the gratitude of a private man, formerly his servant' (Sir Thomas Meautys), 'erected a monument to his name and memory.' This makes it probable that the likeness is a correct one.

November 8th, 1845.—On our way to take an early dinner at Foxhow yesterday, we met the Poet at the foot of his own hill, and he engaged us to go to tea to the Mount on our way home to hear their adventures, he and his Mary having just returned from a six weeks' wander among their friends. During their absence we always feel that the road between Grasmere and Ambleside is wanting in something, beautiful as it We reached the Mount before six, and found dear Mrs. Wordsworth much restored by her tour. She has enjoyed the visit to her kith and kin in Herefordshire extremely, and we had a nice comfortable chat, round the fire and the tea-table. After tea, in speaking of the misfortune it was when a young man did not seem more inclined to one profession than another, Wordsworth said that he had always some feeling of indulgence for men at that age who felt such a difficulty. He had himself passed through it, and had incurred the strictures of his friends and relations on this subject. He said that after he had finished his college course, he was in great doubt as to what his future employment should be. He did not feel himself good enough for the Church; he felt that his mind was not properly disciplined for that holy office, and that the struggle between his conscience and his impulses would have made life a torture. He also shrank from the law, although Southey often told him that he was well fitted for the higher parts of the profession. He had studied military history with great merce, and the stategy of vir. and he always for the last thems or command, and he is one time the military lies for them he vies without operactions at it were ordered to the West ladders his talents of the west of the result of the West ladders his talents of the last last the main may a number of year. Upon this he moveded and named for a vis not until the late I have some and possessing must the money which where we get real. He meanwhel this to show he is then vis to pulse if what was passing in a you must but he thought that for the generality of mounts out to them they should be early led to the expression at their two thoughts.

In the list if this mount. The party consisted of linearism ther linearism that Mrs Arnold, Miss I mai organize. My mother's political too bad to all you which I repeated as it was like all their little most somable and agreeable. Wordsworth was much a little moist somable and agreeable. Wordsworth was much a little moist end by the little described in the Eral months in very well like. He expressed himself ver at impact in the pleasant terms of neighbourly kin approved in the valleys. It will be pleasant in after remember his words and still more his manner whe this it was line with such perfect simplicity and enfecting without the slightest reference to self, and I without thinking of himself at the time as more that little circle whose friendly feeling he was commen

Oxider 1846.—Wordsworth dined with us one week, and was in much greater vigour than I have all this summer.

He mentioned incidentally that the spelling of our

was very much fixed in the time of Charles the Second, and that the attempts which had been made since, and are being made in the present day, were not likely to succeed. He entered his protest as usual against — 's style, and said that since Johnson no writer had done so much to vitiate the English language. He considers Lord Chesterfield the last good English writer before Johnson. Then came the Scotch historians, who did infinite mischief to style, with the exception of Smollett, who wrote good pure English. He quite agreed with the saying that all great poets wrote good prose. He said there was not one exception. He does not think Burns's prose equal to his verse, but this he attributes to his writing his letters in English words, while in his verse he was not trammelled this way, but let his numbers have their own way.

Lancrigg, November.—Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth took an early dinner with us on the 26th of this month. He was very vigorous, and spoke of his majority at Glasgow, also of his reception at Oxford. He told us of an application he had just had from a Glasgow publisher that he should write a sonnet in praise of Fergusson and Allan Ramsay, to prefix to a new edition of those Poets which was about to appear. He intended to reply that Burns's lines to Fergusson would be a much more appropriate tribute than anything he could write; and he went on to say that Burns owed much to Fergusson, and that he had taken the plan of many of his poems from Fergusson, and the measure also. He did not think this at all detracted from the merit of Burns, for he considered it a much higher effort of genius to excel in degree, than to strike out what may be called an original poem. He spoke highly of the purity of language of the Scotch poets of an earlier period, Gavin Douglas, and others; and said that they greatly excelled the English poets, after Chaucer, which he attributed to the distractions of England during the wars of York and Lancaster.

December 25th, 1846 .- My mother and I called at Rydal

Mount yesterday early, to wish our dear friends the bles of the season. Mrs. W. met us at the door most kindly, we found him before his good fire in the dining-room, we flock of robins feasting at the window. He had an old tath book in his hand; and as soon as he had given us a congreeting, he said, in a most animated manner, 'I must really you what Mary and I have this moment finished. It is passage in the Life of Thomas Elwood.' He then read to the following extract. . . .*

Wordsworth was highly diverted with the apology of worthy Quaker for the digression which has alone saved h from oblivion. He offered to send us the old book, which came a few days after."

Mrs. Davy's notes are as follows :-

"The Oaks, Ambleside, Jan. 15, 1845.

We dined to-day at Rydal Mount. Mr. Wordswort during dinner, grave and silent, till, on some remark havin been made on the present condition of the Church, he most unreservedly gave his own views; and gave expression, as have only once heard him give before, to his own earnest devout, humble feelings as a Christian. In the evening, being led by some previous conversation to speak of St. Paul, he said 'Oh, what a character that is! how well we know him! How human, yet how noble! How little outward sufferings moved him! It is not in speaking of these that he calls himself wretched; it is when he speaks of the inward conflict. and David,' he said, 'may be called the two Shaksperian characters in the Bible; both types, as it were, of human nature in its strength and its weakness. Moses is grand, but then it is chiefly from position, from the office he had intrusted to him. We do not know Moses as a man, as a brother man.'

April 7, 1846.-I went to the Mount to-day, to pay my

^{*} It was the passage in reference to the origin of Paradise Regained.

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respects to Mr. Wordsworth on his birthday. I found him and dear Mrs. Wordsworth very happy, in the arrival of their four grandsons. The two elder are to go to Rossall next week. Some talk concerning schools led Mr. Wordsworth into a discourse, which, in relation to himself, I thought very interesting, on the dangers of emulation, as used in the way of help to school progress. Mr. Wordsworth thinks that envy is too likely to go along with this, and therefore would hold it to be 'In my own case,' he said, 'I never felt emulation with another man but once, and that was accompanied by envy. It is a horrid feeling.' This 'once' was in the study of Italian, which, he continued, 'I entered on at college along with ---' (I forget the name he mentioned). 'I never engaged in the proper studies of the university, so that in these I had no temptation to envy any one; but I remember with pain that I had envious feelings when my fellow-student in Italian got before me. I was his superior in many departments of mind, but he was the better Italian scholar, and I envied him. annoyance this gave me made me feel that emulation was dangerous for me, and it made me very thankful that as a boy I had never experienced it. I felt very early the force of the words, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," and as a teacher, or friend, or counsellor of youth, I would hold forth no other motive to exertion than this. There is, I think, none other held forth in the gospels. No permission is given to emulation there. . . . There must always be a danger of incurring the passion of vanity by emulation. If we try to outstrip a fellow-creature, and succeed, we may naturally enough be proud. The true lesson of humility is to strive after conformity to that excellence which we never can surpass, never even by a great distance attain to.' in the whole manner as well as matter of Mr. Wordsworth's discourse on this subject, a deep veneration for the will of God concerning us, which I shall long remember with interest and

delight—I hope with profit. 'Oh! one other time,' he adsmiling, 'one other time in my life I felt envy. It was w my brother was nearly certain of success in a foot race w me. I tripped up his heels. This must have been envy."

" Lesketh How, Jan. 11, 1842

In a morning visit by our fireside to-day from Mr. Wor worth, something led to the mention of Milton, whose post he said, was earlier a favourite with him than that of Shi speare. Speaking of Milton's not allowing his daughters learn the meaning of the Greek they read to him, or at les not exerting himself to teach it to them, he admitted that it seemed to betoken a low estimate of the condition and puposes of the female mind. 'And yet, where could he hapicked up such notions,' said Mr. W., 'in a country which has seen so many women of learning and talent? But his opinion of what women ought to be, it may be presumed, is given the unfallen Eve, as contrasted with the right condition man before his Maker—

He for God only, she for God in him.

Now that, said Mr. Wordsworth earnestly, 'is a low, a verlow and a very false estimate of woman's condition.' How was amused on my showing him the (almost) contemporary notice of Milton by Wycherly, and, after reading it, spoke a good deal of the obscurity of men of genius in or near their own times. 'But the most singular thing,' he continued, 'is that in all the writings of Bacon there is not one allusion to Shakspeare.'

Lesketh How, Jan. 10, 1849.

A long fireside visit from Mr. Wordsworth this morning, in highly sociable spirits; speaking much of old days and old acquaintances. He spoke with much regret of Scott's careless views about money, and said that he had often spoken to him of the duty of economy, as a means to insure literary independence. Scott's reply always was, 'Oh, I can make as much as I please by writing.' 'This,' said Mr. W., 'was marvellous to me, who had never written a line with a view to profit.' Speaking of his own prose writing, he said that but for Coleridge's irregularity of purpose he should probably have left much more in that kind behind him. When Coleridge was proposing to publish his *Friend*, he (Mr. Wordsworth) offered contributions. Coleridge expressed himself pleased with the offer, but said, 'I must arrange my principles for the work, and when that is done I shall be glad of your aid.' But this 'arrangement of principles' never took place. Mr. Wordsworth added, 'I think my nephew, Dr. Wordsworth,* will, after my death, collect and publish all I have written in prose.'

On this day, as I have heard him more than once before, Mr. Wordsworth—in a way very earnest, and to me very impressive and remarkable—disclaimed all value for, all concern about, posthumous fame."

Wordsworth wrote to Mr. Gladstone from Rydal Mount, on the 21st March 1844:—

"My dear Mr. Gladstone,—Pray accept my thanks for your State and Prospects of the Church, which I have carefully read; and lent it immediately to a neighbouring clergyman. You have approached the subject in a most becoming spirit, and treated it with admirable ability. From scarcely anything that you have said did I dissent, only I felt some little dissatisfaction as to the limits of your Catholicity, for some limits it must have; but probably you acted wisely in not being more precise upon this point. You advert to the formal and open schism of Methodism, but was not that of Disney, and others to which Cowper adverts, in some respects of more importance?

^{*} On another occasion, his nephew remarks, he intimated a desire that his works in prose should be edited by his son-in-law, Mr. Quillinan.

Not as relates to the two or three conspicuous individuals seceded and became preachers in London, but from its lead the way to the transit of so great a number of Presbyter Clergy with no small portion of their several congregati into Unitarianism. This occurred all over England, and wa believe especially remarkable in the city of Norwich, thou many there took refuge in the Church of England. there is both in the written word of God, and in the consti tion of his creature Man, an adequate preservative from the lifeless form of religion; nevertheless, as it influenced in small degree what in the Presbyterian and other congregation was called the better educated part of the community, t result was to be lamented, and in some respects more than t schism of the Wesleyans, which turned mainly if not e clusively at first upon the rejection of Episcopal jurisdiction leaving the great points of Catholic doctrine untouched.

To what you have so justly said upon Tractarianism muc in the same spirit might be added. It was a grievous mistak that these Tracts issued from the same place, and wer numbered, and at the same time anonymous. Upon th mischief that unavoidably attaches to publication withou name, especially, you might have added, corporate publications you have written with much truth and feeling. whole proceeding was wrong, and has led to errors, doubts and uncertainties, shiftings and ambiguities, not to say absolute double-dealing, injurious to readers and perilous to those in whom they originated. First, it has caused the great and pernicious error of the Movement being called the Oxford Movement, as if it originated there; and had sprung up in a But this opinion, which is false in fact, detracts greatly from its dignity, and tends much to narrow and obstruct its range of operation. There is one snare into which it was impossible that writers so combined should not fall, that of the individual claiming support for his opinion from the body when it suited him so to do, and rejecting it, and resting upon his individuality, when that answered his purpose better.

As to Romanism, having lived much in countries where it is dominant, and being not unacquainted with much of its history, my horror of it, I will not use a milder term, notwithstanding all that I love and admire in that Church, is great indeed. I trust with you that there is small reason for believing that it will ever supplant our Church in this country, but we must never lose sight of its manifold attractions for the two extremes of our artificial society, the opulent and the luxurious, never trained to vigorous thinking, and who have outlived the power of indulging in their excesses,—these on the one hand; and, on the other, the extreme poor, who are greatly in danger of falling under the influence of its doctrines, pressed upon them by a priesthood so constituted.

But as my departed friend Southey said long ago— Onward in faith, and leave the rest to Heaven.

With a thousand thanks for your valuable tract, and the best of good wishes for your health and welfare,—I remain, with sincere respect and regard, my dear Mr. Gladstone, faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH."

The following are extracts from the Journals of Caroline Fox:—*

"August 21st, 1843.—Aunt Charles sends brilliant accounts of her present environment. Hartley Coleridge on one side, Wordsworth on the other. She says the latter is very sensible and simple about the Laureateship; he speaks of it very kindly, but has quite declined doing any work connected with it on compulsion. He says it is most gratifying to fill the same station that Dryden and Southey have done.

^{*} Journals of Caroline Fox, vol. ii. p. 15.

October 6, 1844. - Anna Maria and I paid a Wordsworths. He was in great force, and eviden a patient audience. He wanted to know how we Cornwall, which naturally brought us to railroads, lament over the one they mean to introduce here. that the ravens and eagles should be disturbed in t tions, and fears that their endeavours after lyric po checked. However, he admits that railroads mechanical achievements of this day are doing wor next generation; indeed, it is the appropriate worl and this country, and it is doing it gloriously. T money-getting spirit which is a ruling principle and a passion and a law in America, is doing my hausting itself; we may therefore look forward w trust. Nothing excellent or remarkable is done doer lays a disproportionate weight on the import own peculiar work; this is the history of all se cliques, and stock-jobbers whatsoever.

He discoursed on the utter folly of sacrificing books. No book-knowledge in the world can complor such a loss; nothing can excuse your trifling except duty to God or to your neighbour. . . asked about his Solitary's valley—whether it had a a poetical existence? 'Why, there is such a have described in that book of The Excursion, and the liberty of placing the "solitary." He gave the a beautiful tour for us amongst the lakes, and assuthe guides would not treat us to passages from The as they probably did not know of the existence poem. Told him of our Wednesday evening read Excursion. 'I hope you felt much the wiser for it had finished,' he said laughingly. When we told him

^{*} Vol. ii. pp. 37-44.

been the genius of those bright starry evenings, he said, 'John Sterling! Oh! he has written many very beautiful poems himself; some of them I greatly admire. How is he now? I heard that he was in poor health.' When told—'Dead!' he exclaimed; 'that is a loss to his friends, his country, and his age. A man of such learning and piety! So he is gone, and Bowles and Rogers left, who are so much older!' And the poor old man seemed really affected. He said, 'I was just going to have sent him a message by you to say how much I had been admiring his poetry.' I read him the lines—

Regent of poetic mountains,
Drawing from their deepest fountains
Freshness pure and everlasting,
Wordsworth, dear and honoured name,
O'er thee pause the stars, forecasting
Thine imperishable fame,—

which he begged me to transcribe for him. . . .

Talked of the effect of German literature on the English mind. 'We must wait to find out what it is; my hope is, that the good will assimilate itself with all the good in the English character, and the mischievous element will pass away like so much else.' The only special criticism which he offered on German literature was, 'that they often sacrifice truth to originality, and in their hurry to produce new and startling ideas, do not wait to weigh their worth. When they have exhausted themselves, and are obliged to sit down and think, they just go back to the former thinkers, and thus there is a constant revolution without their being quite conscious of it. Kant, Fichte, Schelling; Schelling, Fichte, Kant; all this is dreary work, and does not denote progress. However, they have much of Plato in them, and for this I respect them; the English, with their devotion to Aristotle, have but half the truth; a sound philosophy must contain both Plato and Aristotle.' He talked of the national character of the French and their equalising methods of education. 'It is all

formal military conventional levelling, encouraging in all certain amount of talent, but cramping the finer natures, and obliging Guizot, and the few other men of real genius-whom God Almighty is too good to leave them entirely destitute of,-to stoop to the common limits, to flatter and conciliate the headstrong ardent unthinking multitude of ordinary men, who dictate to France through the journals which they edit. There is little of large stirring life in politics now, all is conducted for some small immediate ends; this is the case in Germany as well as France. Goethe was amusing himself with fine fancies, when his country was invaded. How unlike Milton, who only asked himself whether he could best serve his country as a soldier or a statesman, and decided that he could fight no better than others, but he might govern them better. Schiller had far more heart and ardour than Goethe, and would not, like him, have professed indifference to theology and politics, which are the two deepest things in man-indeed, all a man is worth, involving duty to God and to man.'

He took us to his terrace, whence the view is delicious; he said, 'Without those autumn tints it would be beautiful, but with them it is exquisite.' It had been a wet morning, but the landscape was then coming out with perfect clearness. 'It is,' he said, 'like the human heart emerging from sorrow, shone on by the grace of God.' We wondered whether the scenery had any effect on the minds of the poorer people. He thinks it has, though they don't learn to express it in neat phrases, but it dwells silently within them. 'How constantly mountains are mentioned in Scripture as the scene of extraordinary events; the Law was given on a mountain, Christ was transfigured on a mountain, on a mountain the great act of our redemption was accomplished, and I cannot believe but that when the poor read of these things in their Bibles, and the frequent mention of mountains in the Psalms, their

minds glow at the thought of their own mountains, and they realise it all more clearly than others.'

Thus ended our morning with Wordsworth. . . .

The old man looks much aged; his manner is emphatic, almost peremptory, and his whole deportment is virtuous and didactic."

A letter from Wordsworth on Gray's Ode on a Distant **Prospect** of Eton College, written in 1845 to the Rev. John **Moultrie**, may conclude this chapter:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—My Copy of the Ode, in Gray's own handwriting, has

Ah happy Hills, ah pleasant Shade.

I wonder how Bentley could ever have substituted 'Rills,' a reading which has no support in the context. The common copies read, a few lines below—

Full many a sprightly race.

Gray's own copy-

Full many a smileing.

(For so he spells the word.)

Throughout the whole Poem the substantives are written in Capital Letters. He writes—'Fury-Passions,' and not, as commonly printed, the 'fury-passions.' What is the reason that our modern Compositors are so unwilling to employ Capital Letters?—Believe me, my dear Sir, faithfully yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH."

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE END.

In May 1845 we find Wordsworth in London. called up, as he tells us, by a summons, which he resist, from the Lord Chamberlain, to attend a St There is something not a little incongruous in the simple, almost austere, poet of seventy-five years att ceremonial of this kind. But let us hear his friend account of it in his Diary:—

"May 3d, 1845.*—Dear old Wordsworth called hearty and strong. 'I came up to go to the State he, 'and the Lord Chancellor (quære, Lord Chamberlame at the ball I ought to go to the levee.' 'And will on a court dress?' said I. 'Why?' 'Let me see I'll write you a sonnet.' Wordsworth did not like t

When Wilkie and I were at Coleorton in 1809, Si said, 'Wordsworth may walk in, but I caution you as democratic principles.' What would Hazlitt say no poet of the lakes in bag-wig, sword, and ruffles!

I have never protested against any of these things, hence resubmitted to them but once, at George IV.'s co

May 16th.— . . . Dined with my dear friend, Serj fourd. He said Wordsworth went to court in Rogers' buckles and stockings, and wore Davy's sword. M hard work to make the dress fit. It was a squeez pulling and hauling they got him in. Fancy the him

^{*} Life of B. R. Haydon, vol. iii. pp. 302-6.

of mountain and of flood on his knees in a court, the quiz of courtiers, in a dress that did not belong to him, with a sword that was not his own, and a coat which he borrowed."

On the 22d of May, Haydon wrote to him from London :-

"My DEAR WORDSWORTH,—I wish you had not gone to court. Your climax was the shout of the Oxford Senate House. Why not rest on that? I think of you as Nature's high priest. I can't bear to associate a bag-wig and sword, ruffles and buckles, with Helvellyn and the mountain solitudes.

This is my feeling, and I regret if I have rubbed yours the wrong way.

Talfourd thinks it was a glory to have compelled the court to send for you, but would it not have been a greater for you to have declined it? Perhaps he is right, however. I have not been able to suppress my feelings.—Believe me ever your old friend,

B. R. HAYDON."

In January 1846, Haydon wrote to Wordsworth, asking for some motto for the picture which he had made of the poet ascending Helvellyn. Wordsworth replied:—

" Rydal Mount, Jan. 24th, 1846.*

MY DEAR HAYDON,—I was sorry that I could not give you a more satisfactory answer to your request for a motto to the engraving of your admirable portrait of my ascent towards the top of Helvellyn. Pray let me have a few impressions, when it is finished, sent to Moxon, as I myself think that it is the best likeness, that is, the most characteristic, that has been done of me.—Believe me, dear Haydon, faithfully, your obliged friend,

W. Wordsworth."

In January of this year Wordsworth sent a copy of his Poems to the Queen for the Royal Library at Windsor, and

^{*} Life of B. R. Haydon, vol. iii. p. 327.

inscribed the following lines upon the fly-leaf. For their a publication here, I am indebted to the gracious permission ther Majesty:—

Deign, Sovereign Mistress! to accept a lay. No Laurente offering of elaborate art; But salutation taking its glad way. From heep recesses of a loyal heart.

Queen, Wife, and Michee! may All-judging Heaven Shower with a bounteous hand on Thee and Thine Felicity that only can be given On earth to goodness blest by grace divine.

Lady: hereatly homeared and beloved
Through every realm confided to thy sway:
Mays: third pursue thy course by God approved,
And He will teach thy people to obey.

As then are went thy sovereignty adorn.

With woman's gentleness, yet firm and staid;
So shall that earthly crown thy brows have wom.

Fe changed for one whose glory cannot fade.

And now by inty urged I lay this Book

Before thy Majesty, in humble trust

That on its simplest pages thou wilt look

With a benign iningence more than just

Not will thou blame an aged Poet's prayer.
That issuing hence may steal into thy mind
Some solace under weight of royal care.
Or grief—the inheritance of humankind.

For know we not that from celestial spheres.

When Time was young, an inspiration came
(Oh were it mine to hallow saddest tears.

And help life inward in it noblest aim?

1

In March 1846, Wordsworth received information from his friend, Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, that he had been elected an honorary member of the Royal Irish Academy. He acknowledged it thus:—

" Rydal Mount, March 14, 1846."

My Dear Sir William,—Having just received from you a notification that the Royal Irish Academy has conferred upon me the distinction of electing me an Honorary Member of their body, I beg you will express to the Council and to the Academy my deep sense of the honour of being admitted into a society so eminent for Science and Literature; let me add that the interest I have always taken in the sister country, and in everything calculated to promote its welfare, greatly enhances the gratification afforded me by this act of the Academy.

The diploma to which you refer has not yet reached me, or I should, of course, have acknowledged it. As the matter stands, this answer to your notification will, I hope, arrive in time to be read by you to the Academy before you resign the Chair, and be accepted by their courtesy in place of a more formal acknowledgment. I cannot conclude without expressing my sincere regret that the Society is about to lose the benefit of your services as President, and the honour of having your name at its head. It is impossible that any personal consideration could have made the honour which I now acknowledge more acceptable than its having been proposed by one holding so high a position as you do in the scientific and literary world, and filling an equally high place in the private regards of your friends, among whom I have long thought it a great happiness to be numbered:-Believe me, my dear Sir William, ever most faithfully your much obliged,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH."

In 1846, the students of the University of Glasgow tried to

^{*} Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, vol. ii. p. 512.

had a majority of twenty-one votes over the Premier, Lord John Russell; but the vote of the Sub-Rector carried his opponent into office. It was as well that he was not chosen, as the duty of writing a Rectorial Address would have been an irksome task to a man of seventy-six, and Wordsworth could scarcely have talked to the students, in the grand soliloquising style, which made Carlyle's address at Edinburgh so impressive in 1866.

In the beginning of the following year, January 1847, his eldest son, William, was married to Miss Fanny Eliza Graham, youngest daughter of Reginald Graham, Esq., of Brighton.

As the spring and summer advanced, however, a severe trial overshadowed the gladness with which the year began. Wordsworth and his wife had gone up to town in April, and were staying with their nephew at Westminster, when they heard of the serious illness of their daughter. As stated in a previous chapter, she never recovered the effect of the chill she caught while preparing her brother's house at Carlisle for this bride. The parents hurried north, and spent more than the months of painful anxiety and grief. Dora Quillinan died not he of July 1847. Next day the poet wrote thus to he nephew:—

"MY DEAR CHRISTOPHER,—Last night (I ought to have sai a quarter before one this morning), it pleased God to take to Himself the spirit of our beloved daughter, and your truly affectionate cousin. . . .

I need not write more. Your aunt bears up under this affliction as becomes a Christian.—Your affectionate uncle, and the more so for this affliction.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Pray for us."

To Wordsworth this blow was a terrible one. He wrote to Moxon, August 9, "Our loss is immeasurable"; and on cember 29, "Our sorrow is for life, but God's will be

His grief and dejection at the loss of his daughter were re passionate and overwhelming than Quillinan's. She I been the very light of his eyes, since the dark curtain I fallen which prevented his sister Dorothy from continuing be the ministering angel she once was.

In realising the aged poet's grief, we cannot help recalling lines in *The Triad* describing this daughter, written in 18:—

What more changeful than the sea?
But over his great tides
Fidelity presides;
And this light-hearted Maiden constant is as he.
High is her aim as heaven above,
And wide as ether her good-will;
And, like the lowly reed, her love
Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill:
Insight as keen as frosty star
Is to her charity no bar,
Nor interrupts her frolic graces
When she is, far from these wild places,
Encircled by familiar faces.
O the charm that manners draw,

She, in benign affections pure, In self-forgetfulness secure, Sheds round the transient harm or vague mischance A light unknown to tutored elegance."

The following is a letter from Miss Harriet Martineau to s. Wordsworth on Dora Quillinan's death.

Nature, from thy genuine law!

" Swiss Cottage, Cheshunt, July 17.

DEAR MRS. WORDSWORTH,—I see that your painful task is er, and that you have resigned your treasure; resigned it, I confident, not submissively but cheerfully. The first feeling, those who heard suddenly, as I did, that such a call was de on you, was of deep pain; but all subsequent thought of

you has been comforting; thought of your years, which ensu that your separation cannot be long; thought of what she we which ensures your peace of mind in every act of retrospection and, above all, thought of her acquiescence, which must be strong support to yours.

Do not for a moment, think of noticing this note; I write in my own pleasure. I rejoice to hear that dear Miss Fenvior is with you, or soon to be so. If she is by your side, pray give my kind love to her. I beg my respectful and sympathism regards to Mr. Wordsworth, and am, dear Mrs. Wordsworth yours affectionately,

H. Martineau."

Basil Montagu wrote thus to the bereaved and disconsolate father:—

" Boulogne, August 1, 1847.

My Dear Wordsworth,—I feel most affectionately for the loss of your dear child, and should have written sooner, but from my habit of hesitating before I speak. Daily do I read your works with greatest respect. Heaven and earth may pass away, but these works do not pass away. I still ever think of our first meeting as one of the most fortunate events of my life. I have just received the first proof of what I, in my vanity, call my magnum opus, upon which I have been occupied daily, through fair weather and through foul, for more than thirty years,—Thoughts on the Conduct of the Understanding. I will venture to send you the first sheet, as soon as I receive it I hope to be in the North in September. I am, thank God, in good health and spirits, and as industrious as usual. May the Almighty bless and preserve you!—Your ever faithful

BASIL MONTAGU."

As was natural, the few survivors of Wordsworth's oldes friends, the friends of his youthful prime, became more to him old age. Part of a letter from one of these,—Joseph f Bristol, his first publisher, and ever steadfast friend,—uoted, because of its reference to those early Bristol time.

" Firfield House, April 24, 1847.

My DEAR SIR,—... Perhaps, when you next come into this vicinity I may hope for the happiness of seeing you, but, at our time of life, we are birds of passage, and may next meet in a better world; but, with the hope of the Christian, that prospect is rather animating than terrible. My object in now addressing you is to say, that the printing of my Reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey will be completed in about a fortnight. Unsolicited on my part, a publisher applied to me to reprint my Early Recollections, and offered to take the whole impression.

You will be sorry to learn that my three trials, arising out of the Early Recollections, occasioned a loss of nearly a thousand pounds! Judge Maule was exceedingly and unusually hostile, but it has furnished me with an opportunity of forgiveness.

JOSEPH COTTLE."

In February 1847, the Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge became vacant by the death of the Duke of Northumberland. The Prince Consort was elected his successor. According to universal custom an Ode had to be written, set to music, and performed on the Installation Day. The aged Poet Laureate was asked to write it. "His Royal Highness," wrote Colonel Phipps to Wordsworth, "would have felt considerable hesitation in thus breaking in upon your retirement, were it not that he might thus bear testimony to his admiration for your genius, and might be the means of preserving for the University of Cambridge another valuable work of one of her most distinguished sons."

Wordsworth replied :-

"Bath, 15th March, 1847.

SIR,—The request with which through your hands his Royal Highness the Prince Albert has honoured me, could not but be highly gratifying; and I hope that I may be able upon this interesting occasion to retouch a harp which I will not say, with Tasso, oppressed by misfortunes and years, has been hung up upon a cypress, but which has, however, for some time been laid aside.—I have the honour to be, with sincere respect, faithfully, your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Hon. C. B. Phipps."

The Ode was set to music by Mr. Thomas Attwood Walmesley, and "proved most effective in performance." "The Installation Ode," said Madame Bunsen, "was really affecting, because the striking point selected was founded in fact, all exaggeration and humbug being avoided." †

It was published in the newspapers on the day after the installation ceremony as "written for the occasion by the Poet Laureate, by royal command"; but it was partly written by his nephew and biographer, Christopher. How much was Wordsworth's and how much his nephew's cannot now be known: certain it is that the authorship was divided. Wordsworth was too much overwhelmed by the shadow of his coming loss to write the whole of it, or indeed to give free utterance to his spirit in what he did write. On his return to Westminster his nephew describes the whole ceremonial at Cambridge thus:—

" Cloisters, Westminster, July 8, 1847.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I was in the Senate House on Tuesday during the performance of the Installation Ode; and, being on the platform very near Her Majesty, and the Chancellor, and among all the grandees, I had the best opportunity of hearing and seeing the effect it produced, and I assure you

^{*} See The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, by Theodore Martin, vol. i, p. 395.

[†] See Bunsen's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 137.

that nothing could be more gratifying than the manner in which it was received. All seemed to admire the patriotic and moral spirit of the Ode, and I think it did good to many hearts, as well as gave pleasure to many ears. It was even performed in London in the Hanover Square Rooms. It is, I hope, some comfort to you, dear uncle, in your own private sorrow, that you have been affording pleasure to others, and have dignified and sanctified the joy of a great Academic Nothing could be more magnificent than the Tuesday dinner in Trinity Hall: where were the Queen and the Prince, and the noblest and most distinguished persons of the land; and many very eminent Foreigners. The Master did his part well. After dinner the Queen and Prince had reception at Trinity Lodge, in the great Drawing Room. was presented to them, and was received very graciously for your sake, I suppose, and for my father's. May God bless you all, my dear uncle and aunt, and dear Dora !- Your affectionate Nephew, CHS. WORDSWORTH."

The following letter from Julius Charles Hare refers to the same incident:-

"Hurstmonceaux, Hurst Green, July 6, 1847.

My DEAR FRIEND.—You must allow me to write and thank you for the noble Installation Ode which I have just read, and which has stirred me more than any poem I have read for a long time. I have been wondering, since I heard you were to write an Ode for the occasion, how you would extricate yourself from what I feared you would deem a difficult and irksome task, and have been trying to imagine the train of thought you were likely to pursue; but I had not at all divined the grand succession of great national pictures and moral ideas you were about to combine with such felicity around the solemnity of the day. The musical variations too seem to me singularly beautiful. I hope it has been tolerably well set: it should

have been by Mendelssohn. They are probably performing it at this very moment in the Senate House, where the effect must be quite overpowering. I know not how the Queen will be able to bear it. Had I seen the Ode before, I should hardly have been able to resist the desire of hearing it with all the circumstances which it will glorify and hallow. As it was, I staid at home, thinking that, when one has doubled the cape of half a century, one has no longer any business to go seeking after festivities.

You, my dear Friend, are kept at home by a stronger and sadder cause. It has been a deep sorrow to me to hear of the calamity with which you are threatened: and assuredly thousands of hearts, which have learnt to love and reverence you as one of their chief benefactors, their moral teacher, and guide to the region of eternal principles and lofty resolves, are sympathising with your affliction. May you be enabled to find a blessing in it, by the 'faith that looks through death'! and may that same faith support and calm that other heart for whom all the future with sober certainties of love is blest. I trust that even at such a time you will not think this letter an intrusion. It only expresses what is felt by many who have never seen you in the body. My having had that additional happiness emboldens me to give utterance to the feeling which they share in silence.-Ever most sincerely and J. C. HARE." gratefully yours,

Adam Sedgwick, the professor of geology at Cambridge, who was a joint labourer with Wordsworth in his memorial volume on the Lake District, also wrote to him from Norwich, August 10, 1847, both on the Installation ceremony, and on his daughter's loss.

"MY DEAR SIR,—During the festivities of our Installation, one thing only seemed to be wanting,—the presence of the venerable poet who had poured out the stores of his mind to do honour to our Queen's visit, and to grace the triumph of her husband. You would indeed have had a heartfelt greeting; and the performance of your Ode was followed by one of the most rapturous manifestations of feeling I have ever had the happiness of witnessing. Nay, I do not express myself with sufficient strength. It was most rapturous, and far beyond any outpouring of the heart I had ever witnessed. Those who knew you well, and would have had the pleasure of your personal society, were grieved to hear that you were kept away by the illness of your daughter; and since then we have learnt that it has pleased God to take her from you. . . . Religious consolation is the true balm of a troubled spirit—and may God pour out this comfort it its fulness into both your hearts! I trust that your life may still be spared for several years; and that, after this bereavement, you may still be permitted to enjoy the calm pleasures of a religious and honoured old age.— . . . Your sincere and affectionate old friend,

ADAM SEDGWICK."

Wordsworth never got over the loss of his bright-hearted, tender-souled daughter. It cast a shadow over his remaining years, cheered as they were by the presence and devotion of one, who mourned her daughter's loss as keenly, though with more quietness and self-restraint.

Mrs. Arnold, writing to Lady Richardson August 14, 1847, said: "I have nothing happy to tell you about Rydal Mount. Even Miss Fenwick does not seem to rouse him from the state of almost hopeless grief and depression into which he seems plunged. He appears well in health, but as if he could not rouse from the unhappiness of having it made real to him that his cherished Dora was gone."

Writing to Mr. Moxon on the 9th August, Wordsworth said: "We bear up under our affliction as well as God enables us to do, but oh, my dear friend, our loss is immeasurable!"

And again later on-

"We see little of poor Mr. Quillinan. Mrs. Wordsworth seldom goes down the hill, and I have not courage to go to his house."

Crabb Robinson records many interesting particulars of a wiset to Rydal about this time. Talking to the Rydal Mount servant, James Dixon, about the poet's excessive grief, the servant said, "It's very sad, sir. He was moaning about her, and said, "Oh, but she was such a bright creature," and I said, "But don't you think, sir, she's brighter now than she ever was?" And then master burst into a flood of tears."

An extract from a letter of Mrs. Fletcher's to her daughter, Lady Richardson, gives a glimpse of the Rydal household in the late autumn of this year:—

" November 24th, 1847."

We went this evening to drink tea at Rydal Mount, and found the dear old couple tite-d-tite. Mrs. Arnold went with us. Mr. Wordsworth was more like his former self than I have seen him since Dora's death. He showed us two letters he had had this week from ladies he had never seen or heard of, one in prose, the other in verse. The former said she was the wife of a hard-worked London solicitor, with five children. She found her greatest solace for all her cares and troubles in his Encursion. She compared herself to a wearied traveller seated by a dusty roadside, tired and thirsty, when lo! a fountain of fresh water sprang up by her side; she drank of it freely, was refreshed and strengthened to pursue her journey. This was the effect The Excursion produced on her mind and feelings. The other letter was from a solitary single woman, who describes herself as one who has survived all her kindred and the friends of her youth, and, seated on a sandy beach at

^{*} Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher, pp. 265-6.

Southport, she can forget all her sorrows when she has a volume of Wordsworth in her hand. Some of the lines are very good, and reminded us of Crabbe. Mrs. Arnold told him a gentleman at Oxford had made Susy read to him Wordsworth's poem of Lycoris, and we begged him to read it to us. He said it was suggested to him one day at Ullswater, in the year 1817, by seeing two white sunny clouds reflected in the lake. They looked,' he said, 'like two swans.' He read the poem twice over, in his most beautiful and impressive manner. It describes a feeling quite familiar to me—the preference the young have for autumn and the old for spring."

The reminiscence of a visit to the Mount two autumns later (Sept. 30, 1849), by Mr. Roby, author of Traditions of Lancashire, may follow this:—

"We have seen Wordsworth to-day. . . . His voice, somewhat indistinct, gave indications of old age; not so his ideas or expressions. The lower part of his face is deeply furrowed; but when sitting with his back to the light, animated in conversation, everything is lost in its glowing expression, except his noble expanse of forehead. He chatted away on literary matters evidently with hearty pleasure. They talked of a distinguished living writer;* of his style Mr. W. remarked that every sentence seemed finished by itself, which was never the case of our best writers;—that reviewing had an injurious effect on the style of a literary man,—the reviewer has ever to be saying something that will tell, every sentence must be striking.

Allusion was made to a near neighbour; † W. observed that she was clever, but apt to be imposed on; . . . 'but,' he added, 'I like her benevolence, and forgive many things for that.' Speaking of a writer whom he considered not a safe

^{*} Lord Macaulay.

⁺ Miss Martineau.

guide on account of his prejudices, he said, 'He is so prejudiced that he does not know when he lies.'

Altogether the visit was one of great delight. There was so much more enthusiasm about him than from the philosophic cast of his poems I had expected. The genial glow of his manner, the warmth of his shake of hands at parting, and especially the quick pleasure with which he turned round to his wife whenever she made a remark, and the affectionate tone in which, when he did not catch it, he would inquire, 'What did you say, Mary?' quite won my heart."*

Another reminiscence of this time is found in the Journal of Caroline Fox, December 29th, 1849: "... The gentle softened evening light of his spirit is very lovely, and there is a quiet sublimity about him, as he waits on the shores of that Eternal World, which seems already to cast over him some sense of its beauty and its peace." †

Crabb Robinson again came down to the Lake District at Christmas 1848; but he records only a few incidents of his visit. He found Wordsworth more cheerful than in 1847; and stayed with Mrs. Wordsworth, while the poet, Derwent Coleridge, Quillinan, and Mr. Fletcher went to Hartley Coleridge's funeral at Grasmere.

On the day that Hartley died, Derwent Coleridge called on Wordsworth, to tell him that all was over; and he records, in his memoir of his brother, that the aged poet's "words were few, and concluded by this touching request, or I should rather say, direction. 'Let him lie by us—he would have wished it.' The day following he walked over with me to Grasmere—to the churchyard, a plain enclosure of the olden time, . . . in which lay the remains of his wife's sister, his nephew, and his

^{*} See Sketch of Life of John Roby, p. 60.

⁺ Journals of Caroline Fox, vol. ii. p. 152.

beloved daughter. Here, having desired the sexton to measure out the ground for his own and Mrs. Wordsworth's grave, he bade him measure out the space of a third grave for my brother, immediately beyond. 'When I lifted up my eyes from my daughter's grave,' he exclaimed, 'he was standing there!' pointing to the spot where my brother had stood on the sorrowful occasion to which he alluded. Then turning to the sexton, he said, 'Keep the ground for us,—we are old people, and it cannot be for long.'"*

In the summer of 1849 Wordsworth was able to visit his relations, the Hutchinsons, at West Malvern. Mr. Hutchinson had left Brinsop Court in Herefordshire, and was living at Malvern; and a last gathering of friends took place at this retreat. Crabb Robinson came down from London, and crossed the hills between the two Beacons to the Westminster Arms Hotel at the West. He records in his Diary, under date June 21, 1849:—

"We had not been there long, before we saw, on the road before the house, Miss Fenwick, driven by the Rydal 'James'; and Mr. Wordsworth accompanying her. A hearty greeting. We accompanied Miss Fenwick to her house, and I walked thence to the parsonage, where was Mrs. Wordsworth, and the Hutchinson family, father and mother, two daughters, and the incumbent of the perpetual curacy.

June 22d.—Went to the Camp, with W. W., and Mr. George Hutchinson, and party." He mentions that the poet visited the Old Abbey Church; and says that the one time, when Wordsworth talked freely and in his old style, during this visit, was with Mr. Taylor [doubtless Henry Taylor]. He adds that he consulted Wordsworth about his Memoir; and he records, rather enigmatically, that he spoke with him as "to the expediency of mentioning a delicate subject" [he doubtless refers to

^{*} See Memoir of Hartley Coleridge, prefixed to his Poems (1851), p. cciii.

the misunderstanding with Coleridge] and has "the satisfaction of believing that I have contributed to a determination in which all parties will be agreed."

It is a mistake to dwell minutely on the closing days and hours in the life of a great man. In Wordsworth's case, some extracts from the record of his nephew will suffice:—

"On Sunday, the 10th of March 1850, Mr. Wordsworth attended divine service at Rydal Chapel for the last time. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day he set out to walk to Grasmere, accompanied by Mr. Quillinan and Miss Hutchinson. The weather was ungenial, with a keen wind from the north-east; and Mr. Wordsworth was lightly clad, as usual. He walked over White Moss, and paid a visit to Mrs. Fisher, who had been in his service when he lived at Town-End. Being there asked how Mrs. Wordsworth was, he replied, 'Pretty well: but, indeed, she must be very unwell for any one to discover it: she never complains.' . . . His friends thought him looking feeble: he had a stick in his hand, on which he leaned when sitting in the house.

The next day Mr. Wordsworth, accompanied by his wife and his two nieces, called at Mr. Quillinan's house; he then walked on to Foxhow, to see Mrs. Arnold, and thence to Ambleside, and returned home to Rydal.

On the afternoon of the following day he went towards Grasmere. He called at the cottage near the White Moss quarry, and, the occupant not being within, he sat down on the stone seat of the porch to watch the setting sun. It was a cold bright evening. . . .

On the 14th he complained of pain in his side. On the 20th the symptoms of the disorder assumed a more serious aspect. The throat and chest were affected, and the pleura were inflamed. . . . He seemed to feel much repugnance both to medicine and food. From this time his bodily condition fluctuated from day to day for more than a fortnight.

Sunday, 7th April.—Mr. Wordsworth completed his eightieth year to-day: he was prayed for in Rydal Chapel, morning and afternoon.

Saturday, 20th.—. . . Mr. John Wordsworth had just been administering the Holy Communion to his father, who, when asked whether he would receive it, replied, 'That is just what I want.' . . .

Shortly before his death, it was thought he might be more comfortable if he was shaved; and when his old servant, James Dixon, came to attend him, he said, in his serious calm way, 'James, let me die easy.'

Tuesday, April 23d. . . . The entry in Mr. Quillinan's journal for this day is as follows: 'Mr. Wordsworth breathed his last calmly, passing away almost insensibly, exactly at twelve o'clock, while the cuckoo clock was striking the hour.'

Wordsworth died on the twenty-third of April, a day already famous as the birthday and the deathday of Shakespeare, and as the deathday of Cervantes.**

His son John wrote thus, on the day of his father's death, to the poet Rogers:—

"Rydal Mount, Tuesday.

MY DEAR SIR,—As my father's oldest son, I write to you, as perhaps his oldest living friend, to inform you that he expired this day at a quarter to twelve o'clock.

My best prayer for you is that your latter end may be like his; it was tranquil, and without much previous suffering. He was himself to the last. I have had running in my head with regard to it, and him, what Lucan puts into the mouth of Brutus respecting Cato—

> Minimas rerum discordia turbat : Pacem summa tenent.

—Believe me, dear Mr. Rogers, with much regard and esteem, yours very faithfully, J. Wordsworth."

^{*} Cervantes and Shakespeare died on the same day of the same year.

Mr. Ellis Yaruall, of Philadelphia, whose reminiscences of Wordsworth, in 1850, have been already given, writes thus of the day of Wordsworth's death:—*

"As we came down the mountain, Miss Arnold spoke of her recollection of the day of Wordsworth's death. She and one of her young friends were almost alone at Fox How. they knew that the end was at hand, and their minds were filled with the thought of it. Late in the afternoon they climbed one of the hills looking down on Rydal Mount, their hearts bowed with a solemnity of feeling,-burning, one might almost say, within them, -as they thought of the moment that approached. Suddenly, as they looked, they saw that the windows of the house were being closed, and they knew thus of the faring forth of the great soul. It was almost as if they themselves had witnessed his departure. I could well understand how the solemn Nature around would have a grave and awful look to them as they pondered in their young hearts that ending and that beginning. I spoke of Wordsworth's own lines on hearing that 'the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected':-

> A power is passing from the earth To breathless Nature's dark abyss; But when the great and good depart What is it more than this—

That Man, who is from God sent forth, Doth yet again to God return?— Such ebb and flow must ever be, Then wherefore should we mourn?

Mr. William Johnston, who wrote a brief memoir of the poet's son-in-law, Quillinan, prefixed to the edition of his poems published in 1853, tells us:—

^{*} See the second of the articles entitled, "Walks and Visits in Wordsworth's Country" in Lippincott's Magazine, December 1876.

"I was at Ambleside, and Mr. Quillinan's guest at Loughrigg Holm, for a few days in the autumn of 1849, and I could not but observe the respectful tenderness that appeared to subsist between them. The last evening I was in that neighbourhood, we remained with Mr. Wordsworth at Rydal Mount till ten o'clock, and when we rose to go, he proposed to accompany us a part of the way. I begged him not to expose himself to the night-air, but he seemed to scorn the suggestion that any such care was necessary, and he walked with us. At the bridge which crosses the Rotha, he parted from us, and startled me by the solemnity of his farewell. 'I am an old man,' he said, 'nearly fourscore, and perhaps may not live to see you again-farewell! God bless you.' His figure soon disappeared in the darkness, and I saw him no more. I thought him looking well for his years, and not differing very much from what I had known him three-and-twenty years before, except that he was now apt to sit silent, which had not been his wont in former years. Mr. Quillinan knew more of the sadness of his heart, but he also had hopes that the 'old man eloquent' had still some years of life before him. . . .

Mr. Quillinan's letter to Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge, announcing his death, is as follows:—

'We had known for two or three days at least that there was no hope; but we were led to believe the end was not yet. At twelve o'clock this day, however, he passed away, very very quietly. Mrs. Wordsworth is quite resigned. There is always some sweetening of the bitter cup; it was expected that he would linger perhaps for some weeks, and that his sufferings would be extreme; but the mercy of God has shortened the agony, and we fondly hope that he did not suffer much pain—that he had not reached that stage of suffering which the medical men apprehended. Last night I was with him for about half an hour, up to ten

o'clock; he lay quite still and never spoke, except to call for water, which he often did. 'Drink, drink,' was all be said. William (his younger son) sat up with him till past five o'clock, and was then relieved by John (his elder son), who had only returned from Brigham (his parish) at nine last evening. He remained to the last in the same quiet state, never moving; yet since this had been the case so long, and he had always been most unwilling to move, or to have his position altered, it was by no means supposed that the last hour was so near. He is gone! You know well the distress at Rydal Mount. . . . It is said that Shakespeare died on his birthday, April 23d. This great man, Wordsworth, was no Shakespeare, and the dramatic power, perhaps, was not in him; but he had a grand and tender genius of his own that will live in the heart of his country, and these mountains will be his noblest monument. His life was a long and prosperous life, and he was rewarded, in the latter part of it at least, for the virtuous use he had made of the great power intrusted to him, with 'honour, love, obedience, and troops of friends, and all that should accompany old age." *

The following letter from Mrs. Davy, of Ambleside, to Mrs. Graves, the wife of the incumbent at Windermere, tells of Wordsworth's death, and of some of its attendant circumstances:—

" Lesketh How, April 24, [1850].

MY DEAR MRS. GRAVES,— . . . The tidings, I trust, did not come too painfully to your dear husband, though to him, as to us all, the loss—the neighbourly, kindly, affectionate loss—will be long felt, more than can be supposed by the admirers of the poet who were not admitted to his intercourse. When Dr. Davy returned from his early visit to the Mount yesterday, before eleven o'clock, he told me that Mr. Words-

^{*} See the Memoir of Edward Quillinan prefixed to his Poems, pp. xxxix-xhi.

worth had certainly not many hours to live, but might survive the night. His release was granted much sooner. My mother and I took our drive to Grasmere at one o'clock, and there, at his good old friend's, Mrs. Cookson's, we met the tidings that he had died at twelve. 'Just,' Mrs. Cookson said, 'when the cuckoo clock was singing noon.' For the last week or two there was so much pain, along with the weariness and feebleness, that it was indeed in great mercy the life was not drawn out. His speech was scarcely articulate when Dr. Davy saw him yesterday morning, but he was quite conscious of what was passing, and shrank sensitively from a cold touch applied to his pulse. Soon after, when all the household were about his bed, he made his kind nursing son John understand that he wished to have the 'commendatory prayer for the departing' read to him, and he gave tokens of following it mentally. His last breath was drawn most gently; no painful struggle for dear Mrs. Wordsworth to look upon. When all was over, she went to his poor sister's room, and said to her, 'Well, dear, he has gone to Dora,' and the tidings were quietly received. Indeed, Miss Wordsworth's quietness during the whole illness, along with her anxiety and sorrow, has been blessed, as well as touching. Mrs. Hutchinson and her daughters are at the Mount; and Mrs. H. tells me that dear Mrs. Wordsworth is, with her own gentle quietness, going about her customary occupations to-day. The funeral is to take place on Saturday. . . . —Most truly yours, M. DAVY."

Mrs. Davy's mother, Mrs Fletcher, wrote to her other daughter, Lady Richardson, April 26, 1850:—*

"Dr. and Mrs. Davy were both much struck by the likeness of the countenance, in the deep repose of death, to that

^{*} Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher, pp. 283-4.

of Dante. The expression was much more feminine than it had been in life—very like his sister. She bears this sad loss with unexpected calmness. She is drawn about as usual in her chair. She was heard to say, as she passed the door where the body lay, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' . . . It has been a great privilege to have seen this great and good man so nearly. I think it may be said of him 'that he did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God.' The funeral is to be very private—only Dr. Davy invited from this house."

On the 25th April 1850, Miss Fenwick wrote to Henry Taylor: "This post has brought me the tidings of the death of Mr. Wordsworth... with as little suffering as can attend this last circumstance of our being, and he seemed sensible to the last, ... Mrs. Wordsworth bears up as we would expect of her. She will take to the thoughts that have comfort in them, as well she may; for she has done all things well through life. I take to comforting thoughts too, about him and her. He did the work he had to do in this world nobly. His last years were given for the good of his own soul. I am anxious to be with my beloved Mrs. Wordsworth."*

Sir Henry replied: "We had heard of the event, and you were much in our thoughts. No man could die less than he, so much of his mind remaining upon earth; and the happiness that remained to him in life had run low; so that he seemed to have lived as long as we could desire that he should live, so far as regards any ends and purposes that are within our cognisance. But it is a great and sad event, and that one cannot but feel. He was the greatest of the two great men that remained to us, and I believe the old Duke is the same age." *

^{*} Autobiography of Henry Taylor, ii. 55.

Wordsworth was buried in Grasmere Churchyard on Saturday, the 27th April, beside his daughter, and his children who died in infancy, under the shade of one of the yew-trees planted by himself.

Mrs. Fletcher wrote to Lady Richardson, 1st May 1850: - *

"The same simultaneous feeling filled the old church of Grasmere with unbidden but most sure mourners. When Mrs. Wordsworth, supported by her two sons, followed the coffin into the church, I should not have recognised her figure, it was so bowed down with grief; but she bore it calmly, and I stood opposite to her when she bent over the grave. When she was seated in the carriage on leaving the churchyard, Mr. Quillinan told us they feared she would have fainted. She did not, however, and after she returned home she resumed such firmness and composure that she joined them at tea, and made it for them."

There are few burial-places in the world more peaceful than the churchyard of Grasmere. It was a fitter resting-place for Wordsworth—a quiet spot amongst the graves of the 'statesmen,' in a region imperishably associated with himself—than a corner in Westminster Abbey would have been. A lady, who visited the place in 1877, wrote thus:—

"To lie under the mound, on which the shadow of that grey tower falls, seems scarcely like a banishment from life, only a deeper sleep, in a home quieter but not less lovely than those which surround the margin of the lake. Voices of children come up from the village street, with the hum of rustic life. From sunny heights the lowing of cattle is heard, and the bleat of the sheep that pasture on the hillsides. And by day and night unceasingly, the Rotha, hurrying past the churchyard wall, mingles the babble of its waters with the

^{*} Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher, pp. 284-5.

soft susurrus of the breeze, that plays among the sheltering sycamores and yews."

Shortly after Wordsworth's death, his friend Sir W. Rowan Hamilton wrote thus to Mr. Graves :—

" Observatory, May 10, 1850.*

me, since his withdrawal from terrestrial locality, than he was even when I could pay to him, from time to time, those actual and personal visits which are among my brightest and fondest recollections."

Mrs. Inge, of Worcester College, Oxford, wrote to a friend, in 1874:—

"In 1851 we were all staying at Rydal, and saw a good deal of Mrs. Wordsworth, and two or three times we were allowed to see the dear sister. She was, of course, a wreck of what she had been, but our impressions of her were not so sad as I think others have described. She was in her garden chair, and there was a marvellous gleam and radiance in her face, as she repeated some of her brother's lines. My mother had known her other brother, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, very intimately, and spoke of him. 'Ah,' she said, 'my brothers were good! good! The boys in our family were all good. I was always a termagant, you know!' 'We have learnt something rather different about you,' said my mother—

'The blessing of my later years Was with me when a boy . . .

'Ah!' she cried, with a sort of flash that made one see what the 'wild eyes' had been—'Ah! but that's what my dear brother said of me! you must not believe it, you know.' Then

^{*} Life of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, vol. ii. p. 651.

she seemed to lose the thread of thought, or rather of memory; and she repeated some stanzas of Gray's Elegy, putting the most intense expression into them. I fancy her manner of giving utterance to verse must have been like her brother's, but I only know his from description. The voice was like the old Master's, and the ardent, almost vehement expressiveness was like his a little overdone. Another time she repeated some very touching lines of her own, made since her illness. I am not sure whether they have ever been printed, but I can never forget the ring of triumphant joyousness in her voice and the gleam that lit up her countenance as she repeated—

No prisoner am I to this couch! My heart is free to roam. . . ."

The following is Mr. Ellis Yarnall's record of a last visit to Mrs. Wordsworth, and to Rydal Mount, in 1857.**

"Aug. 8.—I entered by the small gateway the fair terraced garden so rich in bloom and fragrance. I saw once more the old greeting, Salve! as I stood on the threshold. James, the old servant, welcomed me, and conducted me to the drawing-room. I found Mrs. Wordsworth seated in her old place by the fireside. Her greeting was simple and cordial, but only by my voice could she know me, for I saw at once she was quite blind. . . . She was cheerful and bright, and talked of the events of the day in the sweet quiet manner peculiar to her, and with clear intelligence, and yet she was within a few days of being eighty-seven. . . . But there seemed a benediction in the very presence of Mrs. Wordsworth, so much did her countenance express peace and purity, so gentle and so sweetly gracious was her bearing. . . .

Aug. 16.—My last Sunday in England. . . . Mrs. Wordsworth to-day enters her eighty-eighth year. I sat by her side as I did two years ago, in the same pew, the Sunday before I

^{*} See "Walks and Visits in Wordsworth's Country," in Lippincott's Magazine, December 1876, pp. 674-6.

sailed. Her meek countenance, her reverent love, I saw once more—the face of one to whom the angels seemed already ministering. Service being over, I shook hands with her, and received a kind invitation to dine at Rydal Mount. . . . At dinner Mr. Robinson was the talker, as he always is. He told us of his intercourse with Goethe, whom he seems to have seen a good deal of. He said he never mentioned Wordsworth's name to Goethe, fearing that he would either say he had never read his poetry or that he did not like it. He said Southey was a collector of other men's thoughts: Wordsworth gave forth his own. Wordsworth was like the spider, spinning his thread from his own substance; Southey the bee, gathering wherever he could. Mrs. Wordsworth did not join us at table till the dessert came in. Then, her one glass of port having been poured out for her, she took it in her hand and, turning her face towards me, said, 'I wish you your health, MI Yarnall, and a prosperous voyage, and a safe return to your friends!"

The interval after dinner was short. I received, if I magest so say, Mrs. Wordsworth's final blessing, and went my way thankful it had been given me to draw near to one so pure to a nature so nobly simple. Not only her children, but all who have come in contact with her, will rise up to call her blessed. Surely, thrice blessed was the poet with such a wife; and indeed he himself with wonderful fulness has declared she was almost as the presence of God to him."

There is little to record of Mrs. Wordsworth in the closing years of her life. Her calmness and practical sagacity never forsook her. Serene and brave, and patient even when deaf and blind, she lived on till she nearly reached her ninetieth year. One of her last remarks was that the worst of living in the Lake country was that it made one so unwilling to leave it. Her son, John Wordsworth, wrote to Crabb Robinson from Rydal Mount, January 15, 1859:—

"Dear Robinson,— . . . My dearest mother is gradually sinking. . . . I never saw so happy a deathbed. I do not say spiritually (and you know the just grounds for that), but physically. She suffers no pain, and follows up every little service with the remark—'I am so happy, and thankful.'— . . . J. Wordsworth."

She died on the 17th January 1859, and was buried beside her husband in Grasmere Churchyard. The simple headstone of blue Cumbrian slate has nothing on it but the words—

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
1850.

MARY WORDSWORTH. 1859.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CONTEMPORARY JUDGMENTS.

As already explained, it is no necessary part of the biographer's work critically to appraise the writings of the man whose life he writes: and estimates of Wordsworth's work were made by some of his contemporaries in his lifetime that are probably of greater value to posterity than any that are likely to succeed them. It was at one time projected as a part of the work of "The Wordsworth Society" to collect a record of opinion in reference to the poet, from the date of the publication of the Lyrical Ballads in 1798 to the present day. This may yet be done. Meanwhile, it may be a fit conclusion to these volumes if the judgments of three of Wordsworth's most notable contemporaries are brought together,—those of Thomas Carlyle, of John Stuart Mill, and of Henry Taylor.

At Mentone, in March 1867, Carlyle wrote down his Reminiscences both of Southey and of Wordsworth. Of Wordsworth he wrote:—

"... A man recognisably of strong intellectual powers, strong character; given to meditation, and much contemptuous of the unmeditative world and its noisy nothingnesses. ...

On a summer morning (let us call it 1840), I was apprised by Taylor that Wordsworth had come to Town; and would meet a small party of us at a certain Tayern in St. James's

Street, at breakfast,—to which I was invited for the given day and hour. We had a pretty little room; quiet, though looking street-ward (Tavern's name is quite lost to me); the morning sun was pleasantly tinting the opposite houses, a balmy, calm and bright morning. Wordsworth, I think, arrived just along with me; we had still five minutes of sauntering and miscellaneous talking before the whole were assembled. . . . Wordsworth seemed in good tone, and, much to Taylor's satisfaction, talked a great deal, about 'poetic' correspondents of his own. . . . Then finally about Literature, literary laws, practices, observances,-at considerable length, and turning wholly on the mechanical part, including even a good deal of shallow enough etymology, from me and others, which was well received: on all this Wordsworth enlarged with evident satisfaction, and was joyfully reverent of the 'wells of English undefiled,'-though stone dumb as to the deeper rules, and wells of Eternal Truth and Harmony you were to try and set forth by said undefiled wells of English or what other Speech you had! To me a little disappointing, but not much;though it would have given me pleasure had the robust veteran man emerged a little out of vocables into things, now and then, as he never once chanced to do. For the rest, he talked well in his way; with veracity, easy brevity and force; as a wise tradesman would of his tools and workshop-and as no unwise one could. His voice was good, frank, and sonorous, though practically clear, distinct, and forcible, rather than melodious; the tone of him business-like, sedately confident, no discourtesy, yet no anxiety about being courteous; a fine wholesome rusticity, fresh as his mountain breezes, sat well on the stalwart veteran, and on all he said and did. You would have said he was a usually taciturn man; glad to unlock himself, to audience sympathetic and intelligent, when such offered itself. His face bore marks of much, not always peaceful, meditation; the look of it not bland or benevolent, so much as close, impregnable and hard: a man multa tacere loquive paratus, in a world where he had experienced no lack of contradictions as he strode along! The eyes were not very brilliant, but they had a quiet clearness. . . . He was large-boned, lean, but still firm-knit, tall and strong-looking when he stood: a right good old steel-gray figure, with a fine rustic simplicity and dignity about him, and a veracious strength looking through him which might have suited one of those old steel-gray Markgrafs whom Henry the Fowler set up to ward the 'marches,' and do battle with the intrusive Heathen, in a stalwart and judicious manner.

On this and other occasional visits of his, I saw Wordsworth a number of times, at dinners, in evening parties; and we grew a little more familiar, but without much increase of real intimacy or affection springing up between us. He was willing to talk with me in a corner, in noisy extensive circles, having weak eyes, and little loving the general babble current in such places. . . .

Another and better corner dialogue I afterwards had with him, possibly also about this time; which raised him intellectually some real degrees higher in my estimation than any of his deliverances written or oral had ever done; and which I may reckon as the best of all his discoursings or dialogues with me. He had withdrawn to a corner, out of the light and of the general babble, as usual with him. I joined him there, and knowing how little fruitful was the Literary topic between us, set him on giving me an account of the notable practicalities he had seen in life, especially of the notable men. into all this with a certain alacrity. . . . He had been in France in the earlier or secondary stage of the Revolution; had witnessed the struggle of Girondins and Mountain, in particular the execution of Gorsas, 'the first Deputy sent to the Scaffold'; and testified strongly to the ominous feeling which that event produced in everybody, and of which he himself still seemed

to retain something. 'Where will it end, when you have set an example in this kind?' I knew well about Gorsas; but had found, in my readings, no trace of the public emotion his death excited; and perceived now that Wordsworth might be taken as a true supplement to my Book on this small point. He did not otherwise add to or alter my ideas on the Revolution: nor did we dwell long there; but hastened over to England and to the noteworthy, or at least noted, men of that and the subsequent time. 'Noted' and named, I ought perhaps to say, rather than 'noteworthy'; for in general I forget what men they were; and now remember only the excellent sagacity, distinctness, and credibility of Wordsworth's little Biographic Portraitures of them. Never, or never but once, had I seen a stronger intellect, a more luminous and veracious power of insight, directed upon such a survey of fellow-men and their contemporary journey through the world. A great deal of Wordsworth lay in the mode and tone of drawing; but you perceived it to be faithful, accurate, and altogether lifelike, though Wordsworthian. One of the best remembered sketches (almost the only one now remembered at all) was that of Wilberforce. . . . I remember only the rustic Picture, sketched as with a burnt stick on the board of a pair of bellows, seemed to me completely good; and that the general effect was, one saw the great Wilberforce and his existence visible in all their main lineaments—but only as through the reversed telescope, and reduced to the size of a mouse and its nest, or little more! This was, in most or in all cases, the result brought out; one's-self and telescope of natural (or perhaps preternatural) size; but the object, so great to vulgar eyes, reduced amazingly, with all its lineaments recognisable. I found a very superior talent in these Wordsworth delineations. . . .

During the last seven or ten years of his life, Wordsworth felt himself to be a recognised lion, in certain considerable London Circles. . . . [He] took his bit of lionism very quietly, with a smile sardonic rather than triumphant; and certainly got no harm by it, if he got or expected little good. . . . 'If you think me dull, be it just so!' this seemed to a most respectable extent to be his inspiring humour. . . . The light was always afflictive to his eyes; he carried in his pocket something like a skeleton brass candlestick, in which, setting it on the dinner-table, between him and the most afflictive or nearest of the chief lights, he touched a little spring, and there flirted out, at the top of his brass implement, a small vertical green circle, which prettily enough threw his eyes into shade, and screened him from that sorrow. . . . The tone of his voice, when I did get him afloat on some Cumberland or other matter germane to him, had a braced rustic vivacity, willingness, and solid precision, which alone rings in my ear when all else is gone. . . . In one of these Wordsworthian lion-dinners, . . . I sat a long way from Wordsworth; dessert, I think, had come in; and certainly there reigned in all quarters a cackle as of Babel (only politer, perhaps),—which far up in Wordsworth's quarter (who was leftward on my side of the table), seemed to have taken a sententious, rather louder, logical and quasiscientific turn,-heartily unimportant to gods and men, so far as I could judge of it and of the other babble reigning. I looked upwards, leftwards, the coast being luckily for a moment clear: there, far off, beautifully screened in the shadow of his vertical green circle, which was on the farther side of him, sat Wordsworth, silent, in rock-like indifference, slowly but steadily gnawing some portion of what I judged to be raisins, with his eye and attention placidly fixed on these and these alone. The sight of whom, and of his rock-like indifference to the babble, quasi-scientific and other, with attention turned on the small practical alone, was comfortable and amusing to me, who felt like him, but could not eat raisins. This little glimpse I could still paint, so clear and bright is it, and this shall be symbolical of all."*

The following occurs in the Autobiography of John Stuart Mill:--

"This state of my thoughts and feelings made the fact of my reading Wordsworth for the first time (in the autumn of 1828), an important event in my life. I took up the collection of his poems from curiosity, with no expectation of mental relief from it, though I had before resorted to poetry with that hope. In the worst period of my depression, I had read through the whole of Byron (then new to me), to try whether a poet, whose peculiar department was supposed to be that of the intenser feelings, could rouse any feeling in me. As might be expected, I got no good from this reading, but the reverse. The poet's state of mind was too like my own. His was the lament of a man who had worn out all pleasures, and who seemed to think that life, to all who possess the good things of it, must necessarily be the vapid, uninteresting thing which I found it. His Harold and Manfred had the same burden on them which I had; and I was not in a frame of mind to derive any comfort from the vehement sensual passion of his Giaours, or the sullenness of his Laras. But while Byron was exactly what did not suit my condition, Wordsworth was exactly what did. I had looked in The Excursion two or three years before, and found little in it; and I should probably have found as little had I read it at this time. But the miscellaneous poems, in the two-volume edition of 1815 (to which little of value was added in the latter part of the author's life), proved to be the precise thing for my mental wants at that particular juncture.

^{*} See Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle (edited by Charles Eliot Norton), vol. ii. p. 297-309.

⁺ See pages 146-150.

In the first place, these poems addressed themselves powerfully to one of the strongest of my pleasurable susceptibilities, the love of rural objects and natural scenery; to which I had been indebted not only for much of the pleasure of my life, but quite recently for relief from one of my longest relapses into depression. In this power of rural beauty over me, there was a foundation laid for taking pleasure in Wordsworth's poetry; the more so, as his scenery lies mostly among mountains, which, owing to my early Pyrenean excursion, were my ideal of natural beauty. But Wordsworth would never have had any great effect on me, if he had merely placed before me beautiful pictures of natural scenery. Scott does this still better than Wordsworth, and a very second-rate landscape does it more effectually than any poet. What made Wordsworth's poems a medicine for my state of mind, was that they expressed, not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling, and of thought coloured by feeling, under the excitement of beauty. They seemed to be the very culture of the feelings, which I was in quest of. In them I seemed to draw from a source of inward joy, of sympathetic and imaginative pleasure, which could be shared in by all human beings; which had no connection with struggle or imperfection, but would be made richer by every improvement in the physical or social condition of mankind. From them I seemed to learn what would be the perennial sources of happiness, when all the greater evils of life shall have been removed. And I felt myself at once better and happier as I came under their influence. There have certainly been, even in our own age, greater poets than Wordsworth; but poetry of deeper and loftier feeling could not have done for me at that time what his did. I needed to be made to feel that there was real, permanent happiness in tranquil contemplation. Wordsworth taught me this, not only without turning away from, but with a greatly increased interest in, the common feelings and

common destiny of human beings. And the delight which these poems gave me, proved that with culture of this sort, there was nothing to dread from the most confirmed habit of analysis. At the conclusion of the poems came the famous Ode, falsely called Platonic, Intimations of Immortality; in which, along with more than his usual sweetness of melody and rhythm, and along with the two passages of grand imagery but bad philosophy so often quoted, I found that he too had had similar experience to mine; that he also had felt that the first freshness of youthful enjoyment of life was not lasting; but that he had sought for compensation, and found it, in the way in which he was now teaching me to find it. The result was that I gradually, but completely, emerged from my habitual depression, and was never again subject to it. I long continued to value Wordsworth less according to his intrinsic merits, than by the measure of what he had done for me. Compared with the greatest poets, he may be said to be the poet of unpoetical natures, possessed of quiet and contemplative tastes. But unpoetical natures are precisely those which require poetic cultivation. This cultivation Wordsworth is much more fitted to give, than poets who are intrinsically far more poets than he."

What follows is from the Autobiography of Henry Taylor:—*

"Following on the death of Wordsworth came the question how and by whom his life should be written. What I had to say was said in a letter to Miss Fenwick of the 24th May 1850:— '... One thing I conceive will have occurred to you,—that there is no choice between a very brief biography and a very explicit one; and that a biography which should be explicit as to mere fact would lead to much misconstruction; and that much explanation would do nothing with

^{*} Vol. ii. pp. 56-61.

the world at large to clear up the questions that would arise. For a composite character will always be inscrutable to the many, very often even to the few.

Miss Fenwick writes: 'I dare say we should think much alike of the Memoir. It was written in far too great a hury. The original idea of it was good; but time was wanting to select his materials and condense. A few years hence a better life may be written. For my own part, I think the life is rather buried in the biography than brought to light in it.

Next came the question of a monument, and on this, too, my views and those of Miss Fenwick were in accord.

'Though one would have been sorry,' she writes, 'had there been no demonstration of a public feeling, yet, when I think of a monument in Westminster Abbey, and know his feeling and opinion of such things, I do dislike the idea with all my disliking feelings. I never heard him approve much of any memorial excepting for statesmen and warriors. . . . Yesterday evening I visited his grave in Grasmere churchyard, as yet even without a headstone. Who that has visited, or ever shall visit, his grave in the churchyard among the mountains would wish for any monument?"

A committee was appointed, however, and a sum exceeding £2000 seems to have been subscribed. I was put upon the committee, but I have no recollection of having taken a part in its proceedings. I wrote to Miss Fenwick, 1st July 1850: 'I do not think that I can do any good in the committee. Of course a great poet's works are his monument, and every other must be as a molehill beside a pyramid. If there were some great sculptor living whose genius lacked an opportunity and a subject, a monument to Mr. Wordsworth might furnish one; but I know of no such person, and the bust of Mr. Southey put up in Westminster Abbey by the Committee of

was a member (the worst, I think, of the many bad

likenesses of him), has given me a great disinclination to hazarding such things. What I should like would be simply to have a copy in marble of Chantrey's bust put up in Westminster Abbey, and another in Grasmere Church. What you say to Alice makes me think that this might probably be your feeling, and that of Mrs. Wordsworth.'

A statue and a bust were eventually produced; the former, I think, bad, the latter (by Mr. Thrupp) very good as originally moulded, from a mask, but sadly smoothed away into nothingness at the instance of some country neighbour of Wordsworth's, whose notions of refinement could not be satisfied without the obliteration of everything that was characteristic and true. The sculptor had never seen Wordsworth, and may be excused for his undue deference to the opinions of one who had been familiar with the face. But it was a lamentable defect. Some casts were taken from the unsophisticated mould,—one, at least—which I possess—and I think more. It is admirable as a likeness in my opinion, and to my knowledge in that of Mrs. Wordsworth; and there is a rough grandeur in it, with which, if it were to be converted into marble, posterity might be content.

. . . Popularity, indeed, is scarcely the word to designate the species of celebrity which Wordsworth had achieved. It is what he himself would have distinctly disclaimed. He had been accustomed to regard it as derogating from a poet's title to greatness. During the thirty years, more or less, for which his poetry was little read, this was no doubt a consolatory creed; and when it came to be much read, he would still refuse to admit that it was popular. When I adverted to the large circulation of his works,- 'No,' he said, 'a steady moderate sale'; -and there was this much truth in it, that to the reading populace his poetry never did reach, and probably never will. For my own part I see no reason why contemporaneous popularity should argue eventual evanescence, when the poetic elements are various, some commending themselves to the shallower mind, some to the deeper. If I am to adopt Wordsworth's doctrine, I should found it on history rather than on theory; and no doubt there is to be said for it, that the poets—at least the English poets—who have been most famous in their day and generation, have not taken a corresponding rank, in the days and generations that have followed."

THE END.

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st A. Commande, Printers to Her Majesty. At Minburgh University Press.

ERRATA IN VOL. III.

- P. 103, add footnote for "Lady B.," "Lady E.," "Miss P.": "Lady Beaumont, Lady Eleanor Butler, Miss Ponsonby."
 - Do. line 19, after "flows," add footnote: "See vol. vii. p. 121."
- P. 105, line 13, add footnote: "See vol. vii. p. 122."
- P. 108, line 21, for "author," read "investor."
- P. 110, line 18, add footnote: "See the poem, pp. 117-123."
- P. 194, line 8 from foot, add footnote at "Alaric Watts": "This was The Englishman's Magazine, which began in April and ended in October, 1831."
- P. 214, line 3, add footnote at "ascertained": "The volume was probably his Selections from the Works of Taylor, Hooker, Barrow, etc."
 - Do. line 18, for "book" read "books."
- P. 225, line 12, after "Trevenen," add: "daughter of the Rev. T. Trevenen,
 Rector of Cardenham, and a great friend of Sara Coleridge."
- P. 234, line 4 from foot, for "moral" read "mortal."





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